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Pierce Egan's ANECDOTES of the Turf, the Chace, the Ring & the Stage.
CHARLEY TELL-TALE
Keeping the P. P. Gents on the broad Grin with his laughable Anecdotes
Designed & Etched by Theodore Lane.

Published by Knight & Lacey June 1.1825.

PIERCE EGAN'S

ANECDOTES

(ORIGINAL AND SELECTED)

OF

THE TURF, THE CHASE, THE RING, AND THE STAGE;

THE WHOLE FORMING A

COMPLETE PANORAMA

OF THE

Sporting World;

UNITING WITH IT

A BOOK OF REFERENCE AND ENTERTAINING COMPANION

TO THE

LOVERS OF BRITISH SPORTS.

Embellished with Thirteen coloured Plates, designed from Nature, and etched by

THEODORE LANE.

EVERY THING BY FITS, AND NOTHING LONG; YET A "TINY BIT" FOR EVERYBODY.

DEDICATED TO

SIR BELLINGHAM GRAHAM, BART.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR KNIGHT & LACEY, PATERNOSTER-ROW,

AND PIERCE EGAN, 113, STRAND.

MDCCCXXVII.

MARCHANT, PRINTER, INGRAM-COURT, FENCHURCH-STREET.

DEDICATED TO

SIR BELLINGHAM GRAHAM, BART.

A more able Sportsman ne'er followed a hound
Through a country well known to him fifty miles round.

DEAR SIR BELLINGHAM,

IT is said by our Immortal Bard that "good wine needs no bush;" and the adage, I trust, equally applies, that a "good Sportsman" needs no flattery; therefore, as a true lover of BRITISH FIELD SPORTS, and a firm supporter of every thing connected with the Sporting World, I have done myself the honour of most humbly dedicating to you the following Volume of ANECDOTES for your approbation. In accordance with *Goldsmith*, I think "there are one hundred faults in this book;" but if there is only one tale, song, or anecdote to be found in the work which

may claim your attention, or possess a tendency to "set the table in a roar," I shall be highly gratified, and feel that I have not travelled over the ground in vain. With this pleasing object in view,

I remain,

DEAR SIR BELLINGHAM,

With the most manly respect and consideration,

Your very humble servant,

PIERCE EGAN.

113, STRAND,
February 1, 1827.

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PIERCE EGAN'S

ANECDOTES

OF

The Turf, the Chase, the Ring, and the Stage.

THE JOLLY OLD HUNTSMAN.

We all love TOM ROUNDING, our worthy old host;
In the chase—with his glass—was e'er at his post;
A more able sportsman ne'er hunted the ground
O'er and o'er *Essex*, for fifty miles round.

LIKE the "smack of the whip" to the feelings of an old coachman, so does the recollection of the deeds of the *gay* fox-hunters pleasingly operate on the minds of all true lovers of the chase. TOM and DICK ROUNDING were brothers, and were born at Woodford, on Epping-Forest, bred up in the sports of the chase, and lived together fifty years. The two Roundings commenced their hunting career with the celebrated Will Dean, Dick Fairbrother, and Tom Hatherill, as good sportsmen as ever England produced; and continued hunting with them, and also with the fox-hounds of

Andrew Archer and —— Coke, Esquires, and other gentlemen, till the year 1792. At that period, Tom and Dick Rounding established a pack of fox-hounds, and hunted a great portion of Essex, including a circumference of upwards of one hundred miles; having run equal to any pack of hounds that ever hunted the country. "As the foxes in Essex are so vermin-bred," Dick has been heard to say to Tom, "there will be no end to such a fox." "But we'll try, Dick," replied Tom, "and so let us be off, and see which has the best bit of blood." In the true huntsman's style, it was a fine treat to hear Tom Rounding, in the field, calling out, "Hark forward! look at Tyrant, Gladsome, and Governess. See, here they go! what a head they make all together! get forward, my boys! they are laying at him, as bitter as soot! now, now for the brush!"

A celebrated fox-hunter, in Essex, has been often heard to say, "I compare Dick and his gray horse to the moon; the longer and faster I ride, no nearer can I get to them."

It is worthy of remark, at the period alluded to, the two Roundings did not possess an acre of ground in the county; and no hounds hunted a country more pleasant than they did. The land-owners and farmers of Essex were such lovers of fox-hunting, and the excellent sport which the chase afforded them, that not a murmur escaped their lips. Indeed, the contrary was the fact, as it was the general expression of these gentlemen to Tom and Dick Rounding, "Why do you pass our houses in returning home? you know we have at all times ale and bread and cheese for you and the field with a hearty welcome." The two brothers continued hunting with those hounds till 1813, when poor Dick was attacked with a fever and died. This proved a severe separation for Tom Rounding; and it was a considerable time before he got the better of it. At length he took the field once more, and mounted his old favourite horse Spankaway, to join his brother sportsmen. Tom's appearance amongst them was hailed with delight; and many brave sportsmen can bear testimony of the unrivalled sport they enjoyed, and also the numerous glorious chases which took place. His fine old horse, Spankaway, was bred by G. Smith, Esq. and got by Ruler, out of a Phenomena mare, and foaled in the year 1792. Time will undermine the strongest fabric; therefore his brother sportsmen may form some opinion of the place that his master now

can take with the hounds; but he still will be with them now and then to join in the "whoo whoop!"

No man, in the character of "Mine Host," stands higher in the estimation of the public than the above worthy veteran sportsman, as an excellent caterer for his friends: Tom's wines are of the first quality; his liquors equally excellent; and his dinners are served up in a style so attractive as to evince Rounding's *taste* of the good things of this life. The Horse and Groom is a place of great resort during the summer months; the situation of which from the metropolis is just the "right sort of pleasant drive" to the man, and not fatiguing to his horse; and from twenty to thirty gigs may be seen standing before Tom Rounding's house every Sunday. The garden attached to the inn is delightful, and the prospects by which it is surrounded truly picturesque and interesting to the spectator; and the "How d'ye do?" and "How do you?" again, occasioned by the meeting of old acquaintances, render Woodford-Wells a most attractive situation for the lively *cits* and sporting men in general.

The sports on Easter Monday may be said to be under the control of Mr. Rounding, who turns out the stag on the above day, and which circumstance gives such notoriety to the Epping Hunt, so famous in the annals of *cockneyism*.

A pleasing association of ideas is connected with the recollection of our first visit to the Easter Hunt—the animating bustle on the road—the strange mixture of pedestrians and equestrians, from the *costermonger* to the best thorough-bred *gent*.—the gibes and sneers from the well-mounted *downy ones* to the *flats* and *dragsmen*—the fast goers, with the friendly nods of sporting spirits—their rendezvous and pull up at our esteemed and old friend Tom Rounding's. We think we see this fine old huntsman, with his jolly, good-humoured countenance, greeting his friends with his hearty "How d'ye do—glad to see ye here. Harry, take this gentleman's horse," &c. Then follow—seeing the stag, finishing your lunch, and, while commenting on the motley arrivals, some friend whispers *à cheval*—

'Tis near the time o' day
The hounds begin to bay;
Each at his best speed
Starts for Fair Mead.

Then begins the bustle of mounting, and, on the hill, the beautiful

assemblage of the fair sex, in elegant carriages, finely grouped with the pedestrians and equestrians, form, with the surrounding scenery, a beautiful panoramic view. Then comes our friend Tom, with—

> All the attendants of the chase,
> While anxious sportsmen take their place.
> The stag turns out, and gracefully bounds
> Before the music of the hounds.

Then follows a scene that is as difficult to conceive to those who have not seen it as it is to describe by those who have seen huntsmen who never hunted before. Horses that hunt without riders are to be seen scattered over the forest, intermixed with *chay*-carts, donkeys, ponies, and pedestrians, while the few well-mounted sportsmen, who know how to keep their proper places, are soon lost sight of.

In speaking of the sports of the field, as well as affording information to sportsmen of other counties, this small sketch of Mr. Rounding would be imperfect, if it were not stated that a more thorough-bred or complete sportsman is not to be met with: his stables and kennels are kept in such excellent order as to be a school for young huntsmen and grooms. In the field his judgement is truly conspicuous, and in helping the hounds when they are at fault. In his manners a perfect gentleman; and his company is much sought after, by sportsmen in particular, for his facetious humour and interesting anecdotes. The person of Mr. Rounding is said to be very much like the late King; and, for a good heart, liberal disposition, and an anxiety to please all his friends, this celebrated sportsman is truly distinguished. He is also a man of talent; and charitable and humane to the poor, as numerous persons in Essex can testify. Mr. Rounding has likewise a very extensive knowledge of sporting characters. The above facetious prime old huntsman, at the present period, (June, 1825,) continues to enjoy a fine green old age; and, although nearly arrived at *three score and ten*, he appears as lively and as full of spirits as when Tom first threw his leg over old "Spankaway," and cried out "Hark forward!" to Tyrant, Gladsome, &c. Over the bowl he is the hero of the tale; and on most occasions never flinches from the one nor deserts his companion. In short, Tom Rounding is a highly-finished portrait of the thorough-bred sportsman.

A most striking likeness of this distinguished huntsman has been published by Mr. Knight, of Sweeting's Alley, Cornhill, drawn from life by A. Cooper, Esq. R.A. and engraved by W. Ward, A. R. A. engraver to his Majesty. The plate, which is admirably executed, represents Mr. Thomas Rounding seated on his favourite horse Spankaway, aged twenty-nine years, attended by his dogs Gladsome, Governess, and Syren.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES CONNECTED WITH THE PRIZE RING.

GEORGE INGLESTON, better known as *George the Brewer*, on the night previous to his fighting with Pickard, at Banbury, on the 23d of October, 1789, was asked, by a sporting clergyman, how he thought he should win. George, who was rather slow in all of his movements, and particularly so in speaking, however, observed, with the utmost *sang froid*, "*Why, reverend Sir, by giving Pickard* divers blows in sundry places." This ready answer so pleased the parson that he instantly presented George with a *guinea*. Pickard was more beaten than either Gulley or Gregson: his eyes were completely *darkened;* and his body bruised almost to a *mummy*, and in spite of all entreaties to give up the conquest, he answered "No, I woul fight—I am not half *licked* yet?" Mr. Jackson was George's second upon this occasion. Ingleston was a very game man; and also a deliberate chap—it was a favourite observation with George, "better to think *twice*, than to give away a *chance* once."

BILL HOOPER, the tinman, but generally called *Bully Hooper*, from his determined spirit, fought with Bill Wood, the coachman, under the following accidental circumstances:—Both of the above boxers went down to Hornchurch, in Essex, to witness the battle between Mendoza and Mr. Jackson, April 15, 1795. On the evening previous to the battle, after Mr. Jackson had retired to rest, Wood and Hooper were engaged at a game at cards, and the former threatened to thrash Hooper for not playing the fair game. The tinman replied, "Wood dare not attempt it." The difference of weight and size was so much between Hooper and Wood, that the latter sneered at his insolence, and, without delay, endeavoured to *mill* Hooper. Wood took the lead in a most conspicuous manner, and the spectators expected every minute to see Hooper almost annihilated; but, strange

to say, by a well-planted hit under the ear, Wood was *floored* like a shot, picked up senseless, and carried out of the apartment. When he recovered himself, he swore it must have been *magic*, as he was certain that a little rascal like Hooper never could beat him. In the course of a few minutes a second battle was the result, Hooper insisting that he would again dispose of Wood. The coachman again took the lead, in the most decisive style for a short time, until Hooper planted another hit under Wood's *listener*, which again *dropped Jerry* senseless, when Wood was put to bed in a state of stupor. Wood, upon his recovery the next day, felt so enraged in being defeated a second time by Hooper, that he made a match to fight on June 22, 1795, on Hounslow-Heath. In the early part of this battle it was *twenty to one* against Hooper; in fact, the tinman had not a shadow of chance; but, ultimately, he planted a tremendous blow under the left ear, the odds changed twenty to one on the Tinman, who won the fight straightforward.

SPORTING SKETCH OF DONCASTER, DURING THE RACES, IN THE YEAR 1823;

With an Account of the great Race for the St. Leger Stakes, and the false Start.

DONCASTER races, the above year, proved altogether one of the *gayest* scenes of the gay; or, perhaps, to use a more appropriate term, *Life in the North*; in fact, a complete masquerade without the aid of scenes, lights, and dresses; lots of characters, all *originals*; no acting, but reality the feature; and masks out of question. Such performances must always prove attractive where nature is the standard, and every individual complete in his *part*. Doncaster races is one of the finest pictures of the sporting world in the kingdom. It is here where the true and real sporting gentlemen are to be met with; and it is also the place where hundreds resort to, who *live* by sporting. No place in England gives the "Q-in-the-corner sort of a man" a finer opportunity of witnessing every move on the board, in the various shades of life, than Doncaster races. It is positively a *carnival* while it lasts. The Corinthian is seen jostling against the rich *Johnny Raw* (putting all the pride of his birth into his pocket for the instant), provided he can turn a good bet to account; the sharps looking after the flats to render the harmony of this rude concert complete; the *leg* likewise trying to

get the best of the *knowing one*, and where every one is over anxious to make his transactions turn out as sure as the bank; or, rather, to prove to him as *good* as *gold!* The fate of a kingdom on the day and night previous to the race of the St. Leger is positively nothing to the *deep* interest betrayed by the book people, but no *readers;* such whisperings, ear-wigging, nods, winks, smiles, and grimaces which pass between the *gents* on this occasion, as to the *importance* they possess in the scene, or the pretended *knowledge* they have acquired how to win or lose their cash, beggars all description; it must be seen to be appreciated. The bookseller's shop, kept by Mr. SHEARDOWN and SON, is a complete lounge during the mornings for all the people of rank and fashion who visit Doncaster. Messrs. Cribb and Spring also exhibited the art of self-defence at the Town-hall, in the mornings and evenings, to add variety to the amusements.

On the Sunday morning previous to the race for the St. Leger, the town of Doncaster exhibited a complete scene of bustle from one end of it to the other. The arrival of carriages was beyond all former precedent; and, if the inhabitants told the truth, it was one of the greatest sporting meetings ever exhibited in Yorkshire. To describe the motley groupes of characters, from the Peer to the Yorkshire Tike, which were between the "two angels," comparing books to make "all right" before starting, would fill a small volume. The *Salutation* at night was crowded to suffocation, although a *bob* each was drawn to render the company *select!!!* Hundreds were outside of the door till a late hour at night; and the *virtues* and *defects* of Tinker were the theme of all the bettors. Sherwood *crept* up a little, and Rosanne was also in high favour. The fields in the afternoon, near the Grand Stand, were the scene of attraction, to witness some of the racers *gallop*, or to take an airing. Never were *books* so much in *use* before by hundreds who could not *read*, until they found themselves in their *dabs;* when lots of the coves were so full of it as to be heard spelling in their sleep *Tink—, Sherwo—, Ros—*, &c. until day-light opened their *peepers* again, to resume their *work* on the Monday morning. The judges, the flash-side gentry, and the downey Yorkeys all repaired to the ground to see Tinker exhibit.—"He looks well," was the cry; "he turns out his legs bad," was also the *chaff*—"Tinker will be lost in the mob; and I'll take 4 to 1 he is not placed," escaped the

lips of another. After breakfast the streets were scarcely passable, owing to the numerous arrivals from Sheffield, Leeds, York, Hull, &c. The steam-packet from the latter place brought 160 passengers. Tinker was now the favourite 5 to 4; and 3½ against Sherwood. Indeed, the best informed asserted, that the race would be between Tinker, Rosanne, and Sherwood. 20 to 1 against Barefoot; but the *conflicting* opinions of the interested and uneasy ones, put three parts of the bettors completely at a stand-still.

The GREAT ST. LEGER STAKES of 25gs each, for three years old colts, 8st. 2lb.; fillies, 8st. [St. Leger Course.] (34 subs.)

It was an interesting sight to view so many beautiful race-horses, and the fancy colours of their riders preparing to start. 27 horses were on the ground—22 started. Rosanne and Barefoot had a tight race for it, followed by Honest John. Rosanne, 1; Barefoot, 2. Tinker was lost in the mob. Sherwood dead beat at the Red House. 5 to 4 on Tinker at starting; 6 to 4 on the field. The judge declared aloud that it was a false start. Great confusion, and a new race to take place.

Mercandotti, Etiquette, Ringlet, Caledonia, and Pierse's gr. f. did not start, but were left behind.

SECOND RACE.

Mr. Watt's ch. c. Barefoot 1
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Sherwood 2
Mr. Riddle's br. c. Comte d'Artois 3

The judge placed but three.

The false start, as it was termed, relieved the fears of numerous bettors, on finding out Tinker was worth nothing by comparison. The following were the list of horses in the false start:—Sherwood, Tinker, the Rosanne colt, Barefoot, Comte d'Artois, Tancred, Palais Royale, Columbus, Mr. Uppleby's colt, by Proselyte, Polly, the Lisette filly, North Star, Hydra, Meltonian, Berezina, Plumper, Rhubarb, Isabella, Brighton, Honest John, Ringlet, Mr. Hunter's bay colt, by Orville, and L'Huile de Venus colt, went off without being started by the clerk of the course, leaving at the post Caledonian, Claude Lorraine, Mercandotti, and Etiquette. Rosanne colt, 1; Barefoot, 2; and Comte d'Artois, 3. The stewards decided it a false start. Sherwood took the lead for a mile and a half, when Comte d'Artois passed him. The race was then between Comte, Barefoot, and Rosanne, the latter winning by a

head. Tinker was lost in the mob, coming in about the tenth; and Barefoot was crossed three times in running. Run in 3 min. 23 sec.

On the second race, Comte d'Artois took the lead, till Barefoot came alongside of him, when it became interesting, and Barefoot won easy by two lengths. Run in 3 min. 23¼ sec.

Betting before the false start—2 to 1 against Tinker; 7 to 2 against Sherwood; 7 to 1 against Tancred; 18 to 1 against Palais Royale; 20 to 1 against Barefoot; 25 to 1 against Claude Lorraine; and 30 to 1 against Comte d'Artois.

After the false start, in second race, 2 to 1 against Rosanne; 5 to 1 against Barefoot; 7 to 1 against Comte d'Artois; 10 to 1 against Claude Lorraine; and 16 to 1 against Etiquette.

Mr. Pierse's b. c. Rosanne, Etiquette, Claude Lorraine, Tancred, Caledonian, Ringlet, North Star, Mercandotti, Mr. Hunter's b. c. by Orville, were not placed in the second race.

Considerable murmurings occurred on the ground respecting the above termination of the St. Leger; not above four years ago, a similar occurrence took place.

When the St. Leger is over!!! the *contrast* is equally as *fine*, to behold the agitation of nerves, the pale countenance, the woe-begone face of the losers, (by those sort of *characters* who *chance* every thing, and who frequently get out of their *depth*, and must be *drowned* in spite of Daniels' life-preserver,) such are the effects of the *game of chance*. In the evening another scene presented itself; numerous shops were splendidly illuminated, and converted into rooms for play by persons from the *long town*, hired for the above purpose, to make the most of their *une, deux, cinque*, tables, and "Make your game, gentlemen," are the only four words of importance during the night to the various parties engaged either to *win* or *lose* their money. Such a set of prime *play*-fellows are not to be met with in the kingdom, and who laugh at the idea of all University learning, contenting themselves if they can but emphatically pronounce either E or O against the remainder of the alphabet. Such *hazardous* fellows do they always prove themselves to be. Then for the theatre—rational, interesting, and delightful amusement. During the race-week the theatre was well attended, and, under the direction of Mr. Mansel,

we must say is well conducted, and, out of London, must be viewed as one of the first company of performers in the kingdom. The minor theatres of the metropolis so engross any thing in the shape of good actors and actresses, that it is a most difficult task to collect a company of talent for a provincial theatre. One word more before we make our *exit*. The situation of Doncaster-course must always prove attractive, and where those persons who are fond of races cannot spend a week better, and who will find *time flies* as fast as a night spent at Vauxhall. *Apropos:* it had like to have escaped our notice; but if the metropolis has to boast of its *Almack's*, Doncaster is also distinguished for its brilliant assemblage of persons of rank and fashion at the race-balls, but without exhibiting the *hauteur* of the former. The balls at the Mansion-house were conducted on the most liberal scale, and, under the gallantry of the stewards, nothing that music could accomplish, or attention to the comforts and happiness of the ladies, were wanting. The grand stand presented a most magnificent spectacle, and, notwithstanding its noble appearance as a structure, it seems to require further enlargement for the comfortable accommodation of the company attending these far-famed races. Upwards of thirteen hundred tickets were sold at the doors at one guinea each, and eighteen hundred persons were in the stand during the race of the St. Leger stakes. The new booths are peculiarly convenient, and the short distance from the town so *accommodating*, either to the pedestrian to offer his arm to the *dashing belle*, or to give the gay charioteer an opportunity of handling the *ribbons* in style of his high-bred four-in-hand, in order that the gazers may have an opportunity of *admiring* his coachmanship. There is nothing like Doncaster-races in the kingdom, and those persons who are fond of sporting will not find fault with the expense of a trip to the above delightful, clean, interesting, town.

The attendance of the "*Old Miser*," as he is termed, Mr. James Hurst, of Rochliffe, near Wakefield, attracted considerable attention. This eccentric old man, who appears about seventy-seven years of age, has not missed the race for the cup for several years. His carriage he made himself, which is composed of rude pieces of stick tied together, and without springs. It stands very

high, and is covered with a piece of patch-work quilt. Mr. Hurst being determined not to pay *duty* for any thing about his person, he keeps an *otter* instead of a dog about his house, and generally rides out upon a bull instead of a horse. He had on a dingy, felt, coarse, white hat, and his trousers were made of the piece of a woman's gown. He had a sack full of apples, and to those persons whom he recognised as his acquaintances he presented one. Mr. Hurst and his vehicle excited a great deal of curiosity, and, upon the whole, it is one of the most eccentric performances that can be imagined.

INDUSTRY AND UNCEASING ACTIVITY OF ENGLISHMEN—UTILITY OF OUR NATIONAL SPORTS.

"It is much to be desired, not only for our own sake, but that of the *whole world*, that we should be actuated by just sentiments; for, strange as it appears at first sight, the peace, happiness, and freedom of mankind is, in a great degree, in our hands. The narrow limits of the country, its comparatively barren soil, its unfavourable climate, and its scanty population, make it appear presumptuous to hold it up in this important point of view. But, when we come to look more closely into the matter, we shall not find the notion so very wild. An Englishman, while he eats and drinks no more than another man, labours three times as many hours in the course of a year as any other man. His life is three common lives—People of other countries have some *leisure hours*. An Englishman has none. He always walks or rides as fast as he can. You may know him from all the rest of the world by his head going before his feet; by his pushing along as if going for a wager, and by his stoop and his round shoulders. An American gentleman observed, that when he first came to London, all the people in the streets 'seemed as if they were going on an *errand*, and had been charged to *make haste back*.' Never was there a better description. If we see a man walking at a *leisurely* pace, in the country, we suspect him to be a thief, or, at least, a vagrant. Sunday seems to be the only day in the week when an Englishman does not enjoy himself. He lolls about, and looks out of spirits.—The old saying, that 'when the devil finds any one with nothing to do, he is sure *to set him to work*,' certainly had its origin in England.

"To have an idea of the everlasting industry of this nation, you

have only to look at the garden of a labouring man. This is the scene of his leisure hours; that is to say the *twilight* and the *Sunday*, when he will cultivate flowers or shrubs, rather than submit to a minute's rest.

"This propensity to incessant labour is common to all ranks of life. The lawyers, doctors, parsons, merchants; all are alike; and, as to the shop-keepers and tradesmen, they know not what leisure or pleasure means. The gentlemen are as busy as the rest. They are half their lives on horse-back. Hunting and shooting are their labour, and hard labour too. Every man also aims at *perfection* in his way. He is not content unless he has *something* or *another*, in which he does, or thinks he does, surpass all other men. Hence our fine horses, dogs, sheep, cattle, the herds of which are attended to with such inflexible perseverance. A score or two of gentlemen riding full speed down a hill nearly as steep as the roof of a house, where one false step must inevitably send horse and rider to certain death, is an object to be seen no where but in England.—Nor are these sports, and that of boxing and other perilous exercises, to be left out in enumeration of the causes of national power, though shallow philosophers affect to despise them. They tend to produce great energy in individuals, and it is of the union of individual energy that national power principally consists. To what does America owe the achievement and the preservation of her independence, but to the arms of a race of men, brave because they are hardy, and hardy because, from their infancy, they have been bred to labour and perilous pursuits?

"In England every man tries to excel all others, not so much in rising above them in the scale of life, but in the particular line of life in which he is placed. He would rather not do a thing at all than not do it *well*. To this unconquerable spirit of perseverance it is that we owe that astonishing perfection to which we have arrived in most of mechanic arts, and in whatever appertains to agriculture, though, as to the last, we have, in many respects, to contend against nature itself. In every thing where *horses* are the chief instruments, (and horses are second only to men,) the English so far surpass all the rest of the world, that there is no room for comparison. The man who has a mind to *know* something of England, in this respect, should walk from the Tower of London to Charing-Cross a little after day-light in the morning, while the streets are

clear of people. He would then see the teams of immense horses, drawing up from the bank of the Thames, coals, timber, stone, and other heavy materials. One morning last summer I counted, in various places, more than a hundred of these teams, worth *each of them*, harness, waggon, load and all, little less than a thousand pounds.—The horses, upon an average, weigh more than a *ton*. But, next after a *fox-hunt*, the finest sight in England is a stage-coach just ready to start. A great sheep or cattle fair is a beautiful sight; but, in the stage-coach you see more of what man is capable of performing: the vehicle itself, the harness, all so complete and so neatly arranged; so strong, and clean, and good; the beautiful horses impatient to be off; the inside full and the outside covered, in every part, with men, women, children, boxes, bags, bundles; the coachman, taking his reins in one hand and his whip in the other, gives a signal with his foot, and away they go, at the rate of seven miles an hour, the population and the property of a hamlet. One of these coaches coming in, after a long journey, is a sight not less interesting. The horses are now all sweat and foam, the reek from their bodies ascending like a cloud. The whole equipage is covered, perhaps, with dust or dirt. But still, on it comes as steady as the hand of the clock. As a proof of the perfection to which this mode of travelling has been brought, there is one coach which goes between Exeter and London, the proprietors of which agree to forfeit *eight-pence* for every *minute* that the coach is behind its time at any of its stages; and this coach, I believe, travels eight miles an hour, and that too, upon a very hilly, and, at some seasons, very deep road.

"The *population* of a country is no standard of its strength, or, at least, the population alone is no such standard; if it were, it would be difficult to conceive how it has happened, that a handful of Englishmen have become the masters of India, and have been able to tax the people of that country as completely as we are taxed here, or very nearly so. *A man is a man*, to be sure; but, as Sterne said to the monk, 'there is some *difference* in men, my friend.' It is very clear, that, if there be one man who does, in the same line of business, as much as two other men, and if he travel twice as fast as either of them, he is better than both of them to his employer, because he eats no more than one of them, and requires no more clothes, lodging, &c. than one of them. It is just

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try." Sheridan reloaded, and went on, but his second shot was not more successful. "O Ch—t! (cried Pat) what an escape; I'll be bound you rumpled some of their feathers." The gun was loaded again, and on went our Senator; but the third shot was as little effective as the two former. "Hah! (exclaimed Pat, although astonished at so palpable a miss,) I'll lay a thirteen you don't come near us to-day again. Master was too near you to be pleasant." So he went on, shot after shot, and always had something to say to console poor Brinsley, who was not a little amused at his ingenuity. At last, on their return home without a bird in the bag, Sheridan perceived a covey quietly feeding on the other side of a hedge, and unwilling to give them a chance of flight, he resolved to have a slap at them on the ground. He did so; but, to his mortification, they all flew away untouched. Pat, whose excuses were now almost exhausted, still had something to say, and he joyfully exclaimed, looking at Sheridan very significantly, "By J—s, you made them *lave that* any way!" and, with this compliment to his sportsmanlike qualities, Sheridan closed his morning's amusement, laughing heartily at his companion, and rewarding him with half-a-crown for his patience and encouragement.

LORD ELDON, THE SPORTING CHANCELLOR.

THE following anecdote with respect to his Lordship deserves honourable mention. Two gentlemen, who had liberty to shoot on the grounds surrounding his Lordship's estate, happened, unintentionally, to encroach a little on the latter. The gamekeeper, actuated by a sense of duty, and alive to the nature of his office, insisted that the gentlemen should appear before his Lordship, to answer for the high crime and misdemeanour. They did not hesitate to answer the imperative demand. They were ushered into the presence of the good proprietor, who accosted them with the greatest civility, and begged they would be seated. On hearing the round tale of the domestic, and the assurances of the gentlemen of their having unintentionally encroached, his Lordship, with the utmost politeness, rang the bell, ordered wine and other refreshments to be brought, requested the gentlemen to partake, entered into a pleasing conversation for a length of time, and on the gentlemen retiring, assured them "that if they came that way again they were perfectly welcome to a shot, even should *they trespass*."

BENEVOLENT SPORTSMEN.

As the gentlemen of Colonel Berkeley's hunt (Gloucestershire) were returning from the chase, on Monday, Nov. 10, they observed, at Owdeswell-hill, a young woman, apparently in great pain, on the side of the road. Mr. Wombwell rode up, and, on addressing her, found she was unexpectedly taken in labour. The sportsmen instantly collected round her, and she became a mother before she could be removed to a neighbouring cottage. She was at first refused admission by the old woman who inhabited it. Colonel Berkeley then proposed a general subscription, which was collected by Captain Jeffries. This completely removed the old woman's scruples; the poor sufferer was put safe to bed, and medical assistance soon after sent to her by the benevolent sportsmen.

BLACK GAME.

A SINGULAR circumstance, deserving of notice, took place on a shooting party at J. J. Lockhart's, Esq. of Shirfield-house, near Romsey, Hants, October 1, 1815. Colonel Thornton, in trying for partridges, observed to Mr. Lockhart, that some large enclosures, dreadfully thick, composed of young firs, furzes, high heath, with some fern, seemed the most favourable spot he had ever seen for black game. His reply was, no such bird was ever known to have been on these manors. The Colonel brought with him a curious horse-pistol, which occasionally was intended to be used as a gun, and was considered, by the sportsman, an elegant, well got-up mechanical instrument, but not likely to do execution; he also sent, amongst other dogs, a curious white Persian setter. The appearance of this dog was said to resemble a lady's muff, and excited great laughter. The Colonel replied, he had several of the same breed, which were *excellent*, but he had never seen this dog before: the keeper privately assured the Colonel, however feminine the appearance of the setter might be, there was not a better in all the country. The next day, Colonel T. having tried his pistol at a mark, with dust shot, was quite satisfied; he privately went out, after three o'clock, with his pistol, dog, and keeper, hoping to drive a covey of birds into the above strong cover, being the only place the birds would lay to the dog, the ground being so dry and hot. He succeeded, and following up the covey, the Persian lady made

a firm and beautiful point. Sportsmen may judge the surprise when a brood of four brace and a half of full-grown black game rose. The Colonel, though astonished, knew well what they were, marked and followed them: he killed a brace of cocks with this dust shot, and could have killed the whole brood if he had chosen; but, judging it more sportsman-like, reserved them for Mr. L. The Colonel having related to the gentlemen in the course of conversation, the evening before, several extraordinary sporting occurrences that had happened to him, and which appeared wonderful, after dinner ordered the keeper to bring in the game-bag, and one of the company began to examine its contents. After a few partridges were tumbled out, then out came the black cocks: the company stared at each other, were lost in astonishment: at first it was conceived to be a hoax, and that the Colonel had received a supply from his extensive manors around Exford, Somersetshire, and from which place he had brought with him a basket of poults, as a present to Mrs. L. The whole of the circumstances being stated, and the Colonel's keeper privately examined, there remained no doubt about the fact, although the company could not conceive how the Colonel could be so fortunate (with a pistol loaded with dust shot, and his Persian dog) to kill black game where none were heard of before. The Colonel engaged, if Mr. L. would attend him the next morning, he would get him a shot at a black cock. The whole house were up in arms before it was light: the Colonel conducted Mr. L. to the field, procured what he so much wished for, and he killed a black cock. The Colonel pleaded to spare the remainder, and pointed out, that, with the addition of more cover, Mr. L. might have plenty of black game hereafter.

THE SWELL'S APOLOGY FOR JOINING THE FANCY.

A Parody on "Oh! blame not the Bard!"

Oh! blame not the *swell*, though he fly to the *fancy*,
And with *mufflers* and *science* to *out-and-out game*;
'Tis Fate's *turn-up card*, and that *swell* plainly can see
That better things more had ennobled his name.
The *fives* which now *alter* the *mug* of a charley
Might have urged in the battle the warrior's dart,
And the arm which but *stops* an antagonist's *mauley*,
Like a target had guarded the patriot's heart.

But, alas, for his fortune! those days are gone by,
And that character slander'd which never could fawn;
His friends o'er his ruin in secret must sigh,
While his name is a by-word of mock'ry and scorn.
Unpriz'd are his *pals*, till they learn to betray him;
From society exiled if true to their friend,
Though the sparks that in splendour and wealth must array them
May be struck from the torch which his young follies lend.

Then blame not his *pattering flash à-la-Randall*,
While he strives to forget what he never can heal;
Ah! free but his name from the venom of scandal,
Let him stand forth unslander'd, and mark how he'll feel!
That instant the gloves should be laid on the shelf,
With his *poodle* and *bird's eye*, e'en EALES's he would shun;
And the knuckles that *nonsuited* many an elf
Should be wrapped up in kid, like a gentleman's son.

But though friends are unjust, though to fame he can't climb,
His *giving and taking* shall live with his songs;
And not one *swell cove*, when he's *knock'd out of time*,
Shall lose the remembrance of him and his wrongs.
The *spooney* shall hear of his *science* and *game*,
Which the *Fancy* in *chaffing* tradition shall keep;
And *muffs* and *curs* blush who have injur'd his name,
While *out-and-out good ones* stand o'er him and weep.

GREAT BILLIARD MATCH FOR 100 GUINEAS.

ON Monday evening, (Dec. 20, 1824,) the much-talked-of match between Brighton and London took place. The table selected by the parties was the newly-erected one at the Four Nations' Hotel, Opera Colonnade, which was esteemed preferable to any other, as well from its own excellence as the commodiousness of the room—a circumstance of some importance, as the tickets of admission were 10s. each, and the demand, even at so high a price, very considerable. The players were Kentfield and Howse for Brighton, against Carr and Pratt for London. The match—the best of nine games—100 up. The betting was nearly even; if any odds; they were in favour of Brighton, from the celebrity of its late marker Kentfield.

The match was fixed to take place at eight o'clock in the evening. By half-past seven the seats were all occupied, but it was half an hour beyond the appointed time before the amateurs were gratified by the commencement of the sport.

The match was decided by the issue of the six first games—Brighton having won the first, second, third, fourth, and sixth; London being winners of the fifth only.

The scoring in these games was as under:—

I.	Kentfield	74	Carr		60
	Howse	26	Pratt		13
		100			73
II.	Kentfield	82	Carr		74
	Howse	18	Pratt		24
		100			98
III.	Kentfield	58	Carr		44
	Howse	42	Pratt		15
		100			59
IV.	Kentfield	28	Carr		38
	Howse	72	Pratt		18
		100			56
V.	Kentfield	20	Carr		6
	Howse	48	Pratt		94
		68			100
VI.	Kentfield	70	Carr		0
	Howse	30	Pratt		44
		100			44

SUMMARY.

Kentfield	332	Carr	222
Howse	236	Pratt	208

Notwithstanding the apparent superiority of Kentfield, and although with an indifferent exercise of his admirable science and execution, many astonishing strokes could not but gratify the admiring spectators, he yet was not in such play as we had previously witnessed. Carr was not "in luck"—frequently coming in merely to break safe balls and be thrown out on a casual event. This, indeed, is the very objectionable feature of a match of four.

Howse and Pratt were alike devoid of confidence during the first three games—their appearance on this occasion being their first in situations so prominent and ostensible, and although they became somewhat more confident during the three latter games, they certainly did not, at any period of the match, support the characters

of "out and outers," either in the display of science or execution. In the fifth game Pratt had an innings of fifty-three, in the sixth Kentfield one of sixty-three.

THE SWELL GUARD.

DIED, at the Red Lion, Pontefract, Yorkshire, in April, 1825, Mr. George Young, one of the guards belonging to the *fast* Leeds Union Coach. George met with his death in consequence of the coach being accidentally overturned in the night, when he had one of his thighs broken, and was otherwise much bruised about the body; but the attentions of the surgeon soon made his thigh "all right," and his friends consoled themselves that he would, ere long, be restored to their society. However, unexpectedly, the inward bruises about his frame produced a mortification, and poor George was thus cut off in the prime of his life, to the great sorrow of his numerous well-wishers. It is worthy of remark, that, owing to the *accommodating* disposition of Young, (which was truly conspicuous at all times to his fellow-travellers,) he met with the above accident. He resigned his usual place, as guard, to a gentleman, and took his

seat on the box, on which a person, besides the coachman, had previously taken his station; but, in order not to inconvenience *coachy*, George merely rested himself on one of his legs upon the box, the other hanging over it, and in that state he was thrown upon the ground. In his capacity of *guard*, he was not only an important feature attached to the *drag*, but a man of the strictest integrity, active and industrious upon all occasions; and he transacted considerable business for the most respectable attorneys, jewellers, &c. to and from Leeds to London, and thousands of pounds and "untold gold" passed through his hands, so very high did George stand in the opinion of his numerous employers. In his peculiar situation as *guard*, he was similar to "*Mathews at home*;" he had a tale for every one; and even the most fastidious person was kept on the *grin* in spite of his would-be gravity; but the "Men of the World," who were not nice as to a *shade* in stories, almost lost their seats, convulsed with laughter; and many a dreary mile and dark night have the merry anecdotes and songs of poor George Young beguiled the time of the weary traveller throughout his long journey. Good-nature, enriched with fun, were the constant companions of the passengers, and the journey from Leeds to London, alternately, in the company of George, appeared more like a drive to Highgate, than the long distance of two hundred miles from the metropolis. Young was a complete public character up and down the road—a sort of finger-post—quite at home at all the inns—and no swell dragsman or stylish guard was ever more welcomed by the charming hostesses and pretty bar-maids, with smiles of approbation, when he took his tumbler of *heavy* or a tiny drap of *eau-de-vie* at the bar, for a short stop, than our departed hero. George could also handle the *ribbons* well, and he frequently *tooled* up the *rattler* in the character of a substitute, to give his *pal* a holiday, yet equal to most of the first-rate whips.

Previous to the accident, George was the picture of health, smart in his person, and entitled to the appellation of a good-looking fellow, without any flattery. His ruddy complexion, his laughing eyes, and his jovial and merry index, at all times, when shaking hands with an acquaintance, makes his decease the more awful; and, to his immediate friends, his death appears more like a dream than reality. He was truly liberal in disposition; friendly by nature; and numerous swells of the *upper fabric* preferred becoming *outside* ones, se-

cure under poor George's large *spread*, to partake of the gig and merriment which always hovered over the *topper* of the gay guard of the Leeds Union fast coach, than *hiding* themselves, as a species of proud *dummies*, in the interior of the *drag*. Young was particularly attached to all sorts of sporting: he kept a *book*, and his *reader*, respecting the *nob-work* at Doncaster meeting, had often proved an *interesting* subject to him. George was delighted at a coursing match, a tolerable shot, and attached to the hounds and hunting: at horse-racing he had nothing to learn: and the "bird's-eye" view which he had taken of mankind in general, evinced no small portion of common sense. To *milling*, on honourable principles, and as a promoter of true courage, Young was a firm friend. He first introduced *Barlow* to the London P. R. who fought with Josh Hudson. George was a great admirer of the manliness of Tom Cribb, and very friendly with the late champion, Tom Spring. He was also a stanch member of the D. C. Young was an honourable man, and disgusted with the slightest appearance of mean and shabby conduct. The word "*cripple*" was a favourite phrase with George, and had he survived the unfortunate event, it is but too likely he would have proved a cripple in his own person. In his peculiar circle of acquaintances, George has left a *vacuum* not easily to be filled up: and it is with regret that the addition is necessary to state, he has left a widow with two children, and far advanced in her pregnancy. The writer of this article most sincerely drops a tear to his memory; and concludes with the following four lines, which he thinks completely applicable to the character of the late GEORGE YOUNG:

"'Tis my will, when I die, not a tear should be shed,
No *Hic Jacet* be placed on my stone;
But pour on my coffin a choice bottle of red,
And say—"A GOOD FELLOW is gone!"

ROWING-MATCH FOR ONE HUNDRED SOVEREIGNS.

THE great rowing wager between Charles Westwood and Castles, the best waterman on the river, took place on Friday, Sept. 10, 1824, amidst a great number of boats; every admirer of aquatic sports considered himself obliged to be present. The noblemen and gentlemen who usually make a dash in their eight-oared galleys and cutters were not absent on the occasion. The men having taken

their stations at Westminster-bridge, started, at a quarter to three, with the tide. Westwood rowed in a fine boat, named the Sovereign, and Castles in a light wherry, which had won several prizes. At Lambeth-stairs Westwood was three boats' length a-head; at Vauxhall-bridge the head of Castles' boat touched his stern. At the Red-house, Westwood still kept the lead, and those who had betted on Castles gave up their hope of winning. After a most admirable trial of skill and strength, during which, however, Castles had no chance of success, Westwood darted first through Putney-bridge, and having gained the distance, won the prize, said to be one hundred sovereigns. The bets said to be made on this wager amounted £5,000. Westwood, by the result, has proved worthy to be considered the champion in river gymnastics. The wager was won in thirty-two minutes from the time of starting. The distance a-head of Castles was two boats' length.

PUGILISTIC PARADOXES,

By William Leman Rede.

AIR—*"Over the Water to Charley."*

FROM Belcher's to Moulsey, at mouthing, or mill,
Than "the fancy," I fancy naught's queerer;
For in names, and in nature, or whate'er you will,
There never was paradox clearer.
There's *Harm-er*, for instance, quite *harm-less* he feels,
Since his full share of honours he's swallow'd;
And *Eales*, you'll admit, unlike all other *eels*,
Will never submit to be *collar'd*.

CHORUS.

But paradox pauses whenever we sing,
Of the men who their mauleys *can* handle;
Remember *we* boast Hudson, Belcher, and Spring,
Erin, Reynolds, Pat Langan, and Randall.

Then *Brown* has been oftentimes beat *black* and *blue*,
Even when 'twas his fortune to *lick*, man;
And *Oliver* found out he very well knew
A *Rowland* when match'd against Hickman.
Bishop *Sharp* was a *flat*, when he challeng'd the Pat,[a]
He discover'd it soon to his grief, Sir;
Spring's blooming this *winter*, and better than that,
They at Bristol train *Cabbage* on *beef*, Sir.
But paradox pauses, &c.

[a] Tom Reynolds.

Belcher, we know, has been fam'd for his *wind;*
Time and Dutch Sam have touch'd it, 'od rott'em;
And I think I may say, nor be forc'd to rescind,
That George *Head* has most excellent *bottom.**
Painter no longer will *colour* a mug,
Tho' as *second* he'll come to a *minute;* †
And with White-headed Bob, in their late gallant tug,
Delay was in haste to begin it.
But paradox pauses, &c.

There's *Read* is eternally *writing* to Holt,
(In their battle thus more ink than blood's won,)
And the lad of the East, tho' a *Ward* of the Court,
Had no *guardian* to guard him from Hudson.
Neat's tongue (since his arm's broke) is Bristol's stale dish,
(For those who can't fight always clack us;)
And *Stock-man*, whom Brown once beat "like a *stock-fish*,"
After *crossing*, can ne'er *face* his *back*-ers.
But paradox pauses, &c.

Then the man who in Court challeng'd Snowball and Tom, ‡
Poor *Carter* "can't make the *mare* go, Sir; §
Here my paradox ends, so to finish my song,
Where natures agree I shall show, Sir,
That *Sut-ton* was *black* proof sufficient I'd bring,
A *lame fighter* in *Halt-on* we spy, Sir;
Pope made a *bull* when he sought to fight Spring;
And Cy Davis, Ned Turner made *sigh*, Sir.

CHORUS.

My paradox ended, I'll bid you good night,
May fortune crown all when we court her;
May we never be *cross'd* in our love or a fight,
And may courage ne'er want a supporter. ‖

SPORTING WITH FEELINGS—THE AFFIRMATIVE NEGATIVE.

La Fleur, a young gentleman of family and fortune, and much attached to the sports of the field, in one of the provinces of France,

* This has been proved in many casual *rencounters;* I believe he never fought in the P. R.

† Ned finds it more profitable to draw *beer* than *claret*.

‡ Richmond and Belcher; the circumstance will be readily remembered.

§ He declared himself "cleaned out" lately at the Fives' Court.

‖ Powell used to say, that a supporter was a backer that would let a brave man *sup porter* whether he won or lost.

was married to the object of his choice, a beautiful and accomplished girl, whom we shall call Josephine. A few months only had smiled upon their union, and La Fleur was still enamoured of his lovely bride, when the absolute will of the *grand monarque* decreed their first separation. A mandate from the King required the immediate attendance of the nobility and gentry of that part of France at the court of Paris. As this command, moreover, was accompanied by the conciliatory intimation of punishment and degradation, in default of instant compliance, La Fleur found himself obliged to quit his beautiful and beloved Josephine. The general laxity of morals—and, perhaps, a certain conviction of the soft and yielding nature of his wife—generated a thousand fears and suspicions in the mind of the doting husband. Many *gallant* cavaliers resided in the vicinity of his *chateau*, and he apprehended (not without cause) that some of them might tamper with his lady in his absence. Accordingly, just before the period of his departure, La Fleur entertained his wife with a long lecture, touching the manner in which she ought to conduct herself during his absence—and, in order the more effectually to remove his doubts, he conjured her to grant him one favour. What bride could refuse a favour, at such a time, and under such circumstances?—she promised;—but he required and obtained a *solemn oath* of obedience, "to make assurance doubly sure." The favour which he solicited was, that to every *man* who might have occasion to speak to her, during his absence, she should reply only by the monosyllable, *No* —and that, whatever might be the subject of discourse, no other word should pass her lips to any of his sex. The lady called all the powers of heaven to witness her fidelity: and, after a multitude of protestations and caresses, La Fleur departed, perfectly satisfied that he had secured his honour at home. Alas! he trusted to one whom "no vows could bind;"—but the result of his precautions will be seen in the sequel.

Josephine, left with the restraint of an oath to aid her little stock of prudence, passed the first day solely in thinking of her husband: the second brought with it a tædium which she could not dispel; to beguile, therefore, the lonely hours, she betook herself to a pleasant garden which ran along the high road, and which, separated from it only by a low palisade, gave her a distinct view of passing objects. She had not long amused herself here, when a young ca-

valier (who, as well as her husband, was on his way to Court) rode up to the palisade, and politely accosted the lady, observing that he had lost his way, and adding, "Madame, pray is this the road to Paris?"—The lady looked up—smiled—and replied, "*No.*"—He continued, "Will you be so obliging, Madame, as to inform me which is the road?"—"*No,*" said she.—The stranger stared at what he thought her rudeness; but, seeing her elegant and beautiful, he continued his discourse: to all his interrogatories, however, he could obtain no answer, except the simple monosyllable, *No.* Noticing this peculiarity, and, espying, perhaps, "a lurking devil in her eye," he changed the plan of his operations, and framed his next question thus:—"If you have no objection, Madame, I will have the honour of joining you in your walk." Faithful to her oath, Josephine still replied, "*No.*"—The cavalier was happy to find, at last, her *no* an *affirmative*, and resumed, "Perhaps, Madame, you will not refuse me the favour to open the gate for me?"—"*No,*" said she, at the same time unlocking the gate. He alighted—took her hand—kissed it—and joined her in her walk; but still, in spite of all his lively conversation, *no* was the only word she uttered. As it approached the hour of dinner, the cavalier remarked, "It gets late; you would not wish me to leave you?"—"*No,*" said she.—"You will not, then, refuse me the pleasure of dining with you?" rejoined he.—"*No,*" was still the answer.—They entered the house; dinner was served; and, hitherto, the lady's looks had betrayed no sign of displeasure. After dinner, the stranger resumed his catechism.—"Perhaps you will not object to my ordering my horse into the stable?"—"*No.*"—"And to another pleasant walk?"—still it was, "*No.*"—During the walk, although the stranger could not enjoy the communion of thought, he found ample amusement in the interchange of glances, and the other *indicia* of love. They lingered in the air till evening;—when the cavalier observed, "I begin to have a fine appetite; if you have no objection we will go into supper."—"*No,*" replied the lady. They supped together, as they had dined, very sociably; the cavalier drinking Madame's health in bumpers. At length, grown bolder by impunity, he exclaimed, "Shall I offend you, dear Madame, by saluting you?"—She answered, "*No;*"—and it is needless to say that he accepted the accorded favour. Josephine's yielding softness emboldened him to put the last question; "Have you any objection to my

passing the night with you?"—Her eyes and tongue both answered, "*No.*" They retired to the lady's chamber, and there we beg to draw the curtain on them: suffice it to say, that, early in the morning they parted, mutually pleased with their adventure. The cavalier embraced, and thanked Josephine again and again; and, on taking leave, presented her with a curious and valuable ring, which he entreated her to keep in remembrance of him: then mounting his horse he pursued his journey. The lady, satisfied with having kept her oath, felt herself secure from discovery: having confided the secret to her confidential servants only, who were, doubtless, in possession of many secrets of a similar nature.

We must now accompany the cavalier to Paris, where he arrived in high spirits, and immediately repaired to Court. A few days after, the gentlemen assembled on the same occasion, were pacing up and down the grand *salon* of the Louvre, awaiting the appearance of the King; and, to beguile the time, each had some witty anecdote to tell. Our cavalier could not resist the temptation of relating the curious adventure which he had just met with, without suspecting that any one present could have a personal interest in the tale. La Fleur happened to make one in his group of auditors;—although the cavalier did not disclose the names either of the lady or the place; yet his minute description of both arrested the husband's attention. As the cavalier proceeded in his relation—and particularly commented upon the singularity of the lady's continued *negatives*, La Fleur was confirmed in his belief that the heroine of his tale was no other than his wife. His feelings may be better conceived than described, as he listened to the *denouement* of the adventure. Whatever they were, however, he had the resolution to disguise them, and, assuming an air of jocularity, he contrived to make acquaintance with the cavalier. During the few days which remained, he endeavoured, with success, to ingratiate himself with the stranger; and, when his Majesty's purpose was effected, and they were all dismissed, La Fleur entreated the cavalier to favour him with his company at his *chateau*, in his way home. The unsuspecting cavalier willingly accepted the invitation. Meantime, the enraged husband despatched a messenger to the relations of his wife, pressing them to meet at his house, on the evening of his arrival, to partake of a family entertainment; while a similar express prepared his wife to receive them. The two new

friends commenced their journey, and the injured husband already began to exult in the success of his scheme. His design was to persuade the cavalier to repeat his tale in the presence of his friends, in order to make them the witnesses of his wrongs, and to justify his intention of divorcing his guilty wife.

To be brief, the parties met at the appointed time; La Fleur purposely delaying his arrival till a late hour in the evening, to prevent any premature recognition of scenes and places by his companion. The cavalier, suspecting nothing, marked none of the scenes of his late happiness. They entered the house, and found the expected guests assembled; La Fleur hurried over the ceremony of introduction, and called for supper; while Josephine and the cavalier greeted each other with the slight courtesy of strangers, the bustle of the moment precluding recollections of any kind. The company were soon seated at table, a splendid collation was set before them, and no one appeared to think of any thing, except the enjoyment of the good cheer provided for them. At length, the meal was concluded, and the husband, impatient to gratify his revenge, turned to the cavalier, and said, "May I request the favour of you to amuse our friends with the singular and diverting tale which you gave us, the other day, at the Louvre?"—"With all my heart," said the cavalier, gaily;—and thus began his story:—"You must know that, in my way to Paris, I had one day lost my road; and looking over the palisade of a garden, I espied a beautiful *demoiselle*, of whom I inquired the way. Her only answer was "*no.*" At hearing this, Josephine started—and, turning in astonishment to the relater, she instantly recognized the cavalier!—As he continued his narrative, her shame and agony increased,—she deemed herself lost,—and, in her first embarrassment, would have betrayed herself, when one desperate expedient occurred to her mind. She hastily filled a silver cup with wine, and interrupted the relation by drinking the cavalier's health, saying, at the same time,—"Indeed, Monsieur, you have drank nothing; I must insist upon your pledging me in this cup."—"With pleasure, Madame," said the cavalier, still continuing his tale.—The lady, softly and unperceived, dropt into the cup the ring which the cavalier had given her at parting. He, meantime, went on with his story—"After supper, I said, have you any objection to my passing the night with you?" At this juncture the lady interposed with—"Nay, I shall be seriously of-

fended, if you delay to pledge me;" at the same time presenting him the cup, with an artless playful air.—"Pardon me, Madame," said the cavalier, pressing the goblet gallantly to his lips. He drank; and, as he finished his draught, he descried the ring at the bottom. He instantly remembered the token; and turning, for an explanation, to the mistress of the house, as instantly recognized his fair *incognita!* Astonishment and confusion, for a moment, kept him silent, till La Fleur, anticipating the completion of his design, said, "Monsieur, pray go on with your pleasant history." The poor cavalier hesitated an instant; then adroitly resumed—"let me see—where was I?—oh! just conducting the lady to her chamber; well, just as I had arrived at that enviable part of my adventure, something in my room fell, with a great noise, and—I awoke!"—"Awoke!" cried the husband, "how?" "I awoke from my happy dream," said the cavalier. "A dream!" exclaimed the guests, "was it only a dream?"—"Certainly, nothing but a dream," replied the cavalier coolly, "and a very singular dream it was." By this lucky *ruse* the cavalier saved the lady's honour: while the unfortunate husband was obliged to "pocket the affront;" although the evidence of guilt brought

> ——"confirmation strong,
> "As proofs of holy writ."

A two-fold lesson has our tale in view,
Fitting the *married* and the *single* too.—
Husbands to govern wives may learn the art;
A generous confidence will reach the heart:—
Let fools and tyrants seek by oaths to bind,—
Your pledge of virtue is the grateful mind.
The bachelor who fears the sex's pride,
May learn that frowns and smiles are near allied;
A timid glance conceals the heart's warm glow,—
And *yes* she often means who utters *no*.

PRINCE LEOPOLD AND THE MARQUIS OF HUNTLY.

MOOR-GAME SHOOTING.

Though splendid art and ornament may fail,
Thy charms, all-powerful NATURE, still prevail.

FROM a gentleman, who was an eye witness of the extraordinary scene which presented itself on the approach of Prince Leopold to

the village of Kinrara, we think the account worth recording, as one of the most curious that the sporting annals can furnish.

On Prince Leopold's visit to the village of Kinrara he was much delighted with the appearance of Kinrara cottage, built some years ago by the mother of the present Marquis, the late Duchess of Gordon. Thither, distant as it was, she was fond of retiring from the great world, of which she was an active ornament, and passing the summer in this retired scene of mountain solitude; and thither, when all the pleasures, the cares, the dissipations, and the inquietudes of this world, were closed with her, she wished to be, and was conveyed to be buried in this peaceful solitude.

Prince Leopold, who is remarkably fond of the diversion of shooting, had never, till his present tour, witnessed the highest style of it in that of moor-game shooting; and it was reserved for the Marquis of Huntly, who is possessed of some of the best muirs for this species of game, to show his Royal Highness this diversion in its best style.

On the arrival of the Prince at Dalwhinnie, he was met by the Marquis of Huntly, and by him conducted on the road to Kinrara cottage. Prior to his reaching the cottage, he was led up the mountain of Tor Alvie, at the top of which the Marchioness of Huntly, accompanied by numerous friends, stood ready to receive him. At first sight the whole scenery presented an extensive and magnificent display of highland loneliness, when, the pipers of the Marquis suddenly blowing a warlike blast, instantly there started up the perfect realization of *Roderic Dhu's* ambuscade, so beautifully described by Walter Scott, in the instantaneous appearance of about 500 highlanders, in the warlike garb of their country, greeting the approach of the Prince by their gestures and exclamations.

Nothing which the Prince had ever seen seemed so much to surprise or gratify him as this. It was the soldiers of Cadmus springing up from the earth. This instantaneous change of solitude to an immense crowd, before unseen, had the effect of magic, which the wild enthusiasm of the mountaineers made more powerful and effective.

After the gratulations of the multitude were in some measure over, it was not to be supposed that the most popular man "in aw

Scotland," the Marquis of Huntly, would forget his highlanders, or not think that something might be wanting to "whet their whistles." Of course, an ample repast of wild venison, muir game, every sort of meat, with ankers of ale, gallons of their favourite whiskey, and a hogshead of cold punch, were distributed amongst them, from which they drank long and frequent libations to the Prince, and to the *Glory of the Highlands*,—the Marquis of Huntly!!!

From this scene, the Marquis and his party descended to Kinrara cottage, where an entertainment more elegant, though not so romantic, awaited their arrival. If for the *bon vivant*, wild venison, salmon caught fresh for the pot, muir game, and mountain mutton, have charms seldom met with, here they were found in perfection; and which the most luxurious kitchens of the most luxurious palace could not produce.

After a day's rest from his journey, the Prince, in company with his gallant host, took the diversion of muir-game shooting, and was somewhat surprised to find the fag which following an old cock muir-fowl gave him in running before he could get up to take a shot. At the close of the morning's amusement, his Highness inquired of one of his attendants what game was in the bag? when the man, with courtier politeness, replied—"Please your Highness, there are ten brace, which your Highness has *done them the honour* to kill this morning."

One of the highland keepers, who heard the observation, said to his companion—"Hoot awa! why our Laird often kills twa times as mony, and the puir foul think it na honour at a'."

THE LAURELS OF SPRING.

J. A. Bowen.

TUNE—"*St. Patrick's Day.*"

Ye lads of the Fancy, who take a delight in
The sports of Old England, attend to my stave;
Ye "Swells" who admire our method of fighting,
And nobly encourage the manly and brave,
Your attention I beg, as you sit round the table,
(Tho' one of more talent my theme ought to sing,)
Take the will for the deed—'tis as well as I'm able,
Or better I'd do for brave Langan and Spring.

Though feeble I own is my utmost endeavour,
To show with full force what I fain would indite,
But exulting I shout "Spring and Langan for ever!"
While reading Pierce Egan's account of the fight;
For who that's possess'd of the heart of a Briton
Can sit, without making the glasses to ring,
When they think of the day when the amateurs hit on
A match with brave Langan and gallant Tom Spring.

Let foreigners quarrel with sword and with pistol,
Make orphans of children, and widows of wives,
The heroes of London, of Dublin, and Bristol,
Settle all their disputes with their "bunches of fives;"
Yet possess'd of true courage—to fear too a stranger,
Here man meets his man—face to face in the ring,
And knows of assassins he stands in no danger,
But mills with his mauleys—like Langan and Spring.

What though it oft happens, each other were "chaffing,"
And frequently play till it ends in a fight;
The battle (once over) we're joking and laughing,
And good friends again o'er the bottle at night.
Thus Langan said Spring was to him but a splinter,
The Champion of England cried, "no such a thing,
For, my lad, you must first of all beat a Long Winter,
Before you can touch at the laurels of Spring."

Being conquer'd before, all the novices wonder'd
That Langan again should agree to the match;
But he knowing his pluck, back'd himself for two hundred,
And bold as a lion appeared at the scratch.
Both English and Irishmen swore by the powers,
A braver man never yet peel'd in a ring,
For he fought like a Briton for nearly two hours,
Then yielded the palm with reluctance to Spring.

Though conquer'd again, cease all slander and scandal,
And never refuse a brave fellow his due;
For Langan and Reynolds, and honest Jack Randall,
Were born and descended, Old Erin, from you.
In our national sports may the laws ne'er attack us,
And may all who fight crosses be spurn'd from the ring;
But all honest Pugilists never want backers,
And the best man of all wear the laurels of Spring.

THE BLACK FOGLE.

John of Corinth.

" Hic *Niger* est hunc tu *Romane caveto*."—*The Old Classics.*
" He sports a *black* flag, ye *millers, beware* of him."—
The Modern Classical Translation.

HAIL to brave Pat, though he's had a sound thumping,
Long life to the Champion from Ireland so dear;
Strike up, ye fancy coves, and be all jumping,
To give the brave Paddy a benefit clear.
Crest of John Langan,—
Faith, 'tis a queer 'un,
A *fogel* of *sable,* as black as can be,
And he has stuck to it,
Though without luck to it,
Whack for the *fogle* and JACK LANGAN'S spree!

Oh! 'tis a colour that ne'er shall grow whiter,
The blues and the yellows may flaunt it amain;
But the *black flag* that waves for the Paddy Bull fighter,
If torn a small bit shall not nourish a stain;—
Hudson may puff away,
Sampson may blarney gay,
Still 'tis no *Gaza* to yield to his blow;
Shelton may shake a fist,
Ward he may try a twist,
And *be one* in *Chancery* if he does so.

Drink, Paddies, drink to your hero from Erin!
While manhood shall flourish and true friendship thrive,
So long for your Champion his ensign be wearing,
'Tis defended and held by a good *bunch of fives.*
While the ring flourishes
And Erin nourishes
Freedom, and fancy, and true sporting joys,
The black flag shall have a toast,
The P.R. shall ever boast
The *Fogle of sable* and *Langan,* my boys!

RIDING THE RING.

ON Monday, September 27, 1824, the ancient fraternity of Chapman of Stirlingshire and Clackmannan met as usual in the King's Park, to contest for the ancient prize ring and other sports. For some years the zeal of the fraternity had been put into the utmost requisition to increase the interest of the day's amusements, and to make the sports every way worthy of the vast numbers who

resort to the field on such occasions. At no former period had the exertions of the brethren been more successful. The day proved fine, and at an early hour the park was crowded with an elegant display of the youth and beauty of Stirling and the surrounding country, and the equipages exceeded in number and elegance any former appearance. The members, we were happy to see, fully maintained their numbers, and entered into the sports of competing for the ring with a degree of emulation never surpassed. Indeed, the royal field could not fail to bring to recollection the tales of "the days of yore," when the gallant James Fitz-James held his ancient fêtes on the same spot, and which have been celebrated by Sir Walter, in his "*Lady of the Lake*," in strains so appropriate. The sports of the day commenced with a foot-race for boys, after which followed the interesting game of the ring, when no fewer than sixteen of the brethren appeared on horse-back, armed with spears. The ring was won by Mr. Jaffray, who was presented with a handsome gold ring, the gift of the Guildry of Stirling. For putting the stone (22lbs. weight), six competitors appeared, and the silver medal was won by William Drysdale, in Alva, who threw the stone up a gentle rising ground twenty-eight feet one inch. John Brown, the second competitor, threw the stone twenty-seven feet ten inches. The second silver medal was awarded to John Brown. Next followed the horse-races, which were competed for, and won as follows:—1st, for a gold medal, value five sovereigns, Mr. James Dobie; 2d, a gold medal, value two and a half sovereigns, for ponies—Mr. John Sinclair's pony, rode by Mr. James Dobie; 3d, for a "purse o' will," Mr. Dick. An excellent race, keenly contested, and won by a head. The whole sports of the day were then concluded with a sack-race, which afforded abundance of laughter and merriment to the field. The judges of the day were Provost Anderson, of Stirling, Baillie Aikman, of Stirling, and John M'Nab, Esq. of Cowie. It was intended that prizes should also have been given for wrestling, tossing the bar, foot-racing, and other sports, but the day was so far spent as not to admit of their being contested.

SINGLE STICK.

To the amateurs the match at Hungerford, on the 18th August, 1823, afforded a singular treat, as well for the excellence of the

play, as for the impartial decisions of the umpires, and the proper means which were adopted to secure order and decorum. The company was very numerous, and amongst them appeared Sir Francis Burdett, in excellent health and spirits, Captain Craven, Mr. Pearse, and many other gentlemen of celebrity. The players were seven from Somersetshire and seventeen from Wilts, Berks, &c. The single tiers were

SOMERSET		WILTS.
Evans,	whose head was broken by	Pearse.
James,	.....	Haft.
R. Stone,	who broke the head of	Morris Pope.
Wall,	.....	T. Blackford.
Stone,	.....	Baker.
Badstock,	whose head was broken by	Savage.

WILTS ONLY.

Preston, who broke the head of Hanbury. Knapp played Potter till he gave in, and had three bouts with Tutt, and had a head given him.

DOUBLE TIERS.

SOMERSET.		WILTS.
R. Stone,	who broke the head of	Pearse.
Wall,	.....	Haft.
Stone,	.....	Savage.

TREBLE TIERS.

R. Stone, whose head was broken by Preston.
Wall broke the head of Knapp.

Stone then broke the head of Preston and won the match, which was for twenty sovereigns, having his own and Wall's head unbroken.

GREAT TROTTING-MATCHES AND A FOOT-RACE.

Monday, April 24, 1822, the three greatest attempts perhaps ever recorded of trotting, and on which thousands were pending, came on.—The first was that of Mr. Willan's horse, which beat the slate-coloured American, backed to trot three miles in nine minutes, for one hundred guineas. It was reported that the horse was lame, and up to the evening before the start, six to four was the betting on time, at the Tun Tavern, and more than two to one was bet before starting, as the horse showed a little lame in going from Hampton to Sunbury-common, where the match took place. Mr. Dyson's man Jack rode the horse, and when at speed the lameness was not apparent; but the horse was more than three minutes doing the first mile, and there was no increase of speed during the match. The horse broke into a gallop near the George Inn, when about one hun-

dred yards from home, and the pressure of horsemen was so great at his heels that his jockey turned him with difficulty, and the match was lost by forty seconds.

One of the umpires says, "the first mile was completed seven seconds under three minutes; which left three minutes and twelve seconds to do the last mile in. The horse kept a winning pace until within a hundred yards of home, opposite the George public-house, where there is a sharp turning, when the horse broke, and was pulled up and turned. Here the crowd was so great, and he was so hemmed in, that he lost twelve or thirteen seconds, and thereby the match, exceeding the nine minutes, was lost by five seconds. Mr. Dyson sold the horse, on Friday, for three hundred guineas to go to Ireland. There is no doubt but that on a straight three-mile course he would have won easily.

Captain Halford's matches to trot eight miles and a half in half an hour, and to carry eleven stone with a horse *bonâ fide* his property, for one hundred guineas, and a second match for a like sum, to trot a horse seventeen miles in an hour, also his property, took place on Monday, April 2, 1822, over a two-mile piece of ground, at Merston Vale, Surrey. The eight miles and a half match was done as follows:

	m.	s.
1st two miles	7	7
2d ditto	7	3
3d ditto	7	4
4th ditto	7	8
The half mile	1	35
	29	57

A manœuvre not dreamt of was here practised; a jockey, of ten stone, immediately mounted the same horse, and proceeded on the second match, to the astonishment of all present. The horse had evidently been kept *in*, as the figures under will show:—

	m.	s.
The mile and a half making ten miles, including mounting time, was done in	6	10
6th two miles	6	54
7th ditto	6	53
8th ditto	6	47
The last mile	3	29
	30	13

The match was lost by thirteen seconds, when the Captain backed the horse to do the seventeen miles within the hour on Thursday, and to carry ten stone seven pound.—Six to four was immediately bet on time, after the day's work.

On Thursday, the match, which was for two hundred guineas, took place. The ground over which the horse trotted was two miles of the same as he performed on Monday, on the Bury-road. He carried eleven stone in the former half-hour race, and ten stone in the hour race; and in this instance he carried ten stone and a half, and did each two miles as follows:—

	m.	s.
1st two miles	6	18
2d ditto	7	10
3d ditto	6	20
4th ditto	6	50
5th ditto	6	52
6th ditto	7	34
7th ditto	6	54
8th ditto	6	58
The last mile	3	40
	58	36

Betting was even at starting, and six to four on time after the horse broke into a gallop in the fourth mile, and had to turn. He also broke in the eleventh mile; but he won the race easy at last. This is not equal to the speed of the Phenomena or the Manchester mares; but it surpasses in speed, for an hour, any of the present day.

After the great trotting-match, a countryman, of the name of Clarkson, undertook, for one hundred guineas, to run 10 miles over the trotting ground within an hour. He did the two miles in ten minutes and twelve seconds, and half the distance in twenty-seven minutes fifty seconds. He went on at a winning rate, and did the whole distance in one minute and twenty seconds within the given time, with apparent ease.

STEALING A BADGER NO CRIME.

A GENTLEMAN residing at Joe's Coffee-house, near the Temple, had a present sent to him, by way of a *hoax*, it is supposed, of a live *badger*; not having any *fancy* for such an animal, he sold it for 12s. to a person, who agreed at a public-house in Smithfield to sell it for 14s. The latter purchaser, however, clandestinely fetched it away

from the coffee-house, without payment; and application was made, at Guildhall, for a warrant to apprehend him for stealing the badger. Mr. Alderman Brown said, it was an animal, the stealing of which could not, by the law of England, be made the subject of an indictment for felony, and he could afford him no remedy. The applicant retired astonished at this interpretation of the law.

THEATRICAL OBITUARY.

Died, on the 13th March, 1825, at the Adelphi Theatre, Strand, Mr. James Thomas Gooderham Rodwell, jun. at the premature age of twenty-eight years, one of the proprietors of the above elegant little theatre. The superior talents possessed by the late much-lamented Mr. Rodwell were not generally known to the public: he was a person of the most retired habits, and shrunk, as it were, from the approbation attendant on public life. He was always at home, rigidly devoted to study; and his application to superintending every department in the theatre truly unceasing. It may not be uninteresting, perhaps, to remark, that Mr. Rodwell was totally unacquainted with theatrical affairs, and scarcely ever behind the scenes of a playhouse, until he became manager of the Adelphi Theatre, in 1819. At the age of twenty-two years he produced his first piece, called *Fun and Fright*. It was perfectly original, and although written without any thing like system or experience, yet, nevertheless, *Fun and Fright*, proved successful. This piece was followed by *Apollo Daggerwood*, a merry, lively bagatelle, in which Mr. John Reeve made a most successful stand, and distinguished himself as a comic actor of great promise. *St. Cuthbert's Eve*, a melo-drama, next appeared from the pen of Mr. Rodwell, with equal success. *No Dinner Yet!* followed, a translation from the French; but, in truth, the spirit of the dialogue might be said to have exclusively belonged to Mr. R.; and as a proof of the talents of the youthful author and manager, as to his 'mind's eye' in *measuring* the abilities of his various performers, the applause bestowed on Mr. Wrench, in the above laughable witty production, guarantees the fact beyond all opposition. *A Matter of Doubt* followed, and was also well received by the audience; and the *peculiarities* of Mr. Wilkinson, in the doubtful servant, were displayed to great advantage, again deciding the theatrical skill and tact of Mr

Rodwell. At the conclusion of the season at the Adelphi Theatre, in 1823, a writer, of acknowledged talent, was offered £150 to write a piece for Messrs. Reeve and Wilkinson, after the manner of Mr. Mathews' Entertainments; but this liberal offer was declined by the writer in question. In this dilemma Mr. Rodwell, at the particular request of Mr. Jones, his brother proprietor (who felt so well assured of the capability of Mr. R.), was induced to 'try his hand' at the entertainment alluded to; and in the short period of three weeks, *Trifles light as Air*, and *Bachelor's Torments*, were produced with thunders of applause. In the above pieces, were thirteen original comic songs, although previously it had been thought Mr. R. had "no touch" in writing songs of a humourous description; indeed it was his first attempt. In the course of three days, Mr. Rodwell also managed the *plot* and dresses. In consequence of the Opera of *Der Frieschutz* becoming so popular, the Manager, in compliance with the prevailing taste of the town, produced the splendid piece of *Valmondi*; so attentive was Mr. Rodwell to the interests of the theatre, that his time was completely divided in decorating the house, altering the boxes, &c. and constructing the different scenes of *Valmondi*. During the whole of the mornings Mr. R. was seen on the scaffold, giving directions to the painters, carpenters, &c. until they went to dinner, when he used to retire to his closet and write a scene, scarcely allowing himself time for refreshment, he then again attended the mechanics till they quitted the theatre at six o'clock: the close of his evenings were then employed in study. In the short space of three days after Miss Booth obtained an engagement at the Adelphi Theatre, Mr. Rodwell produced the successful farce of *The Young Widow*. This latter production was succeeded by his last piece, *More Blunders than One*, and which the public journals pronounced as one of the best farces since the days of O'Keefe. Mr. Rodwell was here again fully successful in appreciating the talents of Mr. Power, as an Irishman; and, in *More Blunders than One*, Mr. Power had the opportunity of proving himself a performer of a very superior quality in characters of the above description. Soon after the production of the above excellent farce, Mr. Rodwell, owing to his intense application to the business of the theatre, became seriously ill, and his physicians advised change of air for the renovation of his health, when he retired to Brighton for a short period; he, however, re-

turned to town but little improved in his system; but his anxiety was so great to improve *More Blunders than One*, that he composed an entirely new scene when he was not able to quit his couch. Mr. Rodwell was a man of the most abstemious habits; he never mixed in public company, and he also refused the most pressing invitations to private parties, on account that his *time* was too valuable to the furtherance of his pursuits. His intense study and abstemious disposition brought on a train of disorders that all the skill of his physicians could not counteract; and although so young and so very temperate, yet he was attacked with the gout, dropsy, extreme debility, and with delirious symptoms, all of which, combined, produced his dissolution. His death was marked by fortitude and Christian resignation. He was one of the most dutiful and best of sons, a truly affectionate brother, and a sincere and valued friend to a numerous circle of acquaintances, who now most sincerely regret his loss. In numerous instances, if delicacy did not prevent us from publishing them, no man ever fulfilled the character that "a friend in need is a friend indeed," than the late Mr. James Thomas Gooderham Rodwell. When quite a youth he composed a poem of the length of 2400 lines, and he has also left several MS. pieces, which have not yet been published. In short, as a man of talent, and connected with the Stage, we consider the demise of Mr. Rodwell as a public loss.

A SPORTING FLASH SKETCH OF DON JUAN'S ENTRY INTO LONDON.

(*By the late* LORD BYRON.)

DON JUAN had got out on Shooter's-hill,
Sun-set the time, the place the same declivity
Which looks along the vale of good and ill
Where London streets ferment in full activity;
While ev'ry thing around was calm and still,
Except the creak of wheels, which on their pivot he
Heard—and the bee-like, bubbling, busy hum
Of cities, that boil over with their scum.

I say, Don Juan, wrapt in contemplation,
Walk'd on behind his carriage, o'er the summit,
And, lost in wonder of so great a nation,
Gave way to't, since he could not overcome it.

"And here," he cried, "is Freedom's chosen station;
"Here peals the people's voice, nor can entomb it
"Racks, prisons, inquisitions; resurrection
"Awaits it, each new meeting or election.

"Here are chaste wives, pure lives; here people pay
"But what they please; and if that things be dear,
"'Tis only that they love to throw away
"Their cash, to show how much they have a year.
"Here laws are all inviolate; none lay
"Traps for the traveller; ev'ry highway's clear,
"Here"—he was interrupted by a knife,
With "Damn your eyes! your money or your life!"

These freeborn sounds proceeded from four pads
In ambush laid, who had perceiv'd him loiter
Behind his carriage; and, like handy lads,
Had seiz'd the lucky hour to reconnoitre,
In which the heedless gentleman who gads
Upon the road, unless he prove a fighter,
May find himself within that isle of riches
Expos'd to lose his life as well as breeches.

Juan, who did not understand a word
Of English, save their shibboleth "God d—n!"
And even that he had so rarely heard,
He sometimes thought 'twas only their "Salam,"
Or, "God be with you?"—and 'tis not absurd
To think so; for, half English as I am,
(To my misfortune) never can I say
I heard them wish "God with you," save that way;—

Juan yet quickly understood their gesture,
And being somewhat choleric and sudden,
Drew forth a pocket-pistol from his vesture,
And fir'd it into one assailant's pudding—
Who fell, as rolls an ox o'er in his pasture,
And roar'd out, as he writh'd his native mud in,
Unto his nearest follower, or henchman,
"Oh, Jack! I'm floor'd by *that 'ere* b—y Frenchman!"

On which Jack and his train set off at speed,
And Juan's suite, late scatter'd at a distance,
Came up, all marv'lling at such a deed,
And offering, as usual, late assistance.
Juan, who saw the Moon's late minion bleed,
As if his veins would pour out his existence,
Stood calling out for bandages and lint,
And wish'd he'd been less hasty with his flint.

" Perhaps," thought he, " it is the country's wont
" To welcome foreigners in this way : now
" I recollect some innkeepers who don't
" Differ, except in robbing with a bow,
" In lieu of a bare blade and brazen front.
" But what is to be done? I can't allow
" The fellow to lie groaning on the road;
" So take him up; I'll help you with the load."

But ere they could perform this pious duty,
The dying man cried, " Hold! I've got my gruel!
" Oh! for a glass of *max!* We've miss'd our booty;
" Let me die where I am!" And as the fuel
Of life shrunk in his heart, and thick and sooty
The drops fell from his death-wound, and he drew ill
His breath,—he from his swelling throat untied
A kerchief, crying, " Give Sal that!" and died.

The cravat, stained with bloody drops, fell down
Before Don Juan's feet: he could not tell
Exactly why it was before him thrown,
Nor what the meaning of the man's farewell.
Poor Tom was once a kiddy upon town,
A thorough varment, and a *real* swell,
Full flash, all fancy, until fairly diddled,
His pockets first and then his body riddled.

Don Juan having done the best he could
In all the circumstances of the case,
As soon as " Crowner's quest" allow'd, pursued
His travels to the capital apace;—
Esteeming it a little hard he should
In twelve hours' time, and very little space,
Have been obliged to slay a freeborn native
In self-defence; this made him meditative.

He from the world had cut off a great man,
Who in his time had made heroic bustle.
Who in a row like Tom could lead the van,
Booze in the ken, or at the spelliken hustle?
Who queer a flat? Who (spite of Bow-street's ban)
On the high toby-spice so flash the muzzle?
Who on a lark, with black-eyed Sal (his blowing),
So prime, so swell, so nutty, and so knowing?*

* The advance of science and of language has rendered it unnecessary to translate the above good and true English, spoken in its original purity by the select mobility and their patrons. The following is a stanza of a song which was very popular, at least in my early days :—

But Tom's no more—and so no more of Tom.
Heroes must die; and by God's blessing 'tis
Not long before the most of them go home.
Hail! Thamais, hail! Upon thy verge it is
That Julian's chariot, rolling like a drum
In thunder, holds the way it can't well miss,
Through Kennington and all the other "tons,"
Which make us wish ourselves in town at once.

THE FATHER OF THE PRIZE RING.

On Wednesday, March 30, 1825, died, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, Joe Ward, at his son's house, near Hammersmith. The above veteran pugilist was born on the 21st of March, 1751, at Billericay, in Essex, of most respectable parents, and apprenticed to an engraver. Joe, when he was only nineteen years of age, began to *handle* his fists in Mary-la-bone Fields, with a man of the name of Davis, for two guineas a-side: a heavy stake in those days. Davis was conquered without a shadow of a chance. It would exceed our limits to follow him through his numerous battles. Suffice it to observe, Morris, Sweatman, Jack Mowet, Reynolds (twice), Allister, Jolly Rags, Townshend, and Great Jacobs, all surrendered in succession to the prowess of Ward. However, in his fight in Hyde-Park, with Jonathan Starling, Joe lost the battle, in consequence of his arm being broken. *Great Joe*, the Oxford waggoner, weighing seventeen stone, was defeated in seven minutes by *little* Joe Ward. Treadaway, a bricklayer, soon cried enough; and a poor *snip*, of the name of Talbot, was *licked*, by one hit, at the

---

" On the high toby spice flash the muzzle,
" In spite of each gallows old scout:
" If you at the spellken can't hustle,
" You'll be hobbled in making a Clout.

" Then your Blowing will wax gallows haughty,
"When she hears of your scaly mistake,
" She'll surely turn snitch for the forty—
" That her Jack may be regular weight."

If there be any gemman so ignorant as to require traduction, I refer him to my old friend and corporeal pastor and master, John Jackson, Esq., Professor of Pugilism; who, I trust, still retains the strength and symmetry of his model of a form, together with his good-humour and athletic as well as mental accomplishments.

White Lion, at Paddington, by our departed hero. At the late *Slender Billy's*, two coal-heavers were disposed of by Joe without any trouble; when a great sporting wax-chandler (Mr. Barret) who was present, exclaimed, in all the broad accent peculiar to his country, "Ah! mon; I always thought you only a *second*, but now I find you the *best* of the *Firsts!*" Ward, also, in several skirmishes, distinguished himself with great success; in a hasty turn-up at Gregson's he had the misfortune to break one of his legs, but his excellent constitution soon brought him through it. Joe enjoyed a fine green old age almost to the day of his death; he did not appear infirm. In his zenith of *milling*, he was in height about five feet six inches and a half, weighing eleven stone six pounds. As a pugilist, few, if any, in his day possessed more activity; and his *science*, upon all occasions, appeared truly conspicuous. Joe was viewed as a manly fighter, and one who put in his blows remarkably quick, and ever alert in the battle to improve the chance which presented itself, turning it ultimately to his advantage and success. Possessing a lively eye, he seldom let the first round pass over without *drawing the cork* of his antagonist, and soon discovering what sort of a *customer* he had to deal with. In the capacity of a *second*, when Joe was in his prime, he was considered to stand *first* upon the list. Hooper, the tinman (the lion of the ring during his career), who had often obtained victory under the instruction and care of *Ward*, felt so much enraged on learning that the veteran was to *second Tom Owen* (now denominated the Sage of the East) against him, that he threatened Joe with a serious mischief if he persisted in doing so. "Never mind," cried Ward, "I have often taught you, Bill, how to win; but now you shall see that I will *teach* Owen the way to beat you;" and which assertion ultimately proved the fact. We now turn aside from the qualifications of the boxer to view his pretensions as a man of taste; and in this, as in several other instances, it will be found, that all pugilists are not so completely absorbed in *fighting* as to prove indifferent to the softer attractions of life, in passing over the works of genius and art without admiration.

Joe was passionately fond of pictures, and at the time he kept the Green Dragon, in Swallow-street, the walls of almost every room in his house were covered with paintings. Of course, sporting subjects took the lead; and, as a proof of Joe's liberality, several likenesses

of the Old School of Boxers must have been lost to the present race of the Fancy, had not Ward had them painted at his own expense. He was a man of strict integrity; full of fun and anecdote; and a complete walking Boxiana as to the movements of the late Tom Johnson, Humphries, Big Ben, George the Brewer, Tring, Hooper, &c. At one period of his life, he was a complete *finger-post* to the SWELLS; and no match of any consequence was made without previously holding a consultation with "Ould Joe Ward" on the subject. For the last ten years of his life he resided with his son Peter, at the Bell and Anchor, near Hammersmith, where the Old Veteran might be said to have been laid up in ordinary, like a man-of-war; and if Joe had not retired from the busy scene of life on a pension, he lived in the bosom of his family, surrounded by his children and grand-children, and respected by all his numerous acquaintances, in peace, comfort, and happiness. According to the wish of our departed hero, Bill Gibbons followed his remains to their "last abode."—PEACE TO HIS MANES!

GREAT SHOOTING-MATCH BETWEEN LORD KENNEDY AND MR. W. COKE.

THE bet between Mr. William Coke and Lord Kennedy was for two hundred sovereigns a-side, play or pay, who shot and bagged the greatest number of partridges in two days' sporting; both parties to shoot on the same days, the 26th of September, 1823, and the 4th of October, in the same season. Mr. William Coke to sport upon his uncle's manors, in Norfolk; and Lord Kennedy in any part of Scotland he pleased. The result of Mr. Coke's first day's shooting was eighty and a half brace of birds bagged. On Saturday, October 4, Mr. W. Coke took the field soon after six o'clock in the morning; he was accompanied by his uncle, T. W. Coke, Esq. M.P. and by two umpires, Colonel Dixon for Mr. Coke, and F. S. Blunt, Esq. for Lord Kennedy; also by two of his friends, Sir H. Goodrich, Bart. and F. Hollyhocke, Esq. He was attended by several gamekeepers, and by one dog only, to pick up the game. Several respectable neighbouring yeomen volunteered their services in assisting to beat for game, and rendered essential service throughout the day. Mr. Coke sported over part of the Wigton and Egmere manors. The morning was foggy, and the turnips were so wet that the birds would not lie among them. Very

little execution was done in consequence in the early part of the day; in the two first hours only six brace of birds were bagged. The day cleared up after eight o'clock, and the sportsman amply made up for his previous lost time. He found birds plentiful among Mr. Denny's fine crops of turnips on the Egmere farm, and in one twenty-acre breck of Swedes, he bagged thirty-five and a half brace of birds. He concluded his day's sport soon after six in the evening, and had then bagged eighty-eight brace of birds and five pheasants; but a dispute having arisen among the umpires about one bird, Colonel Dixon gave the point up, and the number was ultimately declared to be eighty-seven and a half brace of birds bagged; pheasants and other game not counted in the match.—So that Mr. W. Coke's number of birds bagged in the two days' shooting stands one hundred and seventy-three brace. He had much fewer shots in the second than in the first day, but he shot better, as will be seen from the comparative number of birds bagged. On Saturday he bagged one hundred and eighty birds from three hundred and twenty-seven shots, which was considered good shooting in a match of this nature, when a chance, however, desperate it may appear, is not to be thrown away. His uncle, T. W. Coke, Esq. loaded a great part of the gun on Saturday, and as a finale to the day's sport, shot at and killed the last bird, which his nephew had previously missed. Lady Anne Coke was in the field a great part of the day; her Ladyship carried refreshments for the sportsmen in her pony gig. Lord Kennedy chose for the scene of his exploits Montreith, in Scotland, a manor belonging to Sir William Maxwell, considered equal to any lands in Scotland for rearing partridges. On the first day of trial his Lordship bagged fifty, and on the second, eighty-two brace, being in all one hundred and thirty-two brace of partridges in two days. This match, from its novelty, and the celebrity of the sportsmen engaged in it, excited a considerable degree of interest.

THE DOG OF PERA.

THE house of a Greek interpreter at Pera, in the suburbs of Constantinople, being on fire, he had saved nearly all his property by the assistance of a few Janissaries, but more anxious, without doubt, for his money than for his family, he had forgotten an infant in his cradle. No one could enter the house, for every thing was

on fire. The father, driven to despair, believed that his child had perished; when, on a sudden, a large dog, which he kept to guard his dwelling, emerged from the flames, bearing the innocent little creature suspended by its linen from its mouth. They reached towards the dog to take the child, but he would not abandon it, and, eluding their efforts, he ran through a number of streets, until he reached the house of an intimate friend of his master, where he deposited the precious burden, and remained till the door was opened to receive it. Can you imagine what was the reward of this faithful and generous servant? The owner strove to recompence him—but the mode that he devised was equally absurd, afflicting, and incredible. With a barbarous gratitude, he killed the dog, and had him served up at his table at a splendid feast, which he gave on the occasion.—"My dog," said the Turk, "has behaved too well to be the food of worms. Men deserve only to eat him. And as for you, (looking at his friends and relations,) you cannot but gain by it—it will render you more benevolent."

THE DEAD ALIVE!—RESUSCITATION OF COLONEL THORNTON.

THE following is an extract of a letter written by Colonel Thornton to his friend George Hawkins, Esq. in answer to a letter of condolence addressed to Mrs. Thornton, on the supposed death of her husband:—

"Paris, Rue de la Paix, Dec. 25, 1821.

"My honest Brother Sportsman,

"This is Christmas-day, dedicated by me, from my youth, to gaiety and reasonable hospitality, endeavouring to make all happy according to the situation in which Providence has placed me.

"In health no man can be more hearty, but not quite stout in my knees and feet; stomach invincible; always an appetite; eat three times a day:—tea, muffins, and grated hung-beef at nine—at two, roasted game, or cock's combs, and about a pint of the finest white Burgundy—dinner at five, and then a bottle of wine—about three or four glasses of spirits and water, rather weak—then to bed; sleep *better* than I ever did in my life.—Pretty well, you will say, for a dead man. Rise at eight, breakfast at nine; so we go on.—Every night the finest dreams. I expect some wild boar; if it comes, our friend B. may be sure of a part.

"P.S. Dec. 26.—I find by the papers that I died, after a short illness, much lamented, &c. &c. at Paris. However that may be, I gave a dinner yesterday to a dozen sportsmen: we had roast beef, plum-pudding, Yorkshire goose-pie, and sat up, singing most gaily, till two this morning. At twelve we had two broiled fowls, gizzards, &c. and finished a bottle of old rum in punch. No intoxication, for I went to bed well, and never rose better.

"THORNTON, *Marquess de Pont.*"

AMERICAN CUSTOMS.

THERE is a peculiar national frolic in New England called a *raising*. Most of the people in this country, or nineteen-twentieths of them, live in wooden houses. Their mode of erecting these houses, or rather of getting the frames up, is what they call a *raising*. The frame of timber is prepared, marked, and arranged; notice is then given through all the country round about that on

such a day the frame will be put up. All the day and night before, if it be in a part of the country not very populous—nay, for several days and nights before, scores and scores of sturdy young men are seen flocking to the place, some on foot and some on horseback, and some with their *teams* (that is *ox-teams*, for throughout New England you will scarcely ever see a team of horses). In New England they do not drive their oxen with a whip, but simply what they call a *gourd*, meaning, probably, a *goad*. This gourd, or goad, consists of nothing more than a long walnut-stick, with a brad in the end, which they manage with great dexterity. At length the day dawns, and as soon as it is full day-light, the tables are spread; cider, beer, metheglin, egg-pop, meat, rum, or whiskey, or punch, pumkin-pies, and all that the country affords, may be seen lying about under the trees and upon the grass, where a multitude of women and children are assembled. The signal is given, and up go the joists, timber, and braces, in every direction, with the celerity of magic. The frame completely set up, and sometimes boarded all over, and even clap-boarded, or shingled, and some refreshment taken, the rest of the day is consumed in athletic, and often in very dangerous amusements—the principal of which are leaping, pitching quoits, and shooting at turkeys and other poultry with small rifle-balls, sixty to the pound, scarcely larger than buck-shot. It is at these places that the champions of all the country round are sure to assemble, and woe to the man that prevails in the wrestling-ring. There is no peace with him for the rest of his days. He is bound to contend with all who may offer, like the Champion of England, not only on the day of his victory, but on every other day, wherever he may be. The women, whether married, or about to be married, have what they call a *quilting*, which corresponds exactly with the men's *raising*. They give notice, and prepare their tea, sweetmeats, and mince-pies, and in one afternoon frequently get a fine quilt entirely completed. After which the men are admitted, and then follows a little dancing and romping. Then there is what they call a *husking*, which is confined to the New England States (the legitimate Yankee population), for at the South the blacks do the business. After the corn—not what the English call corn, but India corn—is got in, the men and women, young and old, assemble together, night after night, at each other's houses, and tear the husks from the corn, and weave it, by one or two husks

remaining to each car, into large bundles, when required, or levelled in heaps to dry, in the garner or barn. It is at these husking-frolics that most of what may be called *fun* is to be met with in this country. The girls romp, and laugh, and sing, with all their hearts and souls. But there is no *bundling* in New England: that is confined to Pennsylvania, New York, and to the Dutch and German settlers, and their descendants. It seems a most unseemly custom for a young woman to go to bed (though the greater part of her clothes are not taken off) with a young man; but those *gentlemen* who have been thus *honoured*, almost universally declare that they are not suffered to take any improper liberties. It is not unusual (such is custom) even for the mother—and a mother, too, of character and good connexions, to invite a young man to *bundle* with her daughter. But America is not the only place where the custom of *bundling* exists; it is prevalent, to this very day in our own island—among the Welsh.

GREAT FOOT-RACE.

On Monday, December 20, 1824, was decided the great foot-race at Sunbury, of a quarter of a mile, for one thousand guineas; Metcalf, who gave Captain Parker twenty-five yards start, winning easily. Metcalf performed the distance in fifty-four seconds and a half, and the Captain in fifty-six seconds and a half. On reaching his carriage, to which he immediately repaired, the Captain was very much distressed, and candidly confessed that he was overmatched. The style of Metcalf's running was very different from that of the Captain; it was more graceful, and decidedly more elastic. His stretch, too, was much longer, and he seemed to get over the ground with infinitely more ease to himself. From this specimen of the Captain's mode of progress, good judges are inclined to think that Metcalf might have given him forty yards in the same distance, and still have beaten him. Still, as a second-rate runner, the Captain is entitled to much praise. The whole was conducted with the greatest order and regularity.

The friends of the Captain have lost several thousands, independent of the stakes for which the race took place; and the other side are, of course, gainers in proportion.

A great number of the pugilistic corps were present, among

whom was Cannon, who is himself a good runner; but he admitted that he should have no chance with such a man as Metcalf.

Metcalf is a *tailor* by trade, but a *pedestrian* by *profession*; and Captain Parker is an officer in his Majesty's navy, and has also distinguished himself both in walking and in running. Both men had run together on a former occasion at Doncaster. The distance on that occasion was one mile, and Metcalf gave the Captain forty yards at starting. The race was extremely well contested, but was ultimately won by Metcalf, who thereby secured to his backers a gain of several thousand pounds. The distress which Metcalf exhibited after this first trial induced the backers of Captain Parker to give him another chance, and it was therefore resolved to back him once more for one thousand guineas, to run a quarter of a mile, and to receive twenty-five yards. Captain Parker had taken up his residence at East Sheen, and Metcalf set himself down at the Bell, Hampton. Every attention was paid to training.

The Captain was attended by Harry Holt, who occasionally sparred and walked with him; and Metcalf was under the care of persons conversant with every description of gymnastic exercise. Among the modes chosen by Metcalf to improve his wind and speed, was running after the King's stag-hounds. In one of these excursions, about ten days before the match, he overheated himself, and became so unwell, that his backers had determined to forfeit their stakes. Bleeding and due care, however, brought him round, and, after keeping his bed for a day, the confidence of his friends was restored. On the Sunday previous to the race the Captain ran and walked nearly seven miles at speed, which the good judges were of opinion was more than he ought to have attempted.

SKETCH OF THE LATE MR. GOODISON.

Mr. Goodison died, in good circumstances, upon a farm of two or three hundred acres of land, near Newmarket, which he had occupied for a number of years. He was a *crack* jockey in his day, and as jockeys are a sort of public characters in this country, on the subject of whom a considerable part of the public feel interested, the following general sketch to the lovers of the turf may prove agreeable.

Goodison was first known in the year 1777. He was a *Yorkshireman* born; indeed he had all the shrewdness and sharpness usually attributed to the natives of that famous horse-breeding and horse-jockeying country. His familiar appellation upon the turf, as every sportsman of any standing knows, was *Dick Goodison;* and, in former days, he was equally well known by that of *Hell-fire Dick*. The latter nick-name he obtained at the time he rode the Rocket gelding those short races at Newmarket, in which the Duke of Queensberry was so successful: they were quarter and half mile races. *The short races, the start, and the throwing in the horse's head at the ending post, so as to win by half a neck, or half a head,* were Goodison's chief excellences as a jockey, in which he was superior to all his cotemporaries, and in which he certainly was never excelled by any, either before or since his time. Quickness of speed was his play, and no man had a quicker or more circumspect eye, or greater presence of mind in a difficult race: of course he was a bold rider.—There were, however, among his brother jockeys, men of a better head-piece, and who knew a horse better. A young man had once the ambition of riding over Epsom against Dick, and offered him a match, hack against hack, two miles, in which he would have given him sixteen pounds, but Goodison was too wary, and proposed a quarter, and could not be persuaded beyond half a mile, in which short race the youth stood as much in fear of his infinitely superior jockeyship, as he did of the superior blood of the hack in a race of two miles—so the match could not be brought to bear. Goodison had not the handsomest seat on horseback, and rode with somewhat too straight a knee, that is to say, rather too long. His long engagement with the Duke of Queensberry was once interrupted, on some difference of opinion, or, perhaps, too great freedom with the Duke, for Dick was by fits not only void of all complaisance, but sometimes very heartily disposed to blackguard any person by whom he fancied himself offended; however, his separation from his patron did not last beyond three weeks. The Duke could hold out no longer, nor trust himself in the hands of any one but Dick; and the re-commencement of the new, and ultimately, permanent engagement between this precious pair of originals was thus:—His Grace made the advance of saying, "Goodison, I wish you would go to-morrow morning and see such a horse (naming him) take his sweat."

Goodison and Chifney, in a public pugilistic exhibition, made no small fools of themselves, flapping and dabbing each over the mazzard and the chaps like a couple of great awkward girls, and had they been no better jockies than boxers, their names would never have appeared in the Annals of the Turf.

ST. FILLAN'S HIGHLAND SOCIETY.

THIS Society, which was instituted by Lord Gwydyr, for the purpose of perpetuating and encouraging the peculiar and favourite amusements of the Highlanders, held their fifth annual meeting on the 31st August, 1824. The Society assembled about eleven o'clock, in their Hall, a neat building in the village of St. Fillan, situated at the foot of Loch Earn, from whence they proceeded along a circuitous road to the field fitted up for the sports of the day; each clan, fully attired in their respective garbs, headed by their leaders and pipers, with the chieftain or preses in front. The number in this procession was from four to five hundred, and, when winding through the hills, had a most imposing effect. When they arrived on the ground, the society formed around the stage fitted up for the various exhibitions, and, after a short address from the chieftain, in which he complimented them on their appearance and regularity, they were dismissed for the present, and the competitions commenced. The first was that of the pipers. About a dozen candidates appeared for the prizes held out to them. Then followed the athletic exercises of the putting-stone, the sledge-hammer, turning the bar, dancing Scotch reels, the sword dance, firing at the target with the common and rifle gun, and, last of all, a foot-race. In all these exercises much skill and great strength and agility were displayed. In particular, the music and dancing was excellent, and the strength shown in throwing the putting-stone and the hammer extraordinary. The firing at the target, too, which was placed at the distance of one hundred yards, was remarkably good, not more than three of the many competitors having missed it, though all shot off-hand. During the interval between the dancing and shooting, Lord and Lady Gwydyr entertained the society in a large tent erected for the occasion, to which many of the strangers were kindly invited, and most hospitably treated. While the firing was going on, it deserves to be noticed that four of Lady Gwydyr's party

appeared on the boards, fully attired in the Highland garb, and danced the reel of "Hulihan" in grand style. These various competitions continued till about six o'clock, when the society formed again, and returned to their Hall in the same regular order, preceded by the successful pipers, where they dined, and spent the evening in the most social manner. This society has excited much interest in the Highlands, and deservedly so. It gives the poorest of the poor an opportunity of meeting and passing a day with his chieftain, and of recounting the adventures of olden times—the delight of a Highlander. As nearly as could be guessed, the number present would be about seven or eight thousand, and a more gay and respectable assemblage of beauty and fashion is seldom to be seen.

THE WOULD-BE SHOT.

Contiguous to Reading, in September, 1823, by day-break, a celebrated sportsman of that town sallied forth, armed with a new gun and fulminating-powder, and attended by a brace of fleet pointers, to deal destruction on the hapless partridges. His first essay was at Lower Caversham, where he alarmed a flock of ducks, but it did not appear that any were killed; but the report of the gun, and the quacking of the birds, so dreadfully frightened one of the animals, that he made off, and was not again seen during the day. In this, as the sequel will show, he proved himself a wise dog. Our sportsman having consoled himself for his loss with a glass of *blue ruin*, and re-loaded his musket, pursued his course, and in the next field, in firing at a magpie, which he took for a pheasant, he severely wounded two pigs, whose cries brought the owner to the spot, and our unlucky sportsman narrowly escaped a ducking; after some difficulty he, however, succeeded in appeasing the wrath of master Jolterhead, and, nothing daunted, marched on like a true *champion;* but all his attempts to bring down the game were ineffectual, and after six hours' hard fagging, he found himself in possession only of the mangled remains of a rabbit, which had probably fallen a victim to a polecat, and the carcass of a crow, which he had purloined from the farmer's *shoy hoy*. He now retired to take some refreshment, resolved to return again to the field, and by extraordinary efforts to redeem his fame. Alas! we are sometimes doomed to be unfortunate,

and this was the case with our sportsman, for in firing at a stubble *goose*, which he mistook for a wood-pigeon, he killed the faithful companion of his toils, poor *Grouse*. This circumstance might have overpowered the nerves of some men, but our sportsman was a champion true, and, therefore, notwithstanding this loss, he resolved to persevere, and having procured the loan of a terrier from a rat-catcher who happened to be passing the road, he proceeded with his sport, and, excepting the frightening of a calf and a jackass, he did no further mischief.

THE CELEBRATED WALKER, POWELL, OUTDONE IN TWO INSTANCES.

The Four Hundred Miles' Match.—Powell's match to York and back, three hundred and ninety-four miles in five days and thirteen hours, has been outrivalled by Mark Hawkins, the Lancashire man, who completed his task of four hundred miles in five days and twelve hours, at half-past eleven o'clock on Thursday morning, June 26, 1823. His progress up to Sunday night, the second day, has been stated at one hundred and fifty-two miles. He went thirteen miles to breakfast on Monday morning, and at two o'clock he reached the two hundred mile-stone in sixty-two hours, in good health. He returned back to Chirk to refresh, and arrived one hundred and sixty-five miles from London to sleep. On the fourth day he felt much inconvenience from blisters on the feet, from which he was relieved by introducing worsted through them. He did sixty-five miles only this day, leaving himself the remaining distance at tolerable easy work. On the fifth day he arrived three miles from Oxford, at nine in the evening. He had fifty-four miles to perform, and appeared somewhat distressed. His stoppages were short, and he travelled but four miles or less each hour. He passed Gerrard's Cross at six, and did the match half an hour within time. It is the greatest pedestrian match on record.

Match to York.—In the month of September, 1823, Mr. Irvine undertoook to go from London to York and back, three hundred and ninety-four miles, in five days and eight hours, being five hours less than Powell required to perform that task in 1792. He went seventy-eight miles on Monday, the first day; he started at two o'clock on Sunday morning, and went on leisurely until eight

o'clock, having done twenty-five miles; he breakfasted at Cottersworth. After half an hour's rest, he went on at the rate of about four miles and a half an hour until he reached Newark, where he halted an hour. About six o'clock on Sunday evening he was at Bawtry, and he passed through Doncaster at twelve, and halted two hours at a private house at Wentbridge. At ten o'clock on Monday evening, the third day, he was thirty miles on his journey back, having reached York at mid-day. At eleven o'clock on Monday night he had accomplished two hundred and thirty-one miles. On the fourth night he had done three hundred and eight miles, and, at ten o'clock on Wednesday night, he had thirty-three miles to perform in the remaining twelve hours. He did his work regularly at the rate of three miles an hour, and won the match, with nearly half an hour to spare, between seven and eight o'clock on Thursday morning. The task is three miles and twenty-five poles each hour, without stoppages.

HUNTERS OUGHT NOT TO BE TURNED OUT FOR A SUMMER'S RUN AT GRASS.

A SPORTING writer of some celebrity, under the title of *Nimrod*, relates the following story, in support of his position, that it is wrong to turn out hunters for a summer's run at grass:—"On my return from Epsom races, on the Derby day, my attention was attracted to what is vulgarly yclept a 'donkey-chaise,' in which were a man and a woman, of no small dimensions, going at a very rapid pace, and drawn by a small ass. Curiosity led me to follow them, when, as far as I could judge by the pace of my own horse, I found they were going at the rate of nine miles an hour, on a very indifferent road. On being observed by a friend, he rode up to me, and told me he had seen this humble vehicle, on its way to the course, in the morning, give what is called the go-by to several carriages and four, and that he was equally struck with the extraordinary appearance and action of the animal. On my asking the owner of the donkey a few questions about him, he informed me, that he had done three miles in fifteen minutes with him on the road, for a wager, and that he would back him to do it in less; at the same time giving me his address, when I found he was a blacksmith, residing at Mitcham, in Surrey. 'Do you keep your ass on Mitcham-common?' said I, anticipating his answer. 'Oh, no,'

replied the son of Vulcan, 'he has never been out of my stable for three years, and he eats as good oats and beans as your horse does.' 'It is accounted for,' said I to my friend: so we pulled up our horses, and gave Neddy the road."

TROTTING-MATCH, SIXTEEN MILES IN AN HOUR.

Captain Bearcroft's Royston mare started on a match, on Monday morning, Nov. 1823, to trot sixteen miles in one hour, on Ashford-common, over a two-mile circle of road, for one hundred sovereigns. The mare carried eight stone, and she did the first two miles in seven minutes ten seconds; the second in seven minutes fifteen seconds; the third (in which she broke from the trot) in eight minutes two seconds; and the fourth in seven minutes twelve seconds; performing half the distance in twenty-nine minutes thirty-nine seconds, fresh. On the mare's return she did the fifth two miles in seven minutes twenty-eight seconds; the sixth in seven minutes thirty-two seconds; the seventh in seven minutes and a half; and the eighth in seven minutes thirty-four seconds: total fifty-nine minutes forty-three seconds. The mare did the last two miles with as much ease as the first. Betting was six to four on the mare.—Virgil deifies the hero of the whip, and assigns a peculiar place in Heaven for the expert charioteer. Horace immortalizes a good coachman—"*evihit ad deos.*" Cicero tells us, that to gain a race by skill in coachmanship was considered next to a triumph among the Romans, and the Spartans rewarded the successful in their chariot-races with an honourable post in the army. Minerva is said to have been the first to have drove four in hand. When Æneas took Pandarus into his chariot to fight Diomed, he offered him his choice, to fight or drive, thereby implying that the last was equal in honour with the first. Homer sufficiently proves that driving was in use previous to riding horses; for, of all his heroes, both Grecians and Trojans, none of them appear on horseback but Ulysses and Diomedes.

GREAT FOOT-RACE BETWEEN ASHTON AND HALTON.

The match between these determined opponents was run over Doncaster-course on Wednesday, Oct. 2, 1823, and was decided in favour of the former. The distance was three times round, starting at the Stewards' Stand, being five miles 1,171 yards, for one

hundred guineas, and was done in thirty minutes and fifty seconds. We believe that no foot-race in the annals of sporting ever interested its lovers more than the contest between these known "good ones."

Halton, though "an out-and-outer," it must be confessed, has met with his match; and, after the race, he declared, that, though he was not distressed, Ashton went too fast for him. The men started at a pace which required all the condition they had to maintain; and condition it was, we have no doubt, that won the race, as Halton evidently appeared, in running, not to be so much "up to the mark" as his opponent.

They kept at this raking but steady pace for the first round, which they did in ten minutes ten seconds; the odds being in favour of Halton at 2 to 1 to any amount.

The second round was run in ten minutes twenty seconds, and in a style not to be equalled; no better running was ever seen, and, during the whole of it, the contest for the lead was severe, the men passing each other a number of times, nothing like distress appearing. Bets were still in favour of the Yorkshireman.

On leaving the Stewards' Stand for the third time, and at no great distance from it, Halton was passed with apparent ease, and lost ground the whole way to the Red-house, the Lancashire man being at that time from eighty to one hundred yards a-head. This distance was, however, gradually lessened, and the race was won by about twenty yards. This was done by the victor in ten minutes twenty seconds.

Halton showed want of condition, and, though he ran stout, he had not, the last two miles, the least chance. Considerable sums were lost, as the friends of Halton backed him freely at two to one. The day was very rainy, but the numbers on the ground were beyond precedent. To decide bets, we state, that Halton had the lead on passing the ending post the first and second time round. Ashton, decorated with ribbons, left Doncaster in a chaise; his friends loudly cheered him as he drove off.

ROOKS, CROWS, &c. BENEFICIAL TO A FARM.

An experienced Devonshire farmer states, that, notwithstanding the prevailing opinion that rooks, crows, jackdaws, &c. commit serious depredations upon the corn crops, by devouring the newly-

sown grain, and nipping off the young blades when they first shoot from the ground, he considers these members of the feathered creation, whenever he sees them upon a piece of newly-ploughed ground, to be most welcome visitors, inasmuch as, although he cannot take upon himself to say that they have an *entire disrelish to a few grains of corn*, they decidedly prefer worms, grubs, snails, slugs, &c. to any other kind of food; consequently, do good in devouring these destructive insects. The following experiment, he states, confirmed him in the above opinion:—He had two pieces of land, of equal quality, and the same kind of soil, which he, *one spring, sowed with barley*, and on one of which he placed a scare-crow, and used every other possible means to keep off the birds above mentioned. The other, which was often literally covered with rooks, &c. he let take its chance, and this piece produced him nearly double the crop of that on which the scare-crow was placed, the latter having, *at intervals, several barren patches*, evidently occasioned by the insects having devoured the seed, or bitten off the young crop as it sprang from the ground. *Hedge-sparrows and chaffinches*, he believes, do a great deal more mischief on a farm than the species of birds before mentioned. Hence the superiority of a wall round a field over a thick-set or other hedge.

HORSE-RACING BY MACHINERY.

Mr. John Allan, of Pennicuick, near Edinburgh, has constructed a curious machine, which impels two horses round a circle. The horses and riders have the exact attitude, and apparently all the animated emulation of a well-contested horse-race; and have this necessary characteristic, that even the maker of the machine cannot say which horse will gain. With a little more trouble, it might occasionally be converted into a fox-hunt, by affixing the necessary appendages of huntsmen and hounds.

RACES IN AMERICA.

The match-race between Eclipse and a southern horse called Henry was run over the Union-course, May 28, 1823. It will be recollected that the gentlemen from New York, while in attendance on the match-race last fall, at Washington city, between Eclipse and Sir Charles, offered to run the former this spring, on the Long-Island-course, for 20,000 dollars against any horse that could be

produced in the United or elsewhere, and gave the other gentlemen from that time (November, 1822) to the time of starting, to look round and name their horse. The challenge was readily accepted, and 3000 dollars fixed on as the sum to be forfeited in case either party declined running the race. A number of horses were put in training for the occasion; but only two, viz. Henry and Betsy Richards, were brought on from the south, who, it was judged, could contend with Eclipse, and which of these two were to run the race remained a secret until the signal was given from the Judge's Box to bring up the horses, when Henry made his appearance, and Eclipse soon after. The doubts which had before been entertained, (and they were many,) that the southern sportsmen would pay forfeit, and there would be no race, vanished at once, and all was anxiety to see the result of the contest. The hour of starting soon arrived, but such was the immense crowd upon the course, in solid column, for near a quarter of a mile, both right and left of the Judge's Box, that some minutes were taken up by the officers in clearing it; nor was it effected without much difficulty. About ten minutes after one, p. m. both horses set off at the tap of the drum, Henry taking the lead, and keeping it the whole four miles, came in about half a length a-head; although several efforts were made by the rider of Eclipse, a young man whose name we do not recollect, to pass his antagonist, still he could not accomplish it. The result of this heat was so different to what the northern sportsmen had calculated upon, that the mercury fell instantly below the freezing point. Bets three to one that Eclipse would lose the second heat were loudly offered, but there were few or no takers. Time of running the heat seven minutes forty seconds.

Second Heat.—The time having elapsed for breathing, the horses were again brought up for the second heat; but it had been determined, in the interim, to change Eclipse's rider, as has often heretofore been done; and who should appear but our old friend Purdy,* who was welcomed with tumultuous cheers from the multitude. He

* It is said, that, on witnessing the defeat of his favourite horse, Purdy burst into a flood of generous tears, and offered even then to redeem him, if permitted. What was the cause of his not being engaged before, the sporting world are anxious to know. It is believed that, had he been so, the third heat would not have been necessary to Eclipse.

soon mounted, and at the word both went off. Henry took the lead, as in the first heat, and kept it until about two thirds round on the third mile, when Purdy seized, with a quickness and dexterity peculiar to himself, the favourable moment that presented, when, by appearing to aim at the outside, he might gain the inside, made a dash at him accordingly, and passed him on the left; and maintained the ground he had gained to the end of the second heat, coming in about two lengths a-head. The air was now made to resound from every quarter with "Purdy!" and, as soon as he had been weighed, the populace bore him off on their shoulders across the course, in spite of all the entreaties he could make to the contrary. The mercury in the sporting thermometer immediately rose again to pleasant summer heat, and the backers of Eclipse were now ready for any thing that offered: they proposed to bet even, but there were no takers. Several offers to draw were made by gentlemen who had bet on Henry, but not accepted. Confidence was again completely restored to the friends of Eclipse. Time of running this heat seven minutes and thirty-nine seconds.

Third Heat.—When the horses were brought up for this heat, a jockey, named Taylor, known for many years on the southern courses for his great success, and whose skill was acknowledged to be inferior to no one, made his appearance, when it was announced that he would ride Henry the third heat instead of the boy who had rode him the two former. The course once more cleared, off they went: Purdy taking the lead, and keeping it to the end of the race, came in about the length of a head before his antagonist. The air was now rent with shouts of ecstasy from the New-Yorkers, and the press around the Judge's Stand, for a short time, was so great that nothing could overcome it. The whole course was blocked up in one solid mass of men, ten thousand deep, leaving no ground to bring the horses to the stand, so that the riders could be dismounted and weighed. Order, however, was at length restored, the riders were weighed, every thing found right, and Eclipse pronounced the victor. He was then marched off the field to the popular air of—"See! the conquering Hero comes." Thus has ended the greatest race that ever was run in this country.

The result has shown that the challenge may be again fearlessly repeated—"Long-Island Eclipse against the World." We hope, however, Mr. Fan-Ranst will never suffer him to run again, but let

the country have the benefit of his stock. He has now proved himself, beyond all cavil, to be a horse of all speed and bottom, unequalled in this country, or perhaps in any other at this time. Time of running the third and last heat eight minutes twenty-four seconds.

Thus the event has shown that the opinion of the northern sportsmen is better than that of the southern—that size and bone are essential to strength, and ought to be taken into calculation; and, supposing blood and bottom to be equal, must always win. It has been, therefore, the object of northern sportsmen, ever since Governor Jay first recommended it, to ensure these qualities by requiring greater weight than are carried at the south. The natural consequence is a breed of large, strong, and serviceable horses. We hope they will not deviate from this wide course.

It is judged there were upwards of fifty thousand spectators on the field; and it is with great satisfaction that we add, that, as far as we can learn, no serious accident occurred to mar the pleasures of the day.

SPORTING TRIAL.

ASSAULT, DECEMBER 11, 1824.
Tom Belcher v. *Tom Cribb.*

THE celebrated pugilists, parties in this case, had quarrelled respecting some stake-money held by Cribb and claimed by Belcher. At the dinner respecting Martin and Burn's match, high words arose, and Cribb struck Belcher. An action was brought, and Cribb suffered judgement to go by default. Mr. Collingbridge and a Jury were assembled to assess damages.

Mr. Adolphus appeared for the plaintiff. Though the names of the parties might lead them to anticipate much fun, he saw no fun in the present case. He would not indulge in any abuse of prize-fighting. Although those who fought were paid for fighting, he could not see that the natural spirit of the people of this country—

a spirit which cherished courage, and inspired manly strength—he could not see how this spirit could be gratified if such fighting was not reduced to a science. He, however, would offer no remarks on the practice of pugilism, as it was politely called. He was not there either to eulogize the practice, or to censure it. The plaintiff was certainly not the distinguished Belcher, who was, about twenty years ago, the Champion of England, and gave name to handkerchiefs. It was Tom Belcher, brother to Jem Belcher, the Champion. Tom, too, had fought his man. The defendant was Tom Cribb, long the Champion of England, until he chose to abdicate it. In case of encounters of this kind, parties fought as passion prompted and accident directed, but in this case the defendant ought to have had some consideration of the difference of weight, of size, and of vigour. It seemed that a considerable sum had been staked upon Martin, a baker, and therefore facetiously styled the Master of the Rolls; a dinner was given at Burn's, in Great Windmill-street, and after dinner this assault took place. *(The learned gentleman described the circumstances,)* Cribb was at least four stone heavier than Belcher, and therefore as much his over-match as a boy of eighteen to a boy of eight. This case called for a liberal allowance. If men possessed of such superior weight and skill were allowed to assault in his way, it would be the greatest mischief, and generate the worst violence. Men of the profession had hitherto been particularly reserved in private, but this defendant had acted otherwise, and the Jury would award damages against him according to the impropriety and violence of the assault.

Mr. Atkinson.—I was at the dinner when this happened. Belcher came in at seven in the evening, on the 21st of October, at Ben Burn's, Great Windmill-street. There were fifty or sixty present. Cribb and Spring came in together. They sat at the opposite end of the room from Belcher. A dispute arose on a bet laid on a former night. Spring said something respecting Belcher's bet. Belcher rose to reply, but was not heard. Cribb said he did not hear him. Belcher leaned forward, with his hand on the table, in order to be nearer Cribb to be heard. Cribb laid hold of his hand and struck him several blows on the face. Belcher was in an attitude in which he could fight. His mouth bled.

By *Mr. C. Phillips.*—I am neither a lover nor a practitioner of the science. It was about a match the dinner was. Porter, wine,

brandy, and gin, were drank. I can't say that a guinea was the price. It was according as our pockets afforded. It cost me £2. In my hearing Belcher made no charge against Cribb. I did not hear Cribb charged with keeping £30 of stake-money in his pocket. I can't say why Cribb left his seat and went to Belcher. I heard nothing angry said by Belcher to Cribb. There was some quarrelling, I dare say. *(There was long a keen sparring here between counsel and witness, to obtain evidence of a charge by Belcher.)* I want none of your quibbling and nonsense, Mr. Phillips. I heard blackguard language; both said d— n your eyes and limbs. After Belcher rose to speak, he went down opposite to Cribb, and leaned down on the table. Belcher stopt about an hour afterwards. I had several glasses of wine afterwards. Belcher is a publican. I never saw him fight. It is well known that he has fought many battles. Cribb is well known to be a fighter, and an old fashioned one too. I keep the Green Man at Tottenham. I had James Burn in training there. He was the other party. I know uncle Ben very well. Cribb offered to make it up, and offered a glass of wine, but Belcher refused it. I did not hear Cribb say it would be better than to give money to the d——d lawyers. I had a bet of some half crowns and some ale.

Cross-examined.—I took Belcher away; his face at least was in danger. Cribb is far the stronger. The sixty or seventy persons were all talking, and there was much noise.

By Mr. Phillips.—Pierce Egan was in the chair.

Mr. Fletcher, a baker, was not at the dinner, but went in about seven or eight o'clock; Belcher was in the room. Cribb was not. After Cribb came in, some few words occurred between Spring and Belcher; Spring made a speech, something about holding money. Belcher attempted to speak, but was not heard. Belcher came to the part of the room where Cribb was opposite to him. Cribb struck Belcher, who was leaning down on the table. I think he struck him more than once. Belcher said he would serve him, which I thought alluded to law. Cribb jumped on the table, and got down upon Belcher; I should have thought Belcher might have received great harm from it. I said Cribb did very wrong, and that it was a shame, particularly among fighting men. Belcher refused to make it up, and went away.

Cross-examined.—I can't tell what Belcher said. There was

only one man between us, but I could not hear what he said. I think Mr. Atkinson was the man between us. Both were in a passion. Mr. Belcher was angry, and addressed his angry words to Cribb. I did not hear him call him a b——y rogue. I should think Mr. Belcher went away ten minutes after the wrangle. Cribb went to Belcher and called for wine. I did not hear him offer to give Belcher a new coat, for that all "the injury was to his coat."

Mr. C. Phillips then addressed the Jury on behalf of the defendant. He began by declaring that he differed altogether from, and must enter his protest against, the doctrine laid down by his learned friend, Mr. Adolphus, which seemed to be founded on certain notions entertained by a very able but eccentric gentleman, the late Mr. Windham, that the practice of prize-fighting contributed to infuse a manly and martial spirit into the people of England. He denied that the native courage of Englishmen required any such stimulus; he denied that it could be either created or increased by the barbarous exhibition of two human beings converting themselves into brutes, and beating each other to mummies for the sake of gain, although they previously entertained no sort of animosity towards each other. It was a libel on the generous character of the country to laud such base and brutal exhibitions, and to hold them forth as symptoms of national energy. Indeed, he could not help expressing his surprise on being told that day—told in a Court of Justice—and told by a *lawyer*, too, that an act which constituted a breach of the peace, and was an actual violation of the law, was a symptom of courage, or a parent of virtue. It was no such thing—it was a scandalous outrage upon public decency, tending to brutalize the minds of the people, and calculated to degrade from their rank and station those of higher life, who condescended to its patronage. He made those remarks in the presence of the fraternity, because he would not suffer such a panegyric on their trade to go unanswered, and because, if such doctrines, coming from a counsel whose eloquence so enforced, and whose apparent sincerity so encouraged, them, were to pass without a reply, it might be believed that those who heard them approved instead of reprobating them. They had his utter and complete abhorrence, and he was not sorry of the opportunity of expressing it. What, however, were they assembled for on

the present occasion? The Jury were summoned from their homes and business to decide a paltry quarrel between two prize-fighters, which ought to be scouted out of a Court of Justice. They were called upon to assess damages for a petty assault between two parties who would not have hesitated, for a few pounds, to beat and bruise each other into living mummies! He was ready, however, for argument's sake, to concede so far to his learned friend as to admit that prize-fighting was a "most honourable" profession; and then what must be his surprise to find two members of that profession—two tip-top pugilists, who had gained so many laurels in the field, and assisted in "forming the national character," coming there to put their blunt into the pockets of the lawyers! *(Loud laughter.)* Had any Craven saint—or any stay-laced dandy—or any Surrey *beak* appealed to them against a pugilist, all might have been natural; but for the renowned Tom Belcher—the man who, according to his learned advocate, had given it mortality to a *pocket-handkerchief*—the hero of Moulsey—the delight of Bagshot—who had taught the accents of his slang even to the echoes of Virginia-Water—that he should have done this, have left the polite jurisdiction of the Fives' Court for the vulgar wrangling of the Court of Common Pleas—that he should have appealed to any *Chancery* but his own—that he should have deserted Harry Harmer of the ring for a very different Harmer, our friend of Hatton-Garden—that he should have transferred the bounty of the Corinthians into the pockets of the gnarling coves of the law!!—Oh! it beggared all belief, and staggered all credulity!! Tom Belcher's "honourable occupation" was gone! Never again could he face "the Fancy"—never again could he put the ogles of the Ring in *mourning*—never again could he taste the tenderness of a cross-buttock—never again could he blow the glories of a bloody nose, or feel his ivories loose within his gin-trap! *(Loud laughter.)*—[Here Mr. Adolphus declared he never heard such phrases.]—Oh! my learned friend need not object to them—this is the finished slang of the Fancy—that high and "honourable profession:"—the parent, forsooth, of "every English virtue!" the nurse of honour, and chivalry, and courage! Such squeamishness should not come from their advocate, and, for his part, he did not, nor could not, assume to himself the power of teaching his learned friend any phrases in a science of

which it appeared he was so open an admirer. But, after all, how did the assault originate? Why, in Belcher's own provocation. He left his seat—he went down to Cribb—he entered into a parley with him—he put him in a passion. In the language of his own witnesses, they "d——d one another's eyes and limbs" before a blow was struck, and then, when the blood was up, and their anger was excited, a facer or two was given, which Mr. Thomas Belcher most amply merited. This was the sum and substance of the transaction, and this was the mighty outrage which was complained of! It was provoked—it was done in anger—and it was fully earned. For what, then, were the Jury to give damages! Was it for the injury? There was none whatever—a mere scratch on the mouth, which Tom soon healed with a little gin and brandy. The Jury might depend on it, hapless Tom did not eat a pound of chops or drink a quart of *max* the less for it. Were they to give damages for the insult—for the wound to Tom's *sensibility?*—Mightily, indeed, must his feelings have been afflicted. Let the Jury only back him for ten or twenty pounds, and he would stand to be beat to a mummy—till his ivories were loosened—till his ogles had no "speculation in them"—till every feature in his face had vanished, and his very flesh was grilled into the raw similitude of an under-done beefsteak! Do, gentlemen, give damages to the tortured sensibility of peaceable Tom Belcher!! Where did the row commence?—at a pot-house. Why did they meet?—to spirit up others to a breach of the peace. Who was in the chair?—Pierce Egan himself!!!—though no Greek, still the Xenophon of the Fancy. Every thing around spoke war and battery, and could the Jury wonder if the action was a little suited to the word? How did it end? Why, in the way it ought—by Cribb's rising, confessing he was wrong, calling for some wine, offering an apology, and pledging Belcher in the cup of peace. If this profession did beget generosity, who most exhibited it on this occasion: Cribb, in offering an atonement on the spot—or Belcher, in sulkily and vindictively refusing it? He left the characters of both men to the Jury—it was for them to decide as they thought proper. Having said so much of Mr. Cribb's profession, he thought it only justice to say something of himself. From all he had heard, it was universally allowed that he was one of the mildest men that ever threw up a *castor*—brave in the ring, inoffensive out of it—

the Champion of the Fancy, not more for his unconquerable courage than for his acknowledged humanity; he could not be beat by Belcher in the field, and a spiteful envy tempted him to take this advantage out of it. Great stress had been laid upon the power and prowess of the defendant. Tom Belcher, it seems, is three or four stone lighter, then why did Tom Belcher provoke a braver and a better man? Why did Tom Belcher "d—n his eyes and limbs?"

Mr. Adolphus.—No such language was used but by yourself.

Mr. Phillips.—I appeal to the notes of the Sheriff, and the not less faithful recollections of the Jury.

The Sheriff.—The witness certainly did swear such words were spoken.

Mr. Phillips.—No doubt he did, Sir, but my friend is so absorbed in his admiration of the science, that it is not to be wondered at he has forgotten the evidence. To return to the point, however;—never in his life did Cribb show less skill than on this occasion—in truth, he did not mean to hurt his man, for if he did, he would not have left an *ivory* within his *mazzard*. Gentlemen, the fact and truth of it is, Tom Belcher's coat was torn, and so we must pay for it; but as to damages for injury to person, or insult to feeling, none was suffered, and none are to be compensated. Mr. Phillips concluded by calling on the Jury to give only such damages as were really called for by the occasion, and not, by an overcharged or vindictive verdict, to countenance a trade which was vile and brutal in every stage of it—an outrage on the decencies of the country—a libel on its humane and noble character, and which not only made its professors brutal, but encouraged, in its consequences, vice of all descriptions. If it was to be patronized, he hoped it would be left to its modern abettors, the high-minded nobility of the land, some of whom had at once shown the purity of their taste, and their true estimate of the dignity of the order.

The Sheriff summed up the matter very concisely, observing that, although a pugilist, Mr. Belcher was not to be assaulted; but they would make some allowance in their damages on account of the provocation Mr. Cribb received.

The Jury retired for a short time, and returned a verdict of £10 for the plaintiff.

Langan, who had only arrived in London early in the morning, was in Court. Belcher, Cribb, the President of the D. C., and several other gentlemen connected with the Fancy, were also present.

We have copied the learned gentleman's PHILIPPIC against *milling*, in order that we may show him *fair play:* then thus it is —independent of *bad taste* displayed by Mr. Phillips, it was any thing but judgement in *blowing up* his own client, i.e. as a prize-fighter, before the Jury, to obtain a mitigation of damages; but the learned gentleman gives the preference, and, perhaps, very properly, as *eloquence* is considered to be his *forte*. We have no objection to Mr. Phillips's opinion against boxing as a private gentleman; but, as a *counsel's* opinion, he is as likely to be *wrong* as *right:* hence arises the "glorious uncertainty of the law." But, placed in opposition to the opinion of the late enlightened and learned statesman, Mr. Windham, without any disrespect to Mr. Phillips, it is ten to one against him, and no *takers* to be met with. The Philippic of the learned counsel against boxing is like *snow* before the sun, when contrasted with the following argument of that distinguished orator and senator, delivered by him in the House of Commons, upon the subject:—

"Will it make no difference in the mass of the people, whether their amusements are all of a pacific, pleasureable, and effeminate nature, or whether they are of a sort that calls forth a continued admiration of prowess and hardihood?

He that subdued the world had been
But the best wrestler on the green.

"True courage does not arise from mere boxing, from the *mere* BEATING, or being *beaten*, but from the sentiments excited by the contemplation and cultivation of such practices." This is *multum in parvo;* we will not say "Ossa, to a wart," yet it is a tiny *facer:* but, in reality, we do not wish to *punish* the learned gentleman for his *sweeping clause* against all the *milling tribe*, but merely to have a *set-to* with him, that Mr. Phillips may not have it ALL his own way: and now for the learned orator's *gammon* on the subject. In our opinion,—yes, in our opinion,—the learned gentleman, instead of making a *hit*, a glorious *hit*, was completely out of his element. The argument was too *low* for the high flights

of his imagination; he appeared to us on *stilts*, and in great danger of becoming a *crippled* orator. The learned gentleman was not quite so much at home as in a celebrated seduction case, when his flowery eloquence metamorphosed a *mud cabin* into the splendid mansion of a Corinthian, and the *little dirty-legged inmate* of the hut into a perfect Venus, so much were the eyes of the Jury dazzled by his powers. But the eloquence of Mr. Phillips in this *flash* case, BELCHER *versus* CRIBB, betrayed too much "mouthing;" it did not come "trippingly o'er the tongue;" it was destitute of the *glibbiness* of Dusty Bob, and it wanted the *luscious richness* of Costermonger Poll, to give it point and effect; it also required *character*. Liston might as well attempt to make the audience cry in *Old Dornton* as for the learned gentleman to get a *hand* in dealing out *flash*. The *brogue* might have had a better effect in *Stony-Batter* or *Smock-Alley*; but in *Blue Blazes* or at *Saltpetre-Bank* it would be pronounced *foolish*, and among the *Sheenies*, "*Chice*."

There was nothing GROSE about it—no *touches* of the master displayed—not a *shade* of it belonging to the man of the world seen; all of the *closet* manufacture, ready cut and dried for the occasion, was quite clear to the *coveys* whose listeners were upon the alert in the Sheriffs' Court to pick up something *new*. It was the first appearance of the learned Gentleman in this character, and we are sorry to say it was a *failure*. It was sign-post painting—positively *daubing*; and, for the *credit* of the learned Gentleman, we hope he will never attempt such a *blackguard* subject again; he is not *up* to it. We expected to have heard from the *chaffer* of the learned Counsel some rich *flash*-es of wit—something of the "Richard Brinsley" sort; and, likewise, the fine touches of wit that spontaneously flowed from the lips of CURRAN; and treading in the steps of the above lamented, but never-to-be-forgotten "great creatures." We were grievously disappointed: but, nevertheless, we wish Mr. Phillips every success in life as a counsellor; but, however great he may be in "*imagination*," it is clear he is at *fault* in the FANCY: and we will back our opinion, without the assistance of Drs. Johnson and Bailey, that if he ever attempt it again, he is more likely to be *floored* than to make a *hit*. The simple fact is, that Mr. Phillips is neither *au fait*, *con amore*, up,

down, fly, leary, or *awake*, upon so rough a subject: it is not *genteel* enough for the display of his talents.—Ed.

THE THIMBLE RIG.

On Wednesday, June 8, 1825, the landlord of the Cross Keys public-house, in Wentworth-street, Whitechapel, appeared to answer the complaint preferred against him by Mr. John Francis Panchaud, a foreigner, at Bow-street, for having, in conjunction with several other persons, defrauded him of a £10 note on Ascot-Heath Race-course.

The alleged fraud, or robbery, was effected by means of a game known among the loose fish who frequent races and fairs by the name of "the *thimble rig*," of which J. J. Smith, the officer, gave the following description to Mr. Minshull, in order that the worthy magistrate might perfectly understand the case:—A gang of seven, or eight, or more, set up a table, but they all appear strangers to each other, and unconnected with the game, except one who conducts it, and who appears to be the sole proprietor. The master of the ceremonies has three thimbles, and is provided with a number of pepper-corns. He puts one under each thimble, or, perhaps, only under one or two, as the case may be. He then

offers a bet as to which thimble a pepper-corn is or is not under, and offers at first such a wager as is eagerly taken by those round the table, and he loses. He pays the losings freely, and the other members of this joint-stock company affect a laugh at him, as what they call a "good flat." When they have thus drawn the attention, and probably excited the cupidity of a stranger who appears to have money, they suffer him to win a stake or two, and get him to increase his bets. When he seems thoroughly in the humour, the master of the table lifts a thimble under which is a pepper-corn, and turning his head aside to speak to some one, he suffers the corn to roll off, and, seeming to be unconscious of this, he replaces the thimble, and offers bets to any amount that there is a corn underneath that particular thimble. The stranger having seen the corn roll off with his own eyes, as the phrase is, chuckles to himself, and eagerly takes the bet. The thimble is removed, and, behold! there is a pepper-corn under it still, the fellow having dexterously slipped another under it when the first rolled off the table. "So that the plain fact is, Sir," continued Smith, "that the stranger, fancying that he is taking in the master of the table, cheerfully stakes his money, with a dead certainty, as he supposes, of winning, and he finds that he has been taken in himself instead." He (Smith) had known instances of gentlemen getting from their carriages, and in a few moments rid themselves of £20 or £30, or, perhaps, more, and go off, wondering at their folly, and looking uncommonly silly.

LAMENTED DEATH OF TWO CELEBRATED ACTORS.

"——————— The times have been
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools."—SHAKSPEARE.

IT was quite *reviving* to witness the Death and Burial of those illustrious heroes, Tom and Jerry, at Sadler's Wells, on Monday night, June 1, 1824, and the funeral procession by "TORCHLIGHT" added greatly to its whimsicality. Mr. Vale played his original part of *Logic* with his accustomed skill, and Miss Johnson, in the mock-heroic *Mary Rosebud*, was inimitable. The whole of the characters were well sustained, and well received

An entirely new and characteristic overture was composed expressly for the occasion, and reflects the highest credit on the taste and genius of Mr. H. Nicholson. Previous to which, Mr. Hartland, to show his *mut(e)ability*, spoke the following Prologue, written by T. Greenwood, in the character of a MUTE!

PROLOGUE.

Is the coast clear? well, then I'll venture out.
Our author's mad—What could he be about?
He gave me *this*—a yard and half of rhyme;
I said I cou'dn't *study* it in time.
But *he* replied, "The audience, Fred., will need it."
So I replied, "*Yes, my friend,* but I must *read* it."
With such a part, *my* acting will not chime;
I'm only *eloquent* in *Pantomime.*
Beside, you know, I must repair to quarters,
And tune my fiddle for "*poor Billy Waters!*"
"What will you have?" I said behind the scenes;
"A Prologue, Fred.—a Prologue by all means;
"I must have novelty," *he* cried, "the taste to suit,
"And sure 'tis new—a Prologue by a *mute!*"
Well, if I must—I must, and so here goes,
Our hero's day is drawing to a close.
The town has long enough been *Tom* and *Jerried,*
And such *dead Trumps* should now be *pack'd* and *buried;*
And so, to put an end to each peace-breaker,
Our Author has become *their undertaker!*
The rogues are *dish'd,* and widow, wife, or maid,
Or rakes *defunct* were never yet afraid.
Each *spark's* extinct, their *larks* and *sprees here* cease,
And groggy *Charleys* now may sleep in peace.
"Seven's the main," Tom cried; "here's *blunt,* who'll *see it?*"
"*Blunt!*" echoed Jerry, "I WISH, TOM, YOU MAY GET IT."
So they went on, *gay,* lively, brisk, and merry,
Nor dreamt such "*out and outers*" time would bury.
"I'll kill them," said our Author, "Fred., that's flat,
Had they as many lives as your Tom cat;
Beside, you know, *they've* had a monstrous RUN;
Let *other* candidates now start for fun."
So 'twas agreed to stop each hero's breath,
And keep *us living* by *their* well-tim'd DEATH.
Our motive's solely *merriment* to cause,
Our only *object,* your unmix'd applause.
Let *us* but *sow,* yourselves shall reap the fruit;
And, if it *please not,* I'LL be ever—MUTE!

We subjoin a copy of Corinthian Tom's will, as nearly as we can recollect it, and the account of their deaths, as it is supposed to have appeared in the newspapers :—

THE WILL.

I will and bequeath to the girl I adore
My estate in the county of Ballynapore;
I give to Bob Logic, when I'm in the dust,
My new *lilly topper* and best *upper crust;*
My courage I leave to the lads of the *ring,*
And my *mufflers* (three pair) to *Jack Randall* and *Spring;*
To the *Charleys* new words to the ancient *Te Deum;*
My sketches by *Cruikshank* to the *British Museum;*
I leave to *Pierce Egan,* lest his muse should be undone,
An *unfinished* sketch for a new "*Life in London;*"
My *tattler* I leave to my *laundress,* sweet Nancy;
And my *coinage* of *words,* in a lump, to the *Fancy!*

DIED,

At Sadler's Wells, and in a deep *decline,*
Last night, between the hours of eight and nine,
Corinthian Tom, whose age was *thirty-four,*
And *Jerry Hawthorn, twenty-two—no more!*
After a bold and glorious career,
It pleased dark destiny to interfere,
And cut the thread of these illustrious blades,
Who thus were sent untimely to the *Shades.*
Time gave the *cue,* the Prompter rang the bell,
And *all* lamented when the *curtain fell.*

SKETCH OF FRANCIS BUCKLE, AN EMINENT JOCKEY.

Francis Buckle, according to Junius Cursus, in the Sporting Magazine, June, 1824, was born at Newmarket, where his father carried on the trade of a saddler. He began to ride exercise in the stable of the late Earl of Grosvenor at nine years of age, and worked himself into a jockey in a manner peculiarly his own. In early life, however, he took a leaf out of the late Sam Chiffney's book—availing himself of the useful and beneficial points in that celebrated rider, but discarding those which appeared to him to be exhibited merely for the effect of ornament or display.

Some of Buckle's best riding was against the famous Irish jockey, Dennis Fitzpatrick, and particularly in the races between Orlando and Gaoler, Timothy and Warter, and Hambletonian and

Diamond. In the last-mentioned race he was allowed to have shown himself a perfect master of his art, having made his race safe between the ditch and the turn of the lands, by striding away, over the flat, before he came to the hill, where he had reason to fear the stout little horse he had to contend with might prove dangerous. It is asserted that he took upon himself the responsibility of exceeding his orders in this great race, but the state of the other horse, when it was over, clearly proved that he was right. He rode and won with Hambletonian the last time he ever started in public.

His jockeying Orlando against Gaoler, in 1803, the Rowley-mile, was a fine specimen of the art, although he was beaten. They were the two best mile horses of the day. Dennis was upon Gaoler; and Lord George being at that time a confederate with Mr. Watson, it was a very heavy betting race. Both jumped off together, each finessing to get a pull, till neither had a run left, and Gaoler only won by staying longer than the other. The men and horses seemed screwed together in the race, and so exhausted were they in the struggle, that they appeared to be contending the race for some distance after they passed the winning-post.

When on Slim against Mortimer, Buckle displayed one of the greatest perfections of a jockey—a coolness which the most trying circumstances could not disturb. When the horses started, Slim bolted, and Mortimer got full sixty yards before him. Buckle never varied his pace till within a quarter of a mile of home, when he set to work, and won his race.

The match between Timothy and Warter is thus recorded in Pick's *Vade Mecum*, for 1800:—"The greatest skill and judgement were displayed by the riders in one of the best races ever rode, and which was only won by a neck. Much money was depending on this race. Timothy was rode by Dennis Fitzpatrick, and Warter by Francis Buckle."

The turf lost an eminent jockey when Dennis Fitzpatrick died. He was Mr. Cookson's favourite rider, and stood very high in his opinion and confidence. He was the son of an Irish farmer, a tenant of Lord Claremont's, by whom he was brought over to this country—riding also for his Lordship as well as for the Earl of Egremont. He had also an excellent master in the Honourable

George Watson, who has ever been considered an ornament to the turf. His orders to his favourite jockey were generally the same, viz.:—"Take the lead and keep it." Fitzpatrick caught cold in wasting, and died in the prime of life.

It was not in 1823 only that Buckle was so fortunate as to ride the winner of the Derby and Oaks at the same meeting. In 1802 he took long odds that he won them both, and on no occasion was he supposed to have signalized himself more. His horse for the Derby was the Duke of Grafton's Tyrant, a very middling horse, with 7 to 1 against him, for the race. The favourite was Mr. Wilson's colt by Young Eclipse, the best horse of his year for a mile, only 11 to 8 against him in the betting, and a great favourite with the public. Young Eclipse made the play, and was opposed by Sir Charles Bunbury's Orlando, who contested every inch of ground for the first mile. From Buckle's fine judgement of *pace*, he was convinced they must both stop, so, following and watching them with, Tyrant, he came up, and won, to the surprise of all who saw him, with one of the worst horses that ever won a Derby. The following year, at Newmarket, Young Eclipse beat Tyrant, Ditch-in, giving him 4lbs.

Buckle, having made one of his two events safe, had then a fancy that Mr. Wastell's Scotia could win the Oaks, if he were on her back, and got permission to ride her. She was beat three times between Tattenham-corner and home; but he got her up again in front, and won the race by a head, with a bit of a run left in her at the last! The Newmarket people declared they had never seen such a race.

Buckle was also employed by the late Colonel Mellish, when in the full zenith of his racing glory; and was winning his grand match with Sancho against Pavillion, when that celebrated race-horse broke down. It is well in the recollection of the public, that he also rode Sancho when he won the St. Leger, at Doncaster.

Buckle's first master at the present time is Mr. Udny, having the Duke of Gratton for his second. Mr. Wilson also has a claim upon him when he wants him. In his races with Emilius he gave great satisfaction to the former gentleman—always riding him with the greatest judgement, so as neither to expose his running, or to make his race too fine with an idle horse. In that for the Duke Michael, however, he had a sharp struggle with Zinc, and some

thought it was too near to be pleasant; but here he displayed a wonderful knowledge of the powers of his horse. He lay four or five lengths from the front, till within one hundred and fifty yards of home, when he caught his horse by the head, and won his race by a neck.

Buckle never wastes, but can ride 7st. 11lbs. with ease. His seat on the saddle is particularly good, combining neatness with power, and he is always well dressed when on a race-horse. He is supposed to be about sixty years of age, but his nerve remains firm, and some of his warmest admirers even venture to assert that he rides better and better every time he is put up. About six years ago, he wished to decline the saddle, but his friends would not hear of it. When asked to ride a horse he does not know, he looks at his legs and feet before he gives his assent, and if they are good, he asks no further questions. An excellent likeness, by Cooper, of this renowned jockey, is to be found in Vol. XLV. of the *Sporting Magazine*; but it does not require the pencil to perpetuate so great a man in his way.

There is one feature in Buckle's riding which deserves notice; and that is, a knack of *gammoning* (as it is called) in a race, by appearing to be at work, when, in reality, he is waiting. This is very dangerous to his opponents, as they never know when he has done with his horse. His honesty, however, has not only never been suspected, but it is become proverbial. Here he affords a lesson to those who are to succeed him, as well as to those who are now labouring with him in the same vineyard. To the former he holds up a strong inducement to follow the straight path which has led him to wealth, to honour, and to fame; and the latter can never look at him without being reminded of the good old saying, that *honesty is the best policy*. Could any thing be wanting to strengthen the honest reputation of Buckle, it would be found in the following fact:—He had backed a horse of Mr. Durand's for a considerable sum at Lewes, but was engaged to ride another. To use a sporting expression, *he won the race out of the fire* for his employer, but lost his own money.

It is supposed, that on an average Buckle has derived an income of £1200 per annum by his profession, and he is known to have realised a comfortable independence. He was once engaged in a considerable farming speculation, and was very famous for his

butter. He now, however, resides in the town of Bury, for the purpose of educating his sons, none of whom are to be jockeys. He has a nephew who is employed by Mr. Robson; and though he can ride 6st. 7lb. is uncommonly strong on his horse. He distinguished himself at the last Houghton Meeting, in a dead heat with Lord George's Bizarre, 7st. 6lb. against his uncle, on Mr. Udny's Mirandola, 8st. 11lb. for 200gs.—6 to 4 on the old one.

Buckle is not without his eccentricities, but they are of a very harmless nature. His acts of charity are conspicuous, for a man in his situation in life, who may be said to have gotten every shilling he possesses, not only by the sweat of his brow, but at the risk of his neck. He is also a great patron of the sock and buskin, and has often bespoken a play for the night, in country towns. He has been a master of hounds, a breeder of greyhounds, fighting-cocks, and bull-dogs; and always celebrated for his hacks. In the language of the stud-book, his first wife had no produce, but by his second he has several children. We may suppose he chose her as he would a race-horse, for she is not only very handsome, but very good.

A SKETCH OF THE EXPLOITS AND PEDIGREE OF DOG BILLY, THE RAT-KILLER.

Billy, like all other dogs of *quality*, has to boast of an origin far above most *puppies*; and his pedigree, although not guaranteed by the Heralds' College, is nevertheless excellent. The grandsire of this famous rat-killer was bred by Mr. Tattersall, of Wooton-under-edge: his *daddy* was a high-bred dog, and his *mammy* a bitch of equal celebrity in the canine fancy. Billy's *grandsire* was made a present to Mrs. Abberfield, the beloved rib of the late Slender Billy, Willow-walk, in the neighbourhood of Tothil-fields, a sufficient passport for *goodness* in dogs. Whether from love or money, we have not been able to ascertain, but the grandsire of Billy left his tender mistress for the care of a Mr. Pople: the latter person bred Billy, who was, according to the technicality of dog-fanciers, a *tie-pup*. The late Charles Dew, office-keeper at Queen-square, took a great fancy to Billy when quite a pup, and solicited Mr. Pople to make him a present of Billy, observing, "I know I shall able to make something of the animal." Mr. Dew soon discovered that Billy was a game article, and that he would *mill*

well with other dogs, *draw* the badger, and *serve out* the bear; but on account of his *goodness* at rat-killing, BILLY left the above pursuits for dogs of a fighting description. Charley Dew, to fill up his leisure hours, first taught his dog to kill rats; lots of the latter *troublesome customers* infested the rooms of the office, and over whom the *beaks* had no control, nor the police-office no terrors.

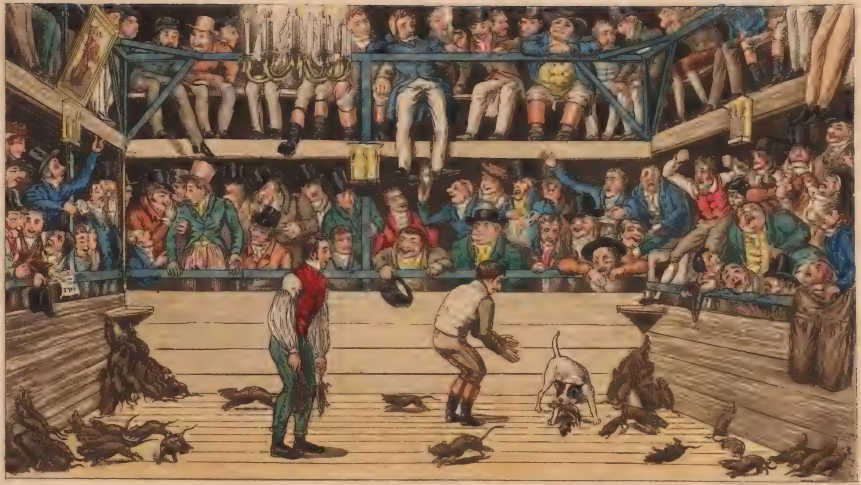
Previous to BILLY'S notoriety, a *fast* bitch, belonging to Mr. Bowring, a Quaker, was in high repute at the Westminster-pit for killing of rats. Dew, witnessing the performance of the bitch killing twenty rats in *three* minutes, offered a wager that BILLY killed twenty in less time. Dew, however, before he gave a chance away, had a trial on the *sly*, when BILLY to the surprise and satisfaction of his master, killed twenty rats in 2 *minutes* 13 *seconds!* The Quaker's bitch was now laid upon the shelf, and his *friend* thought no more about him; and BILLY was the first dog who attempted to kill *one hundred rats!*

In 1819, BILLY was matched against the Camberwell terrier, and won the match in great style; the terrier had no chance. For several minor matches BILLY also proved the conqueror; and rapidly got into notice among the *fanciers*, and was looked upon as an *out-and-outer*.

On May 13, 1821, Mr. Dew was induced, by the proprietor of the Westminster-pit, to let BILLY attempt to kill *one hundred rats*. The proprietor of the Pit (Mr. Eastup) offered, "if BILLY killed the one hundred rats in twelve minutes, he would make his master a present of a silver collar." BILLY proved successful in less than *eleven minutes*, and the bit of silver soon decorated his neck. The above performance was thought so astonishing throughout the canine fancy, that applications were made daily at the Westminster-pit, by numerous gentlemen, to witness his next exhibition.

BILLY was matched against the Sussex bitch, backed by Mr. Wise, of the One Tun, Jermyn Street, St. James's, to kill fifty rats in the least time. BILLY disposed of his fifty rats in a few minutes, but the Sussex bitch completely failed. BILLY was again brought into the pit, and killed the remainder of the rats left *untouched* by the Sussex bitch.

Soon after the above period, Mr. Dew died, and BILLY be-



The celebrated Dog BILLY killing 100 Rats at the Westminster Pit

came the property of Mr. Charles Eastup at the expense of twenty five pounds.

The Kentish bitch was matched against BILLY for 20 sovereigns a-side. The above bitch was so great a favourite in the fancy, that Jack Randall's white bitch paid forfeit to the Kentish animal; Mr. Cribb was the stake-holder. As usual, BILLY won this match with ease; but owing to the fault of the rat-catcher, the proper quantity of rats was not produced, and a new match was the result, the backer of BILLY matching him to kill 100 against 90 rats in the least time. The doors of the Westminster-Pit were announced to be opened at seven o'clock; but long before that period, lots of carriages were in the lane, and several noblemen and M. P.'s in waiting at the door, displaying as much anxiety and eagerness to obtain seats, as if it had been the last appearance of *Catalani* in England. On opening the doors, the *rush* was as furious as an O. P. row, and the pit at 3*s.* each, and the boxes at 5*s.* were filled in a few minutes. The pit was crammed almost to suffocation, and hundreds went away lamenting their disappointment. The performances were about to commence with a capital fight between two bull dogs of great fame: but the noise was so loud for "Billy! Billy!—the rats! the rats!—and nothing else!" when the four-footed performers were produced amidst loud approbation. The rats were turned loose out of wire cages into the pit; and upon the entrance of BILLY, the rats, in groupes, all huddled together in the four corners of the pit, anxious to make their escape from the jaws of the executioner, impressed with fear that their lives were in danger. A single *gripe* from BILLY was quite enough for many a jolly fat rat: the uproar of the spectators—the squeaking of the rats running to and fro all over the pit, to avoid the finishing tusks of BILLY—the roars of laughter—the variety of expressions—and the betting as to the time that BILLY would finish his *work*, beggars all description; in fact, it is impossible to convey any thing like an accurate outline of the above singular exhibition. According to Cocker, BILLY killed a rat every *four seconds*. BILLY put an end to the last *squeak* of his one hundred rats in the very short time of *seven minutes and ten seconds!!* The Kentish bitch killed her quantity of 90 rats in *ten minutes and a half!* The above match took place on the 7th of June, 1825.

The *Kentish bitch* stands next to BILLY in quickness for killing rats.

BILLY is a very handsome made dog, nearly white, and weighs about 27lbs.; he is six years old; and he is also very active, and an excellent water-dog. BILLY has been exhibited before persons of the highest distinction in the country; and he has also been introduced *privately* to several ladies of rank; so great has been the curiosity manifested by the public to gain a sight of this wonderful rat-killing dog.

SONG,

On the Fight between BOSCOE, *the Butcher, (Cheshire Champion,) and Paddy* M'GEE, *(the Emeralder.)*

AIR—"*Sally M'Gee.*"

YE jolly Patlanders, the "*native*" while quaffing,
Drink luck to the boy who gave Boscoe his *tay*;
Oh! Ralpho, my dear, drop your chaunting and chaffing,
The pluck of bold Paddy has carried the day.
Ye Liverpool *cores*, where's the pride of your "*crack un*,"
Now *settled* 's the butcher, your "*top o' the tree?*"
His yellow stained wipe is now changed to a black un;
His laurels grew pale before Paddy M'Gee.

How twinkled with joy every bright Irish *ogle*,
When into the ring Pat with glee *shy'd his thatch*,
When tied to the stakes was his shamrock-green *fogle*,
And Pat, with a smile on his *mug*, went to *scratch*.
O! then came the *hits*, and the counters so sore, sir,
And *dominoes chattered*, and *pecpers* were *queer'd*;
Hard *nobbers*, and *jobbers*, and *claret* galore, sir,
Rained thick, while the *Fancy* the combatants cheer'd.

Like Blarney-lane bull-dogs they rush at each other,
Till Boscoe met Pat with a *slash* on the *conk*,
Who, *groggified*, felt all his brains in a bother;
Now chevied the Cheshires, Pat's all in a funk.
His *daylights* so darkened, Pat scarce could discover
His customer Boscoe; the Butchers in glee,
Cried, "*Go it*, stout Ralpho, with Paddy '*tis over*;"
I doubt it," cried Reynolds, the *pal* of M'Gee.

"*By my soul, Tom's a witch*," a tight Em'ralder shouted,
When Pat on the *mark* placed a terrific blow,
And grass'd was his customer—"Naw wha'd 'a thought it,
"A *rum un* this Pat," *groaned* the friends of Boscoe.

Encore on the *tripe shop*, Ralph *knapt*, and grew *sea-sick*,
A few *Irish flings* soon disabled him quite—
Pat *hammered* the *mark*, till o'ercome with the phthisic,
Poor Boscoe fell, *groggy*, and Pat won the fight.

Then charge high your *methvis* to Paddy M'Gee, boys,
That *out-and-out trump*—here's success to his fist,
In valour and bottom, the "Fancy" agree, boys,
He's surpass'd by no *coves* on the Prize-milling list;
For where is de boy ever proved such a *glutton*,
Or who at de *scratch* e'er appeared with more glee,
When *sliced* and *cut up* by the *slayer* of *mutton*,
Than did our game Em'ralder, Paddy M'Gee.

A PHILOSOPHICAL DISSERTATION ON WRESTLING, COMPARED WITH OTHER AMUSEMENTS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

By W. Litt, *Author of* Wrestliana.

The circumstance of giving money at Ambleside and Carlisle had a considerable, and what seems rather strange, an injurious, effect upon wrestling in general. Before that time a belt alone was the envied prize, and there wanted no stimulus but the honour of bearing it away to attract all the wrestlers in the vicinity: but then, money was the cry! and it became so much the custom to subscribe for the wrestling, that a belt lost all its consequence and attraction, and of course, fewer meetings was the unavoidable result; for unless five or six, and in some places twenty or thirty times the value of a belt was subscribed, it was hooted at by the wrestlers!—Nor was this the only evil. Money in this, as in many other things, had the effect of causing dissension between those who gave and those who received it. The wrestlers began to fee each other, and a man's price was according to the estimation in which he was held as a wrestler; and it has frequently happened that several of the best wrestlers have divided the amount amongst them previous to the commencement of the sports, and refused to contend with each other.

A considerable prize to wrestle for was given at Penrith Races the same year the Carlisle meeting commenced. This was principally owing to Dr. Pearson, who, in his youth, had himself excelled in that exercise. After the first year it began to decrease, and finally died away. The Inglewood Hunt, and some other causes which might be assigned, prevented its flourishing as at

Carlisle and Keswick:—however, last year, some good wrestling was displayed there, and it may probably, in a short time, revive, and even exceed its original splendour.

In the metropolis, wrestling has become a source of much attraction. A very elegant belt was formerly annually given to be contended for by natives of Cumberland and Westmoreland. The prize is now increased by the addition of valuable trinkets of different descriptions.—In the vicinity of Whitehaven, the best wrestling was at Arlecdon-Moor; but the enclosure of that common has now put a stop to it; and, latterly, it has been more encouraged at Distington than any other place.

In the year 1818, the stewards of Keswick races gave three guineas to wrestle for; its attraction was beyond all estimation;—and the sum is now increased to fifteen; and report says it will, at no distant period, amount to twenty. That truly celebrated wrestler, Thomas Nicholson, has acted as umpire; and owing to his acknowledged judgement and impartiality, the Keswick wrestling has become second only in numbers and celebrity to that of Carlisle, and even superior to it in the gratification it has afforded; as no disputes have hitherto arisen of consequence enough to cast any shade upon its popularity.

Having brought down this concise History of Wrestling to the present time, 1823, a few observations on the different modes of practising it will be expected by the generality of our readers. Without entering into any lengthy details, we must observe that, ever since its institution, the modes of wrestling have been as various as they are at this time in England and Ireland. In Greece, the back-hold, as is the general practice in Cumberland and Westmoreland:—in Lancashire, and in the north of Ireland, collar and elbow, or waistband and elbow:—in Devonshire, both collars:—in Cornwall, where the combatants put on canvass jackets, enter the ring, and catch where they can; and in many places, hold of gloves, or the naked hand; were all in estimation. In some places we must observe, that the fall was not considered fair, unless one combatant threw the other fairly on his back without falling himself. Of all these modes, we must contend the arms round the body or shoulders, as practiced in Cumberland and Westmoreland, is the best calculated, not only for preserving the combatants from accidents, but for affording greater and more equal scope for that display of

dexterity and science which constitute the highest gratification of the spectators.

We know there are many, very many, who, not understanding this noble art, differ widely from us, particularly as far as regards our second assertion, and characterize our mode as a mere trial of brutal strength; but as we will advance nothing but what we are fully prepared to defend, we will, with that candour and impartiality which ought to distinguish all writers on any science, state the *reasons* on which we ground our opinion, and leave our readers to judge for themselves.

It cannot, we think, be denied that it is the most noble and manly, and we will venture to say, the most Englishman-like manner of coping with an antagonist, to meet him breast to breast, and brave at once his united powers and science. It is, comparatively, like the courageous bull-dog, which goes at once to the head of the bull, and the cowardly cur which nibbles at his heels. Besides, the closer you stand to your opponent, the sinews will be firmer braced, the whole frame more compact, and the limbs less liable to sustain any injury when in the act of falling; and, indeed, that this is the case, is sufficiently proved from the paucity of accidents in this county, compared with what frequently happens in the south, where the looser holds are generally practised.

We come now to the point where the strongest prejudices militate against us; but we trust a due consideration will materially reduce the strength of the objections so warmly urged against our Cumberland mode of wrestling. It never can be supposed by any rational man, that strength and weight are not great advantages in any mode of wrestling or boxing; and, consequently, that these, united with equal science and action, will generally produce victory. Now the *ways* of throwing at loose holds are very limited compared with the other; and of course the *chances* of the weaker man are *fewer*. A good striker, chipper, or hooker with the legs or feet, stands on no more than equal grounds with a more powerful antagonist, when contending with a loose, than a close hold. And in hipping, cross-buttocking, striking with the knee, slipping from the breast, and even in throwing an opponent quite over the head, modes regularly practised in close wrestling, the loose wrestler has no chance whatever. The *reason* of this is evident to any reflecting man—in *one*, the power and use of the breast, which is the very

centre of strength and stamina in man, cannot be brought into action; and in the *other*, is in universal use. When a very powerful man grasps a light one, if he holds him at a distance, and does not make play, he may render him powerless, and never give him the shadow of a chance. But with his arms round his body or shoulders, the lighter man, by feeling, or sustaining his weight upon his breast, may, with nearly an equal chance of success, assail him in some direction, for this *great* and *decisive* reason:—the *weight* of a man is no comparative counterpoise to his *strength*, and consequently, if the stronger man does not choose to exert his powers, his mere weight is no material drawback upon an antagonist who is at liberty to exert his own. Again, a man of tremendous power may, by mere strength of arm, dash a little man to the ground, as we will suppose Douglas did his antagonists; but it is a well-known fact, that a powerful unscientific man taking his opponent from the ground in close holds, is the readiest way to lose the fall. For his opponent will, by hampering his knees or thighs, prevent his throwing him; meanwhile the close junction of their breasts, not only prevents the effectual use of superior strength, but even informs the defendant of every meditated arrangement, which his science will enable him to render futile: thus, while the stronger is losing his wind (and wind is strength), his grasp will decline; this the other will proportionally gain; till at length obliged to set his adversary down, he is generally thrown in a moment. The fact of Cass, the victor at the last Carlisle races, a man weighing *sixteen* stone, having been thrown by Rogerson, a little tailor, scarcely *nine;* Richard Abbot, about *eleven*, winning the purse at Keswick Races in 1821; and Watson of Torpenhow, having *twice* thrown the powerful and celebrated Weightman, sufficiently establish the truth of the above remark.

It is true, we sometimes witness a more powerful man force in the back of a weaker; but this is as much effected by art as strength, and rarely occurs even when *strength* is assisted by considerable *science*. The situation in which the parties are placed when they take an equal hold of each other, is a sufficient bar to strength effecting any such purpose when opposed to superior science: thus Weightman, assisted by seven inches in height, three stone of weight, and considerable science, could not force in the back of Watson; and such is the effect of science over strength, that Ro-

gerson has often been known to force men of thirteen stone weight on their knees!

We will likewise illustrate the advantages of close wrestling by the following fact:—In the height of our celebrity we were acquainted with an Irishman, who in his own country had carried every thing before him at collar and elbow. He was five feet eleven inches high, more than fourteen stone weight, and one of the best made men in the kingdom. We must acknowledge he was so much our master at collar and elbow, as generally to gain two falls out of three, and sometimes four out of six; but with the superiority of strength and weight, with close holds, which he was as much accustomed to as we were to the other, he was a mere plaything; nor could he ever rise superior to defeat in contending with a second-rate wrestler of ten stone: yet this man laughed at the idea of any twelve stone man in existence vanquishing him in his own mode of wrestling; and to corroborate this, we will venture a beef-steak and a bottle of porter, that if a dozen of the best loose-hold wrestlers in the kingdom be brought to the next Carlisle races, they will be thrown too easily to excite any interest; and if the trial be made, many of the Cumberland and Westmoreland wrestlers will find them sufficient work in their own way.

In Sparta, three thousand years ago, we read that young women wrestled naked before assemblies of the people; and it was the general practice, long after that time, to besmear the bodies of the competitors with oil. In the early history of our own country we likewise find it was customary to engage in athletic exercises with a very slight, and sometimes without any covering. Wrestling, therefore, seems to be one of the few amusements in which we trace the gradual progress of science and civilization, without any diminution of gallant bearing or heroism in its performance. In preparing themselves for the contest, our modern wrestlers never encroach upon decorum so much, but that any lady may witness it without feeling her delicacy in the least danger of being wounded by it.

As we will always contend that those exercises in which man alone is implicated must be the most truly noble and scientific in their nature, we will commence this part of our subject with comparing wrestling and pugilism, a sport which has for some time acquired the name of a science, and which all those who have read Boxiana, will not doubt has acquired most distinguished patronage

amongst even nobility itself. But truly, in what manner it can be deemed to rival wrestling as an *amusement*, we are totally at a loss to imagine. It is true, its attraction is evinced by the immense crowds which collect to witness it; but its interest to many is the sum they are to gain or lose by the event; the fear of an interruption, the distance to, and difficulty of ascertaining the spot where the contest will actually take place, and the illegality of the thing itself, must all operate as drawbacks on the gratification derived from witnessing it. But these difficulties overcome, what follows? One single contest, or if you please, trial of skill; a short, or probably a protracted one, is generally the whole inducement. If the former, an overpowering superiority, want of game in one of the combatants, or a blow, if not fatal, so dreadful in its effects as to deprive the receiver of his recollection and prevent his coming to time—all things in themselves incapable of exciting any sensation of pleasure in the spectators—are all that can be witnessed; if the latter, a succession of knock-down blows, and the bloody and disfigured appearance of the performers, must considerably alloy the gratification arising from their science and skill, and excite in every generous and humane breast the strongest emotions of commiseration and pity for the pugilists. That this both is, and will be the case, we may confidently appeal to Boxiana itself, in all reports of what are termed sporting fights. To this source only can be traced what is called the humanity and consideration of Mr. Jackson, in collecting money tocompensate the efforts and reward the *bravery*, or to speak more correctly, the *sufferings* of the combatants. Again; while we admire the courageous spirit of the pugilist which leads him to acts of what may even in one sense be called heroism, we must admit that he is at the same time the hireling of gambling opinion; the being who, by undergoing a course of training, to enable him to exhibit himself more to the advantage of his—we had almost said *owners*, but *backers* is the term usually appropriated by the sporting world to his employers—degrades himself to the condition of the game-cock, the race-horse, or many other *animals* of the brute creation.

In fact, whatever attraction boxing may possess, the immense sums depending on any capital match between celebrated men will fully warrant us in asserting gambling to be one of the principal. And however friendly we may be to an exhibition with the gloves,

acquiring the means of defence when attacked, or additional power of repelling an unprovoked insult, we cannot, although a strenuous admirer of the eloquence of Mr. Egan, coalesce with him in his conclusions that professed pugilism has any tendency to prevent assassination, or to be, in its nature, a more equal or manly manner than sword or pistol of settling those disputes in which neither party can, without making the cure worse than the disease, appeal to the law. Assassination can never obtain any advocates for its support in a country renowned for the bravery of its inhabitants; and when we consider the great difference that may probably be in the age, make, and size of the parties who quarrel, we cannot hesitate to pronounce boxing inferior. A scientific man, or one so much superior to another in age, strength, or other advantages, as to put science out of the question, might insult him, and ridicule the idea of giving him satisfaction, if there were no alternative but boxing for it. But if the rank of the parties, and the spirit of the weaker rendered such a result probable, a man however strong or gifted with boxing requisites, might pause as much, or more so, before he insulted any fellow-creature, however diminutive in person, as if he were his equal in every particular, as a bullet would make no difference between them. We are no advocate for duelling, we even think the practice cannot be vindicated in a Christian country by any provocation; but if a man's feelings be so wounded that he *will* have satisfaction, we would advise him to prefer it either to assassination or boxing a man, who is morally certain to give him a severe thrashing.

We acknowledge we do not object to boxing when the parties consider themselves on a level, and which is the better man in that respect, is the cause of quarrel; and if a little science be displayed in bringing the matter to a conclusion, we own we like it the better, and fully coincide with Mr. Egan, that it is a much better way of settling such disputes than having recourse to knives, sticks, or any other weapon whatever.

But professed pugilism is gambling. The men are brought to the ring, comparatively like oxen to the slaughter, but with this material difference:—one are brought to gratify curiosity, or gambling propensities of the public; the other for a more substantial and necessary motive—to fill their bellies!

It is asserted there are many praise-worthy characters, not only among the admirers of pugilism, but among the pugilists themselves

Admitting it to be the case, is it not a strange inconsistency in human nature, that men entitled to that character should find amusement in witnessing what is supposed to be a good fight? And putting loss and gain out of the question, what great satisfaction could the impartial spectators derive from witnessing such spectacles as these quotations allude to?

Let us now revert to wrestling; and carefully scrutinizing it in the same manner we have done boxing, compare the two exercises together; and, freely stating our own opinion, leave our readers at full liberty to form their own judgement. In witnessing a prize wrestled for, instead of one contest only, there are generally from thirty to forty, or sixty to eighty. Those who by better fortune or superior dexterity, throw their opponent the *first* time over, meet in the *second* a partial victor like themselves; and then "Greek meets Greek" in succession, till at-length, all his competitors vanquished, either by himself or in rotation by those he has thrown, the conqueror (like Alexander the Great) has no more to vanquish.

In this point of view, wrestling, as an amusement, stands unrivaled and alone. The spectator who knows no more of his own language when written or printed than he does of Hebrew, fully demonstrates the truth of this assertion by the increased interest he feels in every succeeding round, till arrived at the last, that one fall interests him much more than any of the preceding. In this respect pugilism is so far from admitting of any comparison with wrestling, that even the single contest it dwindles to is very defective. The greatest interest it excites is at the commencement, when the men are in full vigour, and exerting all their science and action to obtain the first advantage. As the combat advances, these become less obvious, blows and blood are more conspicuous, and as they are fully expected as a matter of course—commiseration (a very singular kind of pleasure to court as an amusement) begins to supersede gratification; and when the fight terminates, that feeling is absorbed by pity for the loser in the breast of every spectator but those whose loss or gain make them callous to every feeling of humanity. Wrestling has never yet (at least in this country) become a subject of gambling speculation. The trifles sported by the spectators are never an object of much consideration, and neither commiseration or pity are at all likely to be excited by witnessing it. The wrestlers walk out of the ring as free from injury as when

they entered it: and let us now make the same inquiry we did respecting the pugilists—what brings them there? We answer—a desire to rival the renown of former heroes! That generous and irresistible spirit of emulation which led knights to the princely tournament, and from thence to signalize themselves in the service of their country! The wrestlers come, like Orlando, "to prove the strength of their youth," and to convince the spectators that their science, spirit, and activity correspond with it.

If the wrestler meet an equal opponent, "chance may place the laurel on his head, or tear it from his brow;" if the *former*, his fame is advanced—the desire of further conquest inspires him with additional courage, and when he falls, he falls like some of Ossian's heroes, "with his fame around him:"—if the *latter*, uninjured in person, pocket, or character; what has a brave mind to regret? He has done his best; "Fortune," said the Prussian hero, "is a slippery jade, another time I shall do better." He came there the hireling of no one; he came like a free-born Englishman, to what characterizes a real English amusement—for his own gratification, and to contribute to that of others: as he probably never flattered himself with the hope of being ultimately victorious where so many contended; he may, indeed, have been *foiled* sooner than he expected, but *defeat* is certainly a strong expression for one so circumstanced. If he meet with an antagonist superior in strength or science, he is generally thrown; if that be the case, it is no more than he expected, and no stigma whatever is attached to the circumstance; on the contrary, he will often observe, with much complacency, "I plagued him more than he expected;" or, "it is an honour to be thrown by him." Should he chance to win the fall, so much the better. If thrown by an inferior antagonist, he is laughed at by his friends, and vows "he will take better care another time," and that is the worst. In short, his observations may be as various as the situations which occasion them,—and these equally so as the contests that must take place before a prize is won. To entertain a company, variety is always an auxiliary, often requisite, and sometimes indispensable. To constitute an amusement, uncertainty and expectation are two essential requisites; and these, unalloyed by any painful feeling, can alone produce gratification. In all these qualifications, wrestling is eminently superior to any other amusement. The contests are many, and

varied in their mode of termination. In single trials by men in full vigour, the result is sufficiently uncertain. Men distinguished by superior strength or science are certainly expected to win, as the victor will invariably be possessed of one or both of these qualifications; and any accidents likely to interrupt the satisfaction of the spectators will very rarely occur. In all these parallels, we presume few will be found to dispute the superiority of wrestling over boxing. If wrestling be called the mere act of one man throwing another down; the science displayed, and the manner of doing it, may reasonably be supposed to excite the interest, and gratify the curiosity of the spectators; and this we have always supposed constituted an amusement. But if, on the same ground, we call boxing the mere act of one man beating another till he is disfigured with blood, and unable to stand, although science may be displayed in the performance, yet we are compelled to acknowledge it is a barbarous act, and we envy not the feelings of those who find any amusement in it.

There are some wiseacres who, as if they had studied the means of furnishing other men with reasons for denominating them—pshaw! the word is an ugly one, and we will leave our readers to *suppose* what it is—will gravely inform you, that wrestling injures a man more than fighting! Should we ask these geniuses for *reasons*, we should probably receive such an answer as Falstaff gave when pressed for them; "What, upon compulsion! no; if reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason on compulsion!" In many prizes, the victor generally vanquishes five or six opponents; and probably wrestles some hundred falls within the year. In fighting, one opponent is generally sufficient for two or three months; and we would suppose one hundred a tolerable supply for life for any ordinary man. In wrestling, the man who is thrown is ready for another trial the next *minute*; in fighting, the beaten man has often more occasion for a chaise to convey him home, a doctor to prescribe for him, and a nurse for a *week*.

In *science* only, will boxing and wrestling admit of any comparison:—and were we to substitute five or seven throws for one, which is all that is allowed in contending for a prize, we believe it would be difficult to assign the superiority to either. But the limited duration of a single fall renders a momentary advantage often decisive, which in a number, or in boxing, is in future guarded against; and

strength and size regain a certain preponderance, according as they are united with, or opposed to, science and action. Thus Richard Abbot, weighing little more than *eleven* stone, who won the prize at Keswick in 1821, undoubtedly threw two or three men upwards of *thirteen*, with whom he would stand no manner of chance three falls out of five: but who ever dreamt that Dutch Sam or Tom Belcher, though phenomena, could have beaten Jem Belcher or the Game Chicken! or that the Nonpareil Randall could beat Neat!

It may be urged that Dutch Sam beat several pugilists two stone above his own weight; and that Jem Belcher, under thirteen, beat Gamble, and was for some time the unrivalled champion of England. These instances, though convincing proofs of science and good manhood in boxing, do not entitle that exercise to claim any superiority over wrestling, in which such instances are by no means uncommon. If asked to produce them, we need only refer to Thomas Nicholson (about the weight of Jem Belcher) winning at Carlisle for three successsive years; James Fawcett, about eleven, winning at Melmerby for seven years; or to the circumstance of Thomas Todd, about twelve stone, throwing, at Carlisle, John Fearon, of Gilcrux, weighing seventeen, who possessed science enough to throw the celebrated Weightman; and, likewise, John Liddle, fourteen stone, an acknowledged first-rate wrestler. Nor is there any doubt, but any of these men, and numerous others we could mention, would vanquish, in any number of trials, men as far above their weight, and rating as high in point of science, as those beat by Sam, Belcher, or any other pugilist whatever.

The means of acquiring perfection in boxing and wrestling are equal. We often find light weights comparatively the best in either exercise; and men about thirteen, or between that and fourteen stone, the acknowledged champions! because these latter acquire *science* enough to throw, or beat lighter men; and are so much superior in that respect to very heavy men, as to render a few stones of no great importance. It is true, there may be some few exceptions; but James Belcher, Henry Pearce, John Gully, and many others, are undeniable evidences of the truth of the remark on one side; and Thomas Nicholson, William Richardson, and with these celebrated names we might, without egotism, quote our own, on the other: all of whom no twelve-stone man in the world was able to vanquish, except by mere accident. We could with propriety

Mitchell, during his hunting excursion, which lasted four days, killed four bucks and two large panthers.

THE OURANG OUTANG.

On the 5th of January, 1825, Dr. Abel read, in the Asiatic Society at Calcutta, some observations on the skin and some fragments (which had been presented to the Society) of an Ourang Outang, which had been killed on the coast of Sumatra, and which seems to have been the largest and most remarkable animal of this kind that has ever been seen by Europeans. It appears that an officer of the ship Mary-Anne-Sophia was on shore at a place called Ramboon, near Touromon, on the west coast of Sumatra, where he discovered the animal in a tree. He assembled his people, and followed him to a tree in a cultivated spot, on which he took refuge. His walk was erect and waddling, but not quick, and he was obliged occasionally to accelerate his motion with his hands; but with the bough of a tree he impelled himself forward with great rapidity. When he reached the trees his strength was shown in a high degree, for with one spring he gained a very lofty bough, and bounded from it with the ease of the smaller animals of his kind. Had the circumjacent land been covered with wood, he would certainly have escaped from his pursuers, his mode of travelling by bough or tree being described as rapid as the progress of a very fleet horse. But at Ramboon there are but few trees left in the midst of cultivated fields, and amidst these alone he jumped about to avoid being taken. He was first shot on a tree, and after having received five balls, his exertion was relaxed, owing, no doubt, to loss of blood; and the ammunition being about this time expended, they were obliged to have recourse to other measures for his destruction. One of the first balls probably penetrated his lungs, for immediately after the infliction of the wound he slung himself by his feet from a branch with his head downwards, and allowed the blood to flow from his mouth. On receiving a wound, he always put his hand over the injured part, and the human-like agony of his expression had the natural effect of exciting painful feelings among his pursuers. With the assistance of the peasantry, who seemed as amazed at the sight of the animal as the crew of the Mary-Anne-Sophia,

never having seen one before, although living within two days' journey from the vast and impenetrable forests on the island, they cut down the tree on which he was reclining exhausted; but the moment he found it falling, he exerted his remaining strength, and gained another tree, and then a third, until he was finally brought to the ground, and forced to combat his assailants, who now gathered very thickly round and discharged spears and other missiles against him. The first spear, made of a very strong, supple sort of wood, which would have resisted the strength of the strongest man, was broken by him like a carrot, and had he not been at this time in almost a dying state, it was feared that he would have severed the heads of some of the party with equal ease. He fell at length under innumerable stabs inflicted by the peasantry.

The animal is supposed to have travelled some distance to the place where he was killed, as his legs were covered with mud up to the knees. The hands and feet of the animal had great analogy to human hands and feet, only that the thumbs were smaller in proportion, and situated nearer the wrist-joint than the thumbs of human beings generally are. His body was well proportioned; he had a fine broad expanded chest and narrow waist. His legs, however, were rather short, and his arms very long, though both possessed such sinew and muscle as left no doubt of their power and strength. His head was well proportioned with his body; the nose was prominent; the eyes large; and the mouth larger than the mouth in man. His chin was fringed from the extremity of one ear to the other with a shaggy beard, curling luxuriantly on each side, and forming altogether an ornamental, rather than a frightful, appendage to his visage. The hair of his coat was smooth and glossy when he was first killed, and his teeth and whole appearance indicated that he was young, and in the full possession of his physical powers. He was nearly eight feet high. Dr. Abel has, with great care and ability, examined all the fragments of the animal presented to the Society. The height mentioned is a mere estimate by those who saw it alive; but the measurement of the skin goes far to determine this question. The skin, dried and shrivelled as it is, in a straight line from the top of the shoulders to the point whence the ancle has been removed, measures five feet ten inches; the perpendicular length of the neck, as it is in the preparation, three inches and a

half; length of the face, from the forehead to the chin, nine inches; and of the skin now attached to the foot, from the line of its separation from the body to the heel, eight inches,—measurements made by Dr. Abel himself; thus we have one foot ten inches and a half to be added to the five feet ten inches, in order to approximate his real stature, which would make seven feet eight inches and a half; but allowing the six inches and a half for the shortening that would result from the folding of the skin over the shoulders, and the height will then be full seven feet. This is the greatest ascertained height of any tail-less monkey on record, as may be gathered from the several notices which Dr. Abel has collected from different writers on man-like apes.

The skin itself was of a dark leaden colour; the hair a brownish red, shaggy and long over the shoulders and flanks.

It is observed, by Dr. Abel, that, of the small animals more particularly known in Europe under the designation of Ourang Outang, one is an inhabitant of Africa, the other of the East. Of both, several living specimens have been seen in Europe, but all were of small stature, and very young, never exceeding three feet in height, or as many years of age. These animals were long considered as varieties of the same species, although, in point of fact, they are very distinctly separated by external character and anatomical distinctions. The African animal being always black with large ears, the Eastern specimens as invariably having reddish brown hair, and very small ears; the former also being unprovided with sacs communicating with the windwipe, whilst they are always found in the latter.

HAWKING.

A VERY interesting exhibition of this species of amusement, which in olden times was so favourite a sport in England, took place, on Thursday, October 7, 1824, in the neighbourhood of Amesbury, and was witnessed by a numerous field of sporting gentlemen and others attracted by curiosity. The hawks, six in number, were remarkably large and fine young birds; and their proprietor, Colonel Thornhill, directed the sport of the day, in the presence of Sir Hussey Vivian, Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. Mills, and numerous other gentlemen, who were invited on the occasion. The scene of action was an extensive field of turnips, in which it was known that there were partridges in sufficient number for the pur-

pose, and the ground was graced by several carriages containing ladies. The hawks were brought to the field by the Colonel's falconer and assistant, perching, hooded, upon a frame; the sportsmen and spectators were ranged on the outside of the field; a fine bird was then taken from the perch by the falconer, unhooded, and permitted to fly. The hawk immediately towered, and hovered over the field, with his eyes intently bent towards the turnip plants in search of prey; he beat over the ground with evolutions similar to those of a pointer upon the ground. After a few minutes had elapsed, Colonel Thornton ordered some boys to enter the field, for the purpose of disturbing the birds; and a partridge at length arose, which was instantaneously seen by the hawk, though at a great distance. The hawk darted after it and struck it to the earth, but the partridge recovering, flew as it were for protection amongst the spectators; here it was pursued by the relentless hawk and killed. The other hawks were afterwards severally let loose, and all but one of them killed a partridge each; some of the latter were pursued and killed out of the sight of the spectators; and it is highly worthy of remark that the hawks had been so well trained that they invariably returned to the falconer at his call; and when out of sight and hearing, he attracted them by throwing into the air a lure (something resembling a stuffed partridge). The above exhibition afforded a most gratifying specimen of this ancient and very curious sport. Several excellent coursing matches took place previous to the hawking.

SONG OF THE HUNTER THE MORNING OF THE CHASE.

John of Corinth.

"Warriors and chiefs! should the shaft or the sword."—*Byron.*

SPORTSMEN and friends! should a fence or a strain
Unhorse me in leading the pack o'er the plain,
Heed not my carcass, though wounded it bleeds,
But bury your spurs in the flanks of your steeds.

Thou who art whipping the hindmost to-day,
Should the hounds ever turn from pursuing the prey,
Let the fox tear my whip-hand, and scatter my pride,
Mine be the doom which they dared not abide.

Farewell to croakers, but never we flinch,
Heirs of my spirit, back not an inch:
Full grown is the red brush, glorious the way,
Or honoured the fall which awaits us to-day.

FIGHT BETWEEN THE LION NERO AND SIX DOGS, AT WARWICK.

THIS extraordinary exhibition, which had been so long announced, and upon which so much doubt had been thrown, took place, on Tuesday evening, July 26, 1825, according to appointment. The lion arrived in Warwick, the den in which the combat was to take place had been erected, and there was every indication of Mr. Wombwell carrying his purpose into effect. Still the singularity of the spectacle was such, that a vast number of persons looked upon it as a mere hoax; and, however anxious they might be to witness such a scene, they resolved not to run the hazard of disappointment. To this circumstance may be attributed the absence of many persons who would otherwise have flocked to the town.

Among other causes of doubt, was the whispered determination of the Mayor to interpose his "brief authority." It was said he associated himself with Wheeler, Mr. Martin's secretary, but after their joint research into ancient and modern statutes, they were unable to discover one applicable to the case in question. The opinion of Mr. Allen, of Union-hall, was also taken, but he, too, was as much in the dark as the "wise men of Warwick," and could only refer to the common law authority for preventing a breach of the peace; an authority which, however it might apply to a fight between two men, had no reference to the approaching contest.

During the discussion, Mr. Wombwell went on steady in making his arrangements, issued his bills, and prepared his tickets of admission, which were of various prices, from three sovereigns to half a sovereign.

The place chosen for the combat was the factory-yard in which the first stage was erected for the fight between Ward and Cannon. This spot, which was, in fact, extremely well calculated for the exhibition, was now completely enclosed. Two sides of the yard were formed by high buildings, the windows of which looked upon the area, and the vacant spaces left were now filled up by Mr. Wombwell's collection of wild beasts, which were openly exposed in their respective cages, on the one side, and by paintings and canvass on the other, so that, in fact, a compact square was formed, which was securely hidden from external observation. There was but one door of admission, and that was next the town.

The Fight between the Lion WALLACE & the dogs TINKER & BALL in the Factory Yard in the Town of Warwick.

Upon the tops of the cages seats were erected, in amphitheatrical order; and for accommodation here, one guinea was charged. The higher prices were taken for the windows in the factories, and the standing places were ten shillings each.

The centre of the square was occupied by the den—a large iron cage, the bars of which were sufficiently far asunder to permit the dogs to pass in and out, while the caravan in which Nero was usually confined was drawn up close to it. The den itself was elevated upon a platform, fixed on wheels, about four feet from the ground, and an inclined plane, formed of thick planks, was placed against it, so as to enable the dogs to rush to the attack.

The dogs, six in number, arrived in Warwick on the Friday previous, and attracted a good deal of curiosity. They took up their quarters at the Green Dragon, where they held a levee, and a great number of persons paid sixpence each to have an opportunity of judging of their qualities, and, certainly, as far as appearance went, they seemed capable of doing much mischief. They were thus distinguished by names:—1. Turk, a brown coloured dog.—2. Captain, a fallow and white dog, with skewbald face.—3. Tiger, a brown dog, with white legs.—4. Nettle, a little brindled bitch, with black head.—5. Rose, a brindle-pied bitch.—6. Nelson, a white dog, with brindled spots.—One of them, Turk, had already been engaged in combat with another dog larger than himself, whom he had killed, and he bore a severe mark of punishment on the back of his head, which was almost scalped.

On Tuesday morning several persons were admitted to the factory to see the preparations, and at about ten o'clock the dogs were brought in. They seemed perfectly ready to quarrel with each other, but did not evince any very hostile disposition either towards Nero, who, from his private apartment, eyed them with great complacency, or towards the other lion and lioness by whom they were surrounded, and who, as it were, taunted them by repeated howlings, in which Nero joined chorus with his deep and sonorous voice. The dogs were in the care of a Mr. Edwards, John Jones, Wm. Davis, and Samuel Wedgbury, a well-known dog-fancier in London. These persons said they were employed by the gentlemen who made the match; but the names of these gentlemen, if any such persons existed, were kept a "profound

secret," although it was said, that no less a sum than five thousand pounds depended upon the issue. With regard to Nero, a more beautiful or majestic animal has, perhaps, never been seen in this country. He seemed the very pride of his species, and there was a nobility and good-nature on his countenance which prepossessed every person in his favour.

Nero was stated to measure eleven feet from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail; and his proportions were in other respects large. He was five years of age in January last, was born in Edinburgh, and was so docile, as to permit his keeper to enter the den in which he was and play with him with perfect safety. The intention of exposing such an animal to torture naturally produced severe comments; and, among other persons, a Quaker, living in the town of Warwick, waited upon Mr. Wombwell, on Tuesday morning, with the following letter, which he said he had received from a friend, twenty miles from the town:—

"I have heard, with a great degree of horror, of an intended fight between a lion that has long been exhibited by thee, consequently has been long under thy protection, and six bull-dogs. I seem impelled to write to thee on the subject, and to entreat thee, I believe in Christian love, that whatever may be thy hope of gain by this very cruel, and very disgraceful exhibition, thou wilt not proceed. Recollect that they are God's creatures, and we are informed, in the Holy Scriptures, that not even a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice; and as this very shocking scene must be to gratify a spirit of cruelty, as well as a spirit of gambling, (for it is reported that large sums of money are wagered on the event of the contest,) it must be marked with divine displeasure. Depend on it that the Almighty will avenge the sufferings of his tormented creatures on their tormentors—for though he is a God of love, he is also a God of justice, and I believe that no deed of cruelty has ever passed unpunished. Allow me to ask thee how thou wilt endure to see the noble animal thou hast so long protected, and which has been in part the means of supplying thee with the means of life, mangled and bleeding before thee. It is unmanly—it is mean and cowardly to torment any thing that cannot defend itself—that cannot speak to tell its pains and sufferings—that cannot ask for mercy. Oh! spare thy poor lion the pangs of such a death as may, perhaps, be his. Save him from

being torn to pieces—have pity on the dogs that may as likely be torn by him. Spare the horrid spectacle—spare thyself the suffering that I fear will reach thee, if thou persist. Show a noble example of humanity. Whoever has persuaded thee to expose thy lion to the chance of being torn to pieces, or of tearing other animals, are far beneath the brutes they torment—are unworthy the name of men—unworthy of being ranked among rational creatures. Suffer thyself to be entreated for thy own sake; whatever thou mayest gain by this disgraceful exhibition will, I fear, prove like a canker-worm among the rest of thy substance. The writer of this most earnestly entreats thee to refrain from the intended evil, and to protect the animals in thy possession from all unnecessary suffering. The practice of benevolence will afford thee more true comfort than the possession of thousands. Recommend the practice of benevolence to others, and always remember that He who gave life did not give it to be 'the sport of cruel man,' and that he will assuredly call man to account for his conduct towards his dumb creatures. Remember, also, that

> 'Cowards are cruel, but the brave
> Love mercy and delight to save.'

With sincere desire for the preservation of thy honour as a man of humanity, and for thy happiness and welfare, every way, I remain thy friend,

"S. Hoare."

However well meant this letter was—and that it arose in the purest motives of Christian charity no man could doubt—with Mr. Wombwell it had no effect. He looked at his preparations—he looked at his lion, and he cast a glance forward to his profits, and then shook his head. It must go on, said he—my lion was challenged—he must fight. I am pledged to the public, and they must be gratified. The Quaker added his own mild, and gentle, and friendly entreaties; but it was in vain, and he left the Factory, in the consciousness, at least, of having done his duty, but with a heart heavy with regret that he had not succeeded.

Mr. Wombwell's trumpeters then went forth, mounted on horses, and in gaudy array, to announce the fight, which was fixed to take place between five and seven in the evening. They travelled to Lcamington, and the adjacent villages; but to have

done good they should have gone still further, for all who ventured from a distance on speculation announced that those they left behind fully believed that their labour would be in vain.

With regard to the practice of lions fighting with dogs in this country, it has been in disuse for many years. Stowe, in his Annals, gives the following account of a battle which took place between a lion and three mastiffs, in the presence of James I. and his son Prince Henry:—

"One of the dogs being put into the den, was soon disabled by the lion, who took him by the head and neck, and dragged him about. Another dog was then let loose, and served in the same manner; but the third being put in, immediately seized the lion by the lip, and held him for a considerable time, till, being severely torn by his claws, the dog was obliged to quit his hold, and the lion, greatly exhausted by the conflict, refused to renew the engagement, but taking a sudden leap over the dogs, fled into the interior part of his den. Two of the dogs soon died of their wounds, the third survived, and was taken great care of by the Prince, who said, 'he that had fought with the king of beasts, should never after fight with an inferior creature.'"

In 1610 there was an attempt of the same kind. On that occasion a bear and lion were first put together, but they refused to quarrel; a second lion was added, but still peace was the order of the day; a horse was now put in, but the whole four eyed each other with good humour: at last, six mastiffs were turned loose, when, to the surprise of all, they fastened on the horse as the most prominent object, and took no notice of the lion and bear. The keepers then entered the pit, withdrew the dogs, and returned the lion and bear to their dens without further mischief. Previous to that period, the *Bear Garden*, as it was called, exhibited various combats of this sort, to which the highest people in the country resorted. The ancient history of the Romans affords numerous instances in which lions were introduced in their games, but then they were rather the objects of attack by men than by animals; and we are told that Pompey, in his second consulship, exhibited at once five hundred lions, all of which were despatched in five days. Pepin the Short, the first king of the second race of French monarchs, gave a proof of his strength by cutting off the head of a lion himself, and at his court, as well as at those of

his successors, nothing was more common than lion fights, in which bulls, dogs, and men were opposed to them. There is this distinction, however, between these lions and Nero: they were caught in toils in a wild state, for the express purpose of combat, while poor Nero was born in domestic retirement, without ever having had to look for a dinner, or to cope with an enemy. The novelty of his situation alone, therefore, was sufficient to excite a feeling of sympathy in his favour, and to lead to a general hope that he might conquer his tormentors. It was stated that he had been tried only once—a bull bitch having been let go at him. He then caught the aggressor by the neck, and it is thought would have bitten off her head, had not his keeper interfered and induced him to let go his hold, by throwing him a piece of beef. The bitch was withdrawn very little injured.

The Germans, as late as down to the middle of the last century, were much addicted to sports of this same kind, and Dr. Burney, in his *Musical Tour* (1770), gives a translation of a curious bill which he saw of such an exhibition at Vienna:—1st, there was "a wild boar to be baited;" 2dly, "a great bear to be torn by dogs;" thirdly, "another boar to be baited by very hungry dogs, defended by iron armour;" and lastly—to use the words of the exhibitor — the spectacle would conclude thus, "a furious and hungry bear, which has had no food for eight days, will attack a wild bull, and *eat him alive* upon the spot; and, if he should be unable to *complete* the business, a wolf will be in readiness to *help* him."

Another anecdote relates to a nobleman of the Milanese, who delighted in fighting wolves, &c. with dogs, suggested the ground, probably, of a laughable drama, called *The Bear and the Pacha*, which was first acted in France, and at most of our minor theatres, about three years ago. The story is related very tediously by an old Italian novelist; but the catastrophe is striking. Three peasants, carrying a large bear in a caravan from Genoa to Castello Sorbente, are stopped by a party of banditti, who suppose that the machine contains treasure. Finding only the bear, and learning from the carriers that it is sent from Archangel to the Marquis Marialva, they resolve to indemnify themselves for their disappointment by robbing the chateau of his grace. Accordingly, the peasants are detained; the bear is killed and flayed; and one of

the gang causes himself to be sewed up in the skin. On arriving at Castello Sorbente, the Marquis is from home—this the rogues knew, and have laid their account accordingly. The supposed bear is delivered in his cage—the domestics being afraid almost at the sight of him—and placed for security, until the lord comes home, in the vestibule of the chateau. In the night, when all seems safe, he lets himself out of the machine, and proceeds to admit his companions; but, crossing through the garden for this purpose, without adverting to what may affect him in his assumed character, he is seized by wolf-dogs, who are loose in the grounds at night, and, before his cries can bring assistance, torn in pieces as a bear.

The following were the conditions under which it was agreed the present combat was to be decided:—

1st, Three dogs at once to be slipped at him.

2d, If one or more of them turn tail, he or they to be considered as beaten, and no one of the other remaining three to be allowed to attack him until twenty minutes shall have expired, in order to give the lion rest; for he must be allowed to beat the first three, one by one, or as he may choose, before the remaining three shall be started.

After the expiration of the stipulated time, the remaining three dogs to start according to the foregoing rules, and be regulated as the umpires shall adjudge.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE COMBAT.

At five o'clock the spectators began to arrive at the factory, and to pay for their admission; but the number was by no means commensurate with Mr. Wombwell's expectations. A vast number were collected, who would willingly have paid their half-crowns or crowns, but the favours of these customers were positively refused. Shortly before seven there might be about six or seven hundred persons present in all the departments of accommodation, and these mainly consisted of the gentlemen resident in the neighbourhood. It was amusing to see with what anxiety those seats were chosen which were most distant from the lion, from an apprehension that the unfortunate animal might break forth, and take revenge on his tormentors.

At seven o'clock, Mr. Wombwell, having made the necessary

disposition of his customers, announced his intention to begin, and immediately proceeded to enter the den, which he was enabled to do with perfect facility through the railings. His appearance was hailed with applause. The shutters which had been put in front of Nero's caravan were then removed, and discovered a man confined with him. The noble animal threw a sort of placid and inquiring look around, but seemed quite unconscious of the scene in which he was about to form so prominent an actor. The bars which separated the caravan from the den were then lifted up, and Nero went into the latter to join his master, who, like a second Daniel, walked about with great gravity, armed only with a small switch. The applause was now renewed, and the band of music struck up "Rule Britannia." It was now ten minutes after seven, and the spectators began to manifest a little impatience. Mr. Edwards was then desired to bring forth his dogs, and he immediately came forward with the three which were to make the first assault. They were all confined with collars and iron chains. Edwards himself held Turk, a brown coloured dog, weighing about thirty-six pounds. This was the animal which had been fighting another dog, and its head was severely lacerated and much swelled. Wedgbury held Captain, the fallow white dog, which weighed about fifty pounds, and Davis handled Tiger, the brown dog with white legs, which weighed nearly sixty pounds. Turk was a thorough-bred bull, and the other two were half-bred between a bull and a mastiff.

The men took their stations at the bottom of the inclined platform leading to the cage, and in front of the lion, whose attention was immediately attracted by the barking and anxious stretching of the dogs, endeavouring to break loose to commence the attack. At this time Mr. Wombwell remained in the den, and it was not till repeatedly called to by the crowd that he came out, and left Nero alone.

THE FIRST ASSAULT.

The words "let go" were now given, and the dogs were brought half way up the platform, while Nero crouched at full length with his face towards them, and his paws straight before him, but there was nothing of hostility in his look, nor did he seem to apprehend any danger. At last Turk was let slip, and with the rapidity of

lightning he rushed up the platform, through the bars, and directly into the lion's mouth, which was opened to receive him. Captain and Tiger were instantly with him, and seizing Nero by the nose, forced him to rise, and thus extricated Turk, who did not seem to have received any injury. Nero now turned round to evade his assailants, and for a moment freed his head from their attack; but Turk rushed to his front, and dashing at his under lip, seized it with a firm grasp. Captain and Tiger came up to his assistance, and followed his example; but Nero pawed them off and struck his talons into their hides, and then making another desperate effort, once more extricated himself—roaring with affright and pain. Turk, however, was not to be shook off, and with the most dauntless courage he darted at Nero's nose, and succeeded in making a pin, while Captain caught his lip. Tiger also made a rush, but he caught rather at the shaggy main of Nero, than at the nose, and while in this situation, he received a severe slap on the head from Nero's paw, which made a deep incision; he instantly retired to a respectful distance, and contented himself with loud barking, while his more courageous companions continued the attack. Nero broke away, and got to the corner of the den, and if he could have escaped he no doubt would, for it was clear he was acting only on the defensive. He never once attempted to bite his assailants, or he must have instantly rendered them powerless. Turk returned to display his uncommon game, and repeatedly pinned the lion. He was well seconded by Captain, but both received severe scratches on the heads and shoulders, and it frequently happened that while one was held by the crook of Nero's claw, which fastened in the ear or skin, the other continued bravely to attack. In vain did Nero endeavour to free himself from his assailants, they continued their attack, till at last Turk got himself into such a position, that Nero actually laid upon him and held him down with his paw, while he paused for wind. The dogs were also winded, and Captain stood at bay for a few seconds—while Tiger, who proved to be a complete cur, was pulled off the stage. Captain was now encouraged to renew the attack, and he once more darted at Nero's nose. Nero jumped up, and roared with pain, and Turk was set free, and again rushed to the assault. Nero retreated, but was pursued, and as he sat on his haunches, he was repeatedly bitten by Turk and

Captain, in spite of his exertions to put them off with his paws, in which exertion he frequently struck his claws into their skin, and inflicted deep wounds. Nero once more broke away, but was still closely pursued, and more especially by Turk, who, although reduced to a shocking state from the opening of the wounds in his head, and the infliction of new scratches, rushed to his antagonist's nose, and repeatedly held his under lip in his teeth. Captain was also engaged with great courage, but at this period of the battle he received such a scratch on the side of the head that he made up his mind to retreat, and bolting through the railings, was caught by Wedgbury, and, having turned tail, he was not permitted to return. Turk was now alone with Nero, and was still undismayed; he followed him from corner to corner, and renewed the attack, till at length Nero again got him under his paw on the stage, and held him for some time in a quiescent state. Mr. Wombwell, who seemed greatly agitated, now mounted the side of the den, to encourage Nero, who regarded him, as we might almost say, with an upbraiding look. Turk at this instant extricated himself from his confined position, and, mangled as he was, renewed the assault, while the spectators cried, "Shame, take him away." Nero, still unconscious of his power, retreated on the defensive, and roared with pain, and at last Edwards, watching an opportunity, seized Turk by the leg, and drew him out, although still disposed to continue the fight, and immediately claimed the victory for the dogs in consequence of the lion having "turned tail." The majority, however, was against so quick a conclusion of the sport, and Nero was destined to sustain another and more ferocious attack, while every care was taken of Turk, who certainly displayed unparalleled bravery from first to last. The assault lasted eleven minutes.

Poor Nero enjoyed a cessation of hostilities—his lips and nose exhibited several marks of the teeth of his assailants, and he was a little distressed, but still there was nothing of anger in his looks, no lashing of his sides with his tail, nothing of that loud roaring which natural history describes as indicative of the passion of his species.

Mr. Wombwell now came forward and entered the den amidst loud huzzas. Nero scarce noticed him till he procured some water in a tin vessel, which he held to him to lap, and the remainder of

which he threw in his face. The quietness with which the poor animal conducted himself at this moment gave additional evidence of the natural docility of his disposition, and of the fact of his anger never having been roused. After Mr. Wombwell had retired, he walked about for a short time, and then lay down to rest.

The attention of Mr. Wombwell was next called to the entrance of a vast crowd which had broken into the factory at a vulnerable point next the race-course. They all rushed towards the centre of the area, but Mr. Wombwell having called together his men, he commenced an attack upon the intruders, and succeeded in driving the greater part of them back, administering to many of them severe chastisement as they retired. It was a matter of surprise that a mob so immense could have been kept in subjection by so small a force. Had a similar occurrence taken place in London, it would have been impossible to have resisted the rush of the populace. The time occupied by this *fracas* gave additional advantage to Nero, who thus obtained upwards of twice the time which it was stipulated he should have between the assaults. At length there was a general cry of "Time! time!" and Mr. Edwards received instructions to bring forward his second set of dogs. The dogs were immediately brought forth: Nettle, a brindled bull bitch, weighing thirty-two pounds; Rose, a brindle-pied bull bitch, with only one eye, weighing thirty-four pounds; and Nelson, a large white dog, between a bull and a mastiff, weighing seventy pounds. All these dogs were allowed to be better than the first set, and it was therefore pretty certain that Nero, contrary to the sanguine expectations of Mr. Wombwell, would be conquered. Still it was imagined by some that the repetition of attack would call forth his energies more decidedly, and that, by the full exertion of his natural powers, he might yet be successful.

SECOND ASSAULT.

Shortly before eight the new assailants were placed on the platform, held, as before, by iron chains till the words "Let go" were given. They manifested the greatest impatience to commence the attack, while Nero, roused by their hollowings, stood in the centre of the den, regarding them with a stedfast look. Nelson was first let loose, and in a second he caught poor Nero by the

nose. Nettle and Rose followed, and as quickly made for the same point. Nero roared terrifically, and, as before, endeavoured to paw them off. He succeeded with some little difficulty, inflicting some severe scratches. He then ran round the bars, as if endeavouring to find an avenue for escape; but the dogs followed him, and, rushing to his front again, seized him in the tender place. Rose endeavoured to catch him by the tongue, but only seized his lip. Once more did Nero shake them off, inflicting sundry wounds with his talons, and the dogs were bleeding in various parts of their heads and bodies. Nero pursued his retreating system, and ran round the den, amidst cries of "He's beaten, he's beaten!" At this moment he was bleeding profusely from the nose and mouth; and the seconds of the dogs, watching an opportunity, drew them out, and insisted that they had won. Mr. Wombwell denied that his lion was beaten, and an appeal was made to the umpires; but there appeared to be only one in attendance. A good deal of mock or real altercation followed, and, at last, it was agreed there should be a

THIRD ASSAULT.

And the dogs were for the last time led to the platform, all eager for the affray, and in no respect dismayed by Nero, who, in fact, had only continued his defensive system, making no use whatever of his teeth, and using his paws only to push off his determined assailants.

The dogs, at the signal given, made a simultaneous rush, and at the same instant seized the unhappy Nero by the nose, pinned him at once to the floor. Nero succeeded for a moment in shaking them off, but this tended only to increase his own punishment, for they returned to the assault with renewed ferocity, again pinned him at the same instant, and dragged him in an exhausted state close to the railings, where he roared with agony. The victory of the dogs was now evident to all, and Mr. Wombwell admitted himself that his lion had no chance. The moment this admission was made, the dogs were taken away, and Nero was left alone. The poor fellow stood up evidently worn out in spirit and body; the blood flowed copiously from his wounds, and as he paced slowly backwards and forwards, he seemed to be in terror every moment lest the attack should be renewed. Mr. Wombwell,

whose mortification was sufficiently apparent, again entered the den with water, which he threw over the lion's head—a ceremony which rather increased than diminished his alarm. A short time was then allowed to elapse, to permit the crowd to view the effects of the battle, after which the caravan was drawn to the side of the den, and the door of communication having been opened, Nero, with alacrity, took refuge in this sanctuary, which was immediately closed. The last two assaults did not occupy more than five minutes.

OBSERVATIONS.

It was evident throughout that the domestic state in which the lion had been brought up, completely disqualified him for combat. He had no confidence in himself, and may be said rather to have resisted persecution than to have fought the dogs. As an exhibition, it could only be considered as an experiment, and from the want of courage on the part of the lion, the interest was greatly diminished.

With the exception of Turk, the dogs are all doing well, although they bear strong marks of the mischief which their noble antagonist might have done, had he been conscious of his powers. Turk has been dreadfully mangled, and can scarcely survive. For the other dogs, with the exception of Tiger, large prices have been offered, and no doubt their fame will enable their proprietors to bring them to a good market.

It was nine before the whole of the ceremonies were concluded.

SECOND LION FIGHT BETWEEN WALLACE AND SIX DOGS.

Mr. Wombwell's assertion that the lion he had to produce on Saturday, July 30, was unlike the lion Nero, which was beat by two leashes of dogs last week, was verified in real earnest. Wallace, the animal for this day's sport, appeared as wild as if just caught in a forest, and will let but one or two known to him as feeders approach him, and that only when he is in a very good temper.

Wallace, the lion, was whelped at Edinburgh, in September, 1819, and weighs about four hundred pounds, and carries mischief in his looks. Warwick was not so full as was expected from the

nothingness of the late combat, but, towards eight o'clock, the factory-yard was well attended. The lion was turned from his den on to the same stage where Nero fought. The match was under the following conditions:—

1st, Three couples of dogs to be slipped at him, two at a time.

2dly, Twenty minutes, or more, as the umpires should think fit, between each attack.

3dly, The dogs to be handed to the cage once only. Their names were Tinker, Ball, Billy, Sweep, Turpin, and Tiger.

Umpires—Mr. Phillips, of Shrewsbury, and Mr. Rainford, of Liverpool. Messrs. Edwards and Wedgebury seconds to the dogs.

THE FIGHT.

In the first round, Tinker and Ball were let loose, and both made a gallant attack; the lion, by their barking, having waited for them, as if aware of his foes. He showed himself a forest lion, and fought like one. He clapped his paw upon poor Ball, took Tinker in his teeth, and deliberately walked round the stage with him as a cat would a mouse. Ball, released from the paw, worked all he could, but Wallace treated his slight punishment by a kick now and then. He at length dropped Tinker, who crawled off the stage as well as he could. The lion then seized Ball by the mouth, and played precisely the same game with him, as if he had actually been trained to it. Ball would have been out and outed there and then, but his second got hold of him through the bars, and hauled him away. Betting, 5 to 4 on the lion at setting-to, was now 2 to 1.

Bout 2. Turpin, a London, and Sweep, a Liverpool, dog, made an excellent attack, but it was three or four minutes before their seconds could get them to fasten. Wallace squatted on his hinder haunches, and placed himself erect at the slope where the dogs mounted the stage, as if he thought they dared not approach. The dogs, when on, fought gallantly, but both were served out in less than a minute after the attack; and, however game, maiming took it out of them. The London dog bolted as soon as he could extricate himself from the lion's grasp; but Sweep would have been killed on the spot had he not been released, and bolted also. Some murmured that the dog Sweep had a right to go on again.

The umpires said no. It was only a genteel wrangle, for the dog could scarcely have been dragged on. It was now all the pictures in Warwick-Castle to the broken casements of the factory on the noble Wallace, who, however, was supposed to have shyed the dogs, but it was thought otherwise, and that two or three hours a day at the best dogs in the country (coupled) would be merely amusement.

A secret committee was now held in the factory amongst the owners of the canines. Wedgebury, the purveyor of the London dogs, said, with more energy than elegance, that he would not bring his dog Billy to the scratch. Edwards had got his dog Tiger ready, and said, "Why, you would disappoint the gemmen, would you?" This seemed to have an impression on Wedgebury, who untied Billy, casting a most piteous look upon the wounded dogs around him. Billy was brought to the scratch, and was more willing than his master, who was obliged to let him loose. Both went to work. Wallace fancied Billy, grasped him by the loins, and, while shaking him, Tiger, his *pal*, run away. Wedgebury sung out, "There, you see now, you've *gammoned* me to have the best dog in England killed." He was not exactly killed, but bit an inch or two deep in the loins only. The people departed satisfied that neither Wallace nor his master had hoaxed the public.

Several well-dressed females witnessed the exhibition from the upper apartments of the factory.

LION FIGHT AT VIENNA.

THERE was a lion fight, in the amphitheatre at Vienna, in the summer of 1790, which was almost the last permitted in that capital, the Emperor Leopold having, a few weeks afterwards, suppressed altogether the exhibition of animal combats in his dominions. The amphitheatre at Vienna embraced an area of from eighty to one hundred feet in diameter. The lower part of the structure comprised the dens of the different animals. Above those dens, and about ten feet from the ground, were the first and principal seats, over which were galleries. In the course of the entertainment, a den was opened, out of which stalked, in free and ample range, a most majestic lion, and, soon after, a fallow deer was let into the circus from another den. The deer instantly

fled, and bounded round the circular space, pursued by the lion; but the quick and sudden turnings of the former continually baulked the effort of its pursuer. After this ineffectual chase had continued for several minutes, a door was opened, through which the deer escaped; and presently five or six of the large and fierce Hungarian mastiffs were sent in. The lion, at the moment of their entrance, was leisurely returning to his den, the door of which stood open. The dogs, which entered behind him, flew towards him in a body, with the utmost fury, making the amphitheatre ring with their barkings. When they reached the lion, the noble animal stopped, and deliberately turned towards them. The dogs instantly retreated a few steps, increasing their vociferations, and the lion slowly resumed his progress towards his den. The dogs again approached; the lion turned his head; his adversaries halted; and this continued until, on nearing his den, the dogs separated, and approached him on different sides. The lion then turned quickly round, like one whose dignified patience could brook the harassment of insolence no longer. The dogs fled far, as if instinctively sensible of the power of wrath they had at length provoked. One unfortunate dog, however, which had approached too near to effect his escape, was suddenly seized by the paw of the lion; and the piercing yells which he sent forth quickly caused his comrades to recede to the door of entrance at the opposite side of the area, where they stood in a row, barking and yelling in concert with their miserable associate. After arresting the struggling and yelling prisoner for a short time, the lion couched upon him with his fore-paws and mouth. The struggles of the sufferer grew feebler and feebler, until at length he became perfectly motionless, and it was concluded by all that he was dead. In this composed posture of executive justice, the lion remained for at least ten minutes, when he majestically rose, and with a slow step entered his den, and disappeared. The apparent corpse continued to lie motionless for a few minutes; presently the dog, to his amazement, and that of the whole amphitheatre, found himself alive, and rose with his nose pointed to the ground, his tail between his hind legs pressing his belly, and, as soon as he was certified of his existence, he made off for the door in a long trot, through which he escaped with his more fortunate companions.

THE LIONS AND THE HOTTENTOTS.

In Campbell's Journey to the Cape, he relates the following adventure:—

"When we approached the fountain we had come to examine, respecting its suitableness for a missionary station, two of our horsemen came hastily towards our waggon, and said they had seen some lions. We inquired how he knew it. He said he knew it by their faces: but, like all other Hottentots, he had good eyes, for not one of us could at that distance distinguish one feature in their countenances. On reaching us they informed us that two lions were crouching among the reeds below. All the waggons drew up on an ascent immediately opposite the place where they lay, and the wheels were chained, lest the roaring or appearing of the lions should terrify the oxen, and make them run off, which frequently happens on those occasions. Thirteen men then drew up within about fifty yards of the lions, with their loaded muskets, and we, who were only to be spectators, stood behind them, guarded by three armed men, lest the lions should either not be wounded or only slightly, and rush upon us. When all was in readiness, the men below poured a volley of shot towards the lions, when one of them, the male, made off, seemingly wounded slightly, but the other was disabled, so that it remained. The dogs ran towards her, making a great noise, but ventured no nearer than within five or six yards. On the second fire she was shot dead. She was a large and fat lioness, of a furious countenance, and was dragged from the reeds quite warm, and skinned directly. A bullet was found under the skin, within a few inches of the tail, which she must have received long ago, as the wound was healed.

"During supper, while talking of the feats of lions and lion-hunters, we heard a lion roaring at some distance, and soon after it was heard at no great distance behind our tent, which probably was the male lion come in search of his mate. If he found her carcass, the boors said, he would eat it; and asserted (what appeared very horrid) that the Boshmen often threw their children to the lions to preserve themselves, which had greatly increased the desire of these animals after human flesh, so much so that, were a lion to find a white man and a Boshman asleep to-

gether, he would take the latter and leave the former; at present these ferocious animals are said to kill more Boshmen than sheep.

"A lion one day seized a Hottentot by the arms, but his dog getting hold of the lion by the leg, he let go the man to follow the dog, by which means the Hottentot escaped. When a lion overcomes an ox, he carries him off on his back, but a sheep in his mouth.—Mr. Kircherer mentioned that, when his sexton and his wife were asleep under their waggon, and their little dog at their feet, a lion carried off the dog without injuring them."

GENERAL LOW AND A TIGER.

General Low, so celebrated during the late struggle for independence in Colombia, one day, whilst riding through a deep forest in that country, attended only by one orderly and a guide, fell in with a ferocious tiger, in the act of quenching his thirst in an adjoining stream. The animal, in attempting to return to the jungle, was pursued by the General at full speed, who at the same time snatched his orderly's lance, and commenced a furious attack. The sensation excited for his safety at this moment was indescribable on the part of his companions, for although the General succeeded in passing his lance through the tiger, the infuriated animal fastened upon the horse, and brought both him and his rider to the ground, and the tiger was at length despatched by the joint sabres of the General and his orderly. The skin was presented to Mr. R. E. Hodges, of Springfield, Shropshire, who has it now in this country, amongst many other curiosities collected in Colombia.

This same officer, equally famed for horsemanship as boldness in the field, whilst in the above country, undertook, for a trifling wager, to swim his horse across the river Oronoco, opposite the city Angostura, which he effected at the imminent risk of being devoured by the numerous alligators that frequent that place. The distance is upwards of a mile, and the current so rapid, that few, if any one, even amongst the natives, (who are so expert in the water,) ever attempted a similar undertaking.

THE CANINE LANDING-NET.

The late Mr. S. Burns, of Tooley-street, Southwark, well

known as an excellent shot, was likewise one of the best fly-fishers in the kingdom. He had a pointer dog called Old York, which frequently was his most orderly companion in that sport; indeed, for years after his age prevented his displaying his merit in his own office, and as one of Mr. B.'s peculiarities was that of never using a landing-net, if a very heavy fish had entangled itself in the weeds, or the bank was particularly unfavourable, Old York would go in and, taking the fish behind the head, bring it out to his master unbruised, and generally without even breaking the tackle.

THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA AND HER PUG.

Baron Sutherland possessed a very handsome pug-dog, which Catharine the Great was perpetually admiring. The Baron could do no less than present it to the Empress, who graciously received it; and poor pug being continually crammed with luxuries he had never before tasted, actually died of repletion. The Empress, truly grieved at this event, said to one of her officers—"Go, take Sutherland, and let him be *flayed and stuffed*." In obedience to the despotic and imperial dame, away went the officer to the Baron's house, and with a face full of horror, repeated the commands of Catharine. The Baron felt rather awkward, for he knew that if she was determined to flay and stuff him, there was

no appeal. He prevailed on the officer to let him go to the Empress in a whole skin; and when the trembling Baron was announced and admitted to an audience, the Empress, on hearing of the ludicrous mistake, was ready to expire with laughter. She soon, however, dispelled the fears of the Baron, by telling him it was the *dead pug*, to whom she had given his name of Sutherland, and that she had ordered him to be flayed and stuffed, and not himself.

AMERICAN WIT.

THE following singular advertisement is copied from *The New London Connecticut Gazette:*—

THE SUBSCRIBER

Being determined not to move from this State, requests all persons indebted to pay particular attention to his

New definition of an *old* Grammar, viz.—

Present Tense.

I am	Thou art.	He is.
I am*	In want of money.	
Thou art†	Indebted to me.	
He is‡	Shortly to be authorised for the want thereof to take the body.	

Unless immediate payment is made, you must expect to take a lecture on my *new plural.*

The Subscriber offers for sale, at his store, two rods south of the Fish-market, the following articles, viz.:—

Solid Arguments.

Hot Oysters, Boiled Lobsters, Hams and Eggs, Butter and Cheese, &c.

Agitations.

Cider, Vinegar, Salt, Pickles, &c.

Grievances.

Pepper-sauce, Mustard, Cayenne-pepper, &c.

Punishments.

Rum, Brandy, Gin, Bitters, &c.

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* Andrew Smith. † Any one the coat fits.

‡ Hezekiah Goddard, Sheriff's Deputy.

Superfluities.

Snuff, Tobacco, Segars, Pomatum, &c.

Extraordinaries.

Sea-Serpents' Bones, Wooden Shoes, Water Witches, &c.

N.B. The above articles will be exchanged for

Necessaries, viz.—

Bank Bills at par, Crown, Dollars, Half ditto, Quarter ditto, Pistareens, Ninepenny-pieces, Fourpenny-half-penny ditto, or Cents.

Terms of payment.

One half the sum down, and the other half on the delivery of the articles.

Rudiments gratis, viz.—

Those indebted for	Arguments
Must not be	Agitated
Nor think it a	Grievance
If they should meet	Punishment
For calling for such	Superfluities
Nor think it	Extraordinary
That I find it	Necessary
To demand immediate	Payment.

The smallest favour thankfully received.

ANDREW SMITH.

New London, March 1, 1819.

THE WALRUS, OR SEA-HORSE.

IN June, 1825, a walrus, or sea-horse, was discovered on the rocks at Fierceness, on Eday, Orkney; and having been shot at and wounded by one of Mr. Laing's shepherds there, it took to sea, and was followed by him, and some others, in a boat. The man fired a second time, and had the good fortune to pierce the animal through the eyes; he now lay on the water apparently lifeless, but, upon the boat coming alongside, and one of the men catching hold of the fore-paw, the walrus made a sudden plunge, and carried the man to the bottom with him, and it was with difficulty, upon his rising to the surface, that he was got back to the boat. Another effective shot, however, enabled them to finish the animal, and they towed him ashore in triumph. The skin of the walrus, which is now dried, measures fifteen feet by fourteen feet:

and the tusks, which appear much worn at the ends, protrude from the head about twelve inches. The entire skull is in the possession of Mr. Scarth, Mr. Laing's factor, and is to be sent to the Edinburgh Museum. This is the first instance of any of those formidable inhabitants of the polar regions having been seen off the coasts of Great Britain.

THE DANGEROUS EFFECTS OF GAMING.

MANY years have elapsed since a young subaltern in a cavalry regiment was, by successive losses at the gaming-table, reduced to such a state of distress, as to resolve to go upon the highway. Accident seemed to favour his design, for he learnt that a certain Baronet, who had realized an immense property in India, and laid it out in landed estates in England, would, at a certain time, cross the country from ———, where he had been receiving his rents, to ———, and that he would have the money along with him. The officer accordingly succeeded in meeting him in a retired spot, and, stopping the carriage, demanded his money. The Baronet, noticing a certain gentlemanly air in the robber, presented his purse, watch, and a diamond ring, adding, "I think, young man, you are unaccustomed to this trade, which 'twere most desirable you should quit for ever." The robber, in anxious trepidation, but not uncourteously, returning this property, said that he must have the larger sum which was concealed in the bottom of the carriage. The Baronet at once acknowledged the accuracy of the highwayman's information, and without hesitation produced it, when the robber politely bowed, and ordered the carriage to proceed. The Baronet, however, expressing his conviction that some circumstances, of no common kind, had induced this flagrant breach of the laws, asked, as a favour, that he would grant him an interview at any future period. The officer readily answered, "that he could trust both life and honour in the veracity of Sir ———," and appointed the London Coffee-house, on Ludgate-hill, as the place of meeting, precisely at eight o'clock in the evening, a few days forward, stipulating that both parties should be unattended. As the day drew near, the Baronet felt somewhat uncomfortable at the solicited rencontre, and entrusted Colonel ———, whom he entreated to accompany him, with the circumstance, taking his solemn assurance that in no case would he divulge what he was, or might become ac-

quainted with. The Colonel, though he ridiculed the idea that a man who had robbed another of some thousands would so absurdly place his life in his hands, consented to go with him to the place of meeting. As the time advanced, his banters of the Baronet's credulity increased, until, St. Paul's clock striking eight, the door opened, and a gentleman inquiring for Sir ———, was shown into his room. Wine was ordered; a conversation on general topics ensued, and, at the close of an hour, the gentleman rose, evidently under the most severe feelings of embarrassment, which the Colonel seemed to partake, and politely took his leave. The Baronet hastened to accost his friend with, "Well, Colonel, what think you of my robber now? Is he not a gentleman?" The Colonel coolly answered, "So, sir, this is the highwayman! on my word he shall swing for it; he is a ——— in my own regiment." The Baronet now reminded the Colonel of his solemn word, saying, that for all the world he would not permit it to be broken, and desired to know what was the general tenor of the young man's conduct. The Colonel stated, that it would give him the greatest pain to lose him; that he was a most excellent and indefatigable officer, an incomparably affectionate husband and father; that he had but one vice, to which he attributed his destruction, viz. *gaming!* that he could not screen so flagrant an offender, and that the law, however painful to his own mind, must take its course. Sir ——— assumed a very serious tone, and stated that Colonel ——— must be personally answerable to him for any disclosure, adding, "as you have given the young man so high a character, except in regard to one point, suppose we try to reclaim instead of punish him; will you lend your assistance?" The Colonel expressed his readiness, but that the magnitude of the crime utterly precluded it. The Baronet continued, "Leave that to me; he went out in extreme, though suppressed, agitation, and not a moment must be lost: if you know his haunts, fly to save him, assure him not only of my forgiveness, but that, if he will pledge his word to forsake this dangerous vice, he shall hold what he has obtained of me as a gift, to which I will add whatever may be necessary to extricate him from any other trivial embarrassment." The Colonel set out, confident that he should find him taking his leave of his wife and family; and he made such good haste, that entering the apartments soon after the culprit, he found him surrounded by his family, and in an agony of despair.

The presence of his colonel convinced him that all was lost; and, falling on his knees, he supplicated, if possible, that his fame, not his life, might be spared, on account of his innocent and injured family. The surprise with which he received, after a severe lecture, the joyful intelligence of which the Colonel was the bearer, cannot be described. He returned with his commanding officer to ——— Square, where the Baronet received him as a repentant friend; and he has lived to repair his error, and be a distinguished ornament to society, civil and religious, as well as military. If he now survive, he is on the list of generals in the British army.

THE ADVANTAGES DERIVED BY THE USE OF THE DUMB-BELLS.

By Doctor Franklin.

In a letter to Governor Franklin, of New Jersey, dated London, August 19, 1772, we find this celebrated man's opinions on the value of exercise in the following terms:—

"In yours of May 14th, you acquaint me with your indisposition, which gave me great concern.

"The resolution you have taken to use more exercise is extremely proper; and I hope you will steadily perform it. It is of the greatest importance to prevent diseases, since the cure of them by physic is so very precarious.

"In considering the different kinds of exercise, I have thought that the quantum of each is to be judged of, not by time or by distance, but by the degree of warmth it produces in the body; thus, when I observe if I am cold when I get into a carriage in a morning, I may ride all day without being warmed by it; that if on horseback my feet are cold, I may ride some hours before they become warm; but if I am ever so cold on foot, I cannot walk an hour briskly without glowing from head to foot by the quickened circulation. I have been ready to say, (using round numbers, without regard to exactness, but merely to make a great difference,) that there is more exercise in *one* mile's riding on horseback than in *five* in a coach; and more in *one* mile's walking on foot than in *five* on horseback; to which I may add, that there is more in walking *one* mile up and down stairs than *five* on a level floor. The two latter exercises may be had within doors, when the weather discourages going abroad; and the last may be had when one is pinched for time, as containing a great quantity of exercise in a handfull of minutes.

"The dumb bell is another exercise of the latter compendious kind; by the use of it I have in forty swings quickened my pulse from sixty to one hundred beats in a minute, counted by a second watch; and I suppose the warmth generally increases with quickness of pulse."

THE BOY AND THE GOOSE.

LESLIE, in his Rehearsals, relates that a countryman, once upon a time, found a strange decay among his geese; he missed one every other night, and could not tell what had become of them; he suspected the fox, but it was one with two legs; for, watching one night, he saw a young fellow with one of his geese under his arm. The countryman pursued, the thief fled, and took his course up hill to a certain private academy; but the countryman kept so close to him, that he saw him go into his chamber, which he shut against him. The countryman then went immediately and fetched the master, when the scholar perceiving his danger, and not having time to kill the goose in form, found an effectual method to gag her. He tied a string about her neck, which having fastened to a nail he had without the window, as he heard the master and the rest coming, he threw out the goose and shut the window after her. Search was made in the room, but no goose was found; the scholar stood upon his innocence and accused the countryman of slander and malice; for, said he, if I had killed the goose, her blood or her feathers would appear; and if she were alive in the room, no doubt she would have cackled upon all this searching, and I could not have concealed her. The argument was strong, and the countryman could not answer it, but began to think himself mistaken; the master also chid him for bringing a scandal upon the academy, and so all went down stairs again, the countryman the last. The scholar then pulled in his goose, and having her under his arm, he softly called *Boh!* to the countryman, who looking about, the scholar said, "Here, you dog, do you know your goose?" Upon this the countryman called out to the master, and desired him to return, for that he now had seen his goose. The master being near the bottom of the stairs came up again, but the scholar having time to shut the door had disposed of his goose as before. Then fresh search was made, and more strictly but no goose could be found. The scholar then inveighed against the impudence of the countryman for abusing

the master, and bringing an affront upon the seminary. The poor farmer began to suspect his senses, and to think that he was in some enchanted place; so down they all went again. The second time the scholar pulled in his goose as before, and said softly to the countryman *Boh!*; showing him also the head of the goose. The man could not contain himself, but cried out with an oath to the master that he now actually saw the goose with his own eyes, and that the scholar had her under his arm. This brought up the master a third time, and not only the room and the trunks, but the scholar himself was searched and his very clothes stripped off; after which the master said, "Are you now satisfied, friend?" The countryman stood confounded and knew not what to say, but was still certain he had seen his goose; adding, that now he was sure there were not only thieves but wizards too, let them chop logic with him as long as they pleased. This so provoked the scholar that they hurried him to the pump, and gave him the discipline of the school, so that he was dismissed like a drowned rat to tell his adventures. Shortly after, the same hopeful scholar took another of the countryman's geese, and in walking off was met by the owner, to whom he showed the head of the bird, saying "*Boh!* Countryman, will you come to my chamber?" But the poor fellow, having renounced the devil and all his works, sneaked off, and suffered the plunderer to carry away his prize without even endeavouring to stop him.

BREEDING GAME-COCKS.

Copy of a Letter of Mr. TREGONWELL FRAMPTON, *celebrated for his judgement in sporting matters, written to* THOMAS CHAFIN, *in the year* 1687, *December* 1.

SIR,—Some body told me that you desired to have some hens of the true breed of Sourface; I have now sent you two that are undoubtable daughters to Sourface, and came out of two of my shitten-wing'd hens. If I had my health as formerly, I would not take £5 for them; for they are shitten-winged both of them. Pray, for my sake and your own, put them to a place where they may have their fill of meate, and then they will be fit to breed this next season. I would have you breed of them and your old Kingsmere cocks, a brood of each, after that put your shitten-winged, that is at Mr. Erles, that fought at Sarum, to them, and breed a brood of each of

them out of him. If it do fall out that you have chickens of the right shitten-winged colour, I desire you to bestow some of them upon me; when you have bred of the hens as much as you think fitt, I would have the hens again; I have no more of them that are so bred.

My distemper doth so severely follow me, that I doubt I shall not long be a sportsman. The best of my strain of cocks you may command when you please; I am sure you are willing to do yourself good, and are very capable of doing of it. When I am gone, I would have you divert yourself at cocking once or twice a year, that is, in February and April; be sure be your own matcher, and do not fight a cock that is poor and low in condition; if it is said that your cock is too high, venture that it is an errour of the right hand. And a cock that hath his due sparings, and only bread and water, cannot be in good condition, and must be weak. Sir Haswel Tynte, and the lovers of the sport, his neighbours, will join with you in sending in the cocks and feeding them, so that the expense will be inconsiderable.

Be sure you do not part with your best cocks to those that love the sport, for if you should they will have as good as you have, and will not desire your assistance, which must not be. Never distrust your own abilities in matching, you will be true to yourself, and, if you practise it, I do see no reason but that you may match as well as any man in England; you must take a special care to know the cock again you match against, and always make your match in another man's name, that you may be chosen matcher; if a cock falls of a match that you are not willing to fight, you may say they are not of a shape, and that the other is too long, or a better built cock, or that your cock is not in condition to fight, or a mere dunghill, or what else you are pleased to say.

As for feeding, your bread ought to be two days old before it be cut, and it will keep four days more in a moist place; the stale bread will serve to make hot meat, which must be made of the pith of the bread, and not too great meales given to a cock. Spare at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and take out of the stive at 4 in the morning. Make some good ale boyling hot, and pour it on your bread, that was cut the night before for that purpose. And by that time your cocks are taken out of the stive, the bread will be soaked enough. If there be any thing that you would be further informed

of, I will, if you ask me, acquaint you with it. I am, your kinds-man, and faithfull servant,

WILL FRAMPTON.

Postscript.—Sometimes your adversary in matching will handle his worst cocks a whole day against your best, and conclude no match with you; it is on purpose to hinder your cocks from their meat, and worry out your good cocks.

DEATHS OF CELEBRATED RACE-HORSES.

LORD Grosvenor's Pantaloon, by Matchem, about thirty years ago, killed himself accidentally by jumping about in his paddock, in Essex.

At an earlier date than the above, an Arabian imported at the price and expense of nearly one thousand pounds, was killed in Piccadilly, by a kick upon the testicles from a mare he was leaping.

Otho, sire of Dorimant, the best horse of his year at Newmarket, winning the whip from the famous Shark, had his thigh broken by a mare, and was shot by order of his proprietor, the late Lord Ossory, at Ampthill, by the gamekeeper, the gun being charged with a *candle*, in the presence of Mr. Gibbs, the seedsman, then a boy.

The horse called Witchcraft, worth £670, had his leg broken by the kick of a mare, and was shot in June, 1813.

In the same year, the stallion Wizard, by Sorcerer, worth £2000, killed himself by running against a bar in the stable-yard.

Poor Highflyer died in extreme agony, after some days of cruel suffering, from mere exhaustion of nature in excess of covering.

The fine brown and very speedy horse Stormer, by Goldfinder, contemporary with Highflyer, met his death by running against a tree, and beating his brains out. He had not begun to cover.

Shafto's famous Squirrel, son of Old Traveller, the speediest horse of his day, a remarkably short-legged horse, and with great ability to carry weight, after covering some years at a great price, was sold for a trifling sum, and run to death in a fish-cart on the western road!

Old blind Bosphorus, son of Babram, a king's plater of great

powers, after covering, was sold, at the first Tattersall's, to a quaker, for three guineas, to labour in a mill. *Sic transit gloria equina!*

The Duke of Hamilton's bay mare Crazy, in 1808, dropped down dead under the groom, in running a sweat, at Ashton, near Lancaster.

PUGILISM OF TIMES PAST.

Towers and Day—Humphries and Mendoza—Broughton.

By an old Sportsman.

I THINK it was in the year of our Lord 1779, I accompanied an old friend, an officer of the army, who had signalized himself in America, but had the misfortune to *pile his arms* with General Burgoyne, to Barnet, in order to witness the combat between *Towers* and *Day*, second or third rate bruisers of that period. We saw two sturdy, good-sized, and well-set fellows, stripped, who did not appear to have lost, by over-training, any great quantity of their sucking flesh. It might not be the fashion then, probably, to lay the muscles quite so bare as it has since been. There was little manœuvring at the set-to, but each seemed so extremely eager to have the honour of the first blow, and in fact they both hit so quick, and seemed so little solicitous on the score of defence, that the blow of one followed that of the other in the quickest possible succession. Nature seemed to have provided these milling smiths with good, solid, substantial, and effective sledge-hammers, with which they milled the nobs, breasts, ribs, and loins of each other in the heartiest good humour, seldom falling but from an actual knock-down blow, and continuing at this lock for about twenty minutes, in which interval, the English claret had flowed so freely, that never before or since, did I see two men so thoroughly and handsomely painted with the true blood red, from the crown of the head to the waistband. At that instant, and in that condition, they would have made a rare subject for a painter, and a rare picture for the room of an amateur. The men, not the most active of their class, fought in the old, right-earnest country style, in which to hammer seemed of far more consequence than to stop or parry: in fact, much after the same mode and degree of science, which I had witnessed ten years before, in Suffolk, in the school of Hugh Wright and Ripshaw. These fought on the old Brough-

tonian principles; but the glorious milling science was now about to receive signal improvement in point of skill, activity, and the means of defence, from the genius, boldness, and manly powers of an Anglo-Hebrew, destined by fortune to obtain and preserve a lasting pugilistic reputation.

It might be about five years subsequently to the battle between Towers and Day, that, walking in Cheapside one forenoon, with my friend above noted, we overtook *Humphries*. The breadth and substance of his shoulders, and capaciousness of his chest, his knees, and firm position upon his pins, struck me particularly. His height seemed rather under five feet nine, to the eye. My companion, himself a good bit of mutton, would speak to Humphries, and each tipped him a fore foot, as amateurs and friends, leaving him, after a little chat, with many good wishes, and speed to our next meeting. I said afterwards to my friend—this Humphries has certainly first-rate reputation, is no doubt a hard hitter, and equally able to stand against the milling of the heaviest fist, but I cannot help thinking, from the hue of his complexion, and his eye, that his constitution is inclined to the *turnippy* sort, and that he will not stand through those lengthened and distressing combats, in which our hardiest and stoutest boxers have distinguished themselves. He will never stand up to be bruised to a mummy, like old *Broughton*. Whether or not my conjecture were well grounded, or whether disease might not have affected the complexion of Humphries; and, lastly, whether or not my conjecture were really confirmed by the event of his last battle with *Mendoza*, I leave to other and better judges to determine. It is certain, however, that Humphries was singularly unfortunate in his conduct, and his very lofty pretensions, so soon doomed to be laid low—his *veni, vidi, vici*—"I have done the Jew," turned out horribly *mal-apropos*. But a thousand degrees worse still, his affectation of professional superiority towards Mendoza, in their last fight, when, on every successful hit of the latter, he paused, and said so ridiculously—"very well!—oh, very well, indeed!" which Mendoza mimicked afterwards with such cutting success, when Humphries began to fail, and to be obviously pinched; the Hebrew, cocking his eye with a truly ludicrous contempt, pointing with his finger to the falling champion, and repeating, "very well! ay, very well!" The ring felt the force of this, but the backers of Humphries did not

thence derive much comfort. It was evident the heart of Humphries sunk with mortification.

To conclude with old Broughton, now almost forgotten, he appeared to me, a heavy, thick, round-made, large-boned man, about the height of Humphries. To be sure, when I saw him last, he was in the vale of years, and had acquired some corporation. It might be about the year 1785, when attending a lady, to look at some household goods, which were to be sold by auction, in Walcot-place, Lambeth-road, a catalogue could not be procured, and seeing Broughton with one in his hand, I civilly requested the favour of him to permit the lady to look at a certain article in it; the old man replied, with a peculiar sullen asperity of countenance, quite his own, I believe,—"I want it myself;" turning his back upon me. At the instant, up started a little, pert, natty, humorous Jew broker, who, with real politeness, made the lady an offer of his catalogue, and casting an arch look at the old testy champion, who was still close to us, "ah, (said he,) Master Broughton, then you are a *bear* to-day;" alluding to the *bulls and bears* of the alley, where Broughton was well known to be daily jobbing with his property. He had long before left the ring, and lived independently on the property he had saved, and on an annuity which he enjoyed from his Royal master, the old or Culloden Duke of Cumberland, whom by the by, we used in former days to style *Duke William*, and to whom Broughton had been coachman.

A THEATRICAL CAT.

During the representation of the celebrated military spectacle of the siege of Valenciennes, some years back, at the Royal Amphitheatre, Westminster-bridge, one of the scenes exhibited an old woman sitting at her cottage window with a *cat*. To procure a living one sufficiently tractable to go through a part of some length, was attended with considerable difficulty. To the astonishment, however, of the whole company, about the third representation of the piece, a cat presented herself on the stage, as the curtain was rising, and by the mildness of her nature, promised to answer every thing that was wished.—Puss, as may be supposed, was therefore engaged with avidity, and after a little coaxing, consigned to the care of the old woman, who exhibited it at the cottage window, surrounded by water; and it is but justice to say, that

never was a first appearance on any stage honoured with more deserved applause. Board and lodging for so valuable a performer was immediately thought of, to retain her. Puss, however, at the end of the performance, was not to be found, and *paper* instead of *real catgut*, was about to be substituted for the grimalkin of the ensuing evening.—Strange to say, however, as the curtain drew up, puss was again on the stage, and went through her performance with additional *éclat!* In short, for two or three successive months, this animal, though never to be seen during the day, was on the stage at night, a few minutes before the spectacle began, and, the fact was attested by the proprietor, (then Mr. Astley, *jun.*) at the close of the house for the season was *seen no more!*

CRUELTY TO A HORSE.

THE first trial which occupied the attention of the court at the Suffolk Sessions, was that of Isaac Beard, a butcher, against whom a true bill was found at the summer sessions, for having, on the 6th of July, 1817, made an unlawful wager with one James Gladding, that he would ride a bay mare from his own house to the Bull, Whitechapel, and back again, a distance of 138 miles, in nineteen hours. The poor animal, worn out by violent exertion, died on its return, within a mile of Ipswich. It was proved in evidence, on behalf of Beard, that he had not made use of excessive whipping or spurring to urge the animal to proceed. Several witnesses gave him an excellent character for humanity and general good conduct. The Jury found him guilty, and the Recorder, in passing sentence, deprecated, in a feeling manner, the cruel usage so often inflicted on the brute creation, more especially that noble animal the horse; but said, in consideration of the contrition Beard had evinced immediately after the transaction, and the testimonies to his general good conduct, he should only adjudge him to pay the sum of £5 to the King, which having done, he was discharged.

NATIONAL COMBATS.

By the Shade of Wyndham.

I KNOW nothing more hostile to taste, good breeding, and to the furtherance of art or science, than to have the conduct of a public

print, or any literary work entrusted to a *Methodist*. I am led to this declaration by knowing that a well circulated provincial paper, formerly much distinguished for its turf intelligence, had become nearly rejected for the puritanical cant of its editor, which, as a sporting paper, should have been the last to have indulged in such a feature; and one of the leading daily papers of the present TIMES, after having sillily endeavoured to abuse as barbarous the science of pugilism, is at length obliged to retrace its steps, and give *(horresco referens!)* an account of a battle, driven to this dire necessity by the loss of its customers, and from the proprietors discovering that *methodism* was not equivalent to a diminution of sale.

The French on these occasions are not so silly as the English; they have never written treatises to prove the barbarism of the use of the small sword, in which they excel as much as an Englishman does in the use of his fists.

But were there no other public advantage arising from this art, the manner in which it has tended to civilize the inhabitants of the county of Lancaster, would be sufficient recommendation. In that county it was a general custom, whenever a battle was fought, for the party who could throw the other down, to beat, bite, and kick him with the wooden clogs worn by the common people, till he was taken up for dead. For this mode of fighting they had a name of their own, called *purring*. These cases occurred so frequently at their assizes, that one of the Judges informed them, in the next case that came before him, he should leave the criminal for execution, and that the by-standers, who stood quietly to witness and encourage such acts, would probably be involved in the guilt.

Even this declaration did not entirely stop so savage a custom. But when Gregson, one of their own countrymen, and Carter and Painter, went about Lancashire exhibiting the proper and more manly mode of attack and defence, then generally and for the first time began to disappear that barbarous system of mangling each other, and in which one instance occurred where a son actually kicked his father to death, and where the persons who had stood and witnessed the transaction, only observed, while the son stood up and the father lay dead, that "*young Jeffery had necked him!!*"

If they who have travelled through Lancashire, where the use of

ardent spirits is too frequent, and which too often has generated these disgraceful outrages, should now see any occasional fights that may occur there, conducted in a fair manly manner, they will have to attribute it entirely to the display of the proper Pugilistic Science, which allows no *unfair advantage* to be taken, and where every by-stander would assist in punishing the man who should attempt it.

Though the scenes of Waterloo have been succeeded by the "piping times of peace"—scenes where a Thorne, the single-stick man, and Shaw, the life-guardsman, evinced their prowess by destroying nearly a dozen of their enemies each in single combat—let us not forget that such scenes may, in the vicissitude of political interests, occur again; and should they do so, it will be wise in us to keep up a *breed of fighting men*, a school of national art, in which the English may again prove themselves the fair, open, good-natured conquerors of the world.

The fox-hunter, who thought it might hunt again, or the racer, who thought it might again train, would not be wise to lose the breed of his dogs or his horses, though he laid them aside for a time; shall we, then, in the great era of national defence, and on the subjects of national honour, be led to discountenance what has been our pride and our distinction, and by puritanical cants, delivered out of tubs and beer-barrels, from men who would groan us into happiness, and bellow us into eternal rest?

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Liston (on his benefit-night) in the Character of Lord Grizzle, sitting on an Ass.

By GEORGE COLMAN, *Esq.*

BEHOLD a pair of us! before the curtain,
A prettier couple can't be found, that's certain.
Sweet Billy Shakspeare, lord of Nature's glass,
Has said "then came each actor on his ass;"
And, since great Billy sanctions little Neddy,
I enter on my donkey, squat and steady.
But softly, on these boards I'm nothing new,
Here's a raw actor making his *debut*,
So let me introduce him, pray, to you.

Ladies and gentlemen, your kindness show me,
By patronising the poor thing below me.

He's a young Roscius, rising four, his line
(Though I'm not jealous) much the same as mine.
He'll top me in one character I play,
The part in X Y Z, called Neddy Bray.
He has refused a Scotch engagement proffered,
No less than twenty thistles, weekly, offered.
I throw him on your candour,—all his brothers,
Aunts, uncles, with their fathers and their mothers,
Are quite the rage;—the ladies (bless their faces!)
Bump themselves on them at the watering-places.

In short, without more ha'ing and more humming,
(Since there's a general election coming,)
If for this candidate your voice you give,
He'll be your faithful representative;
And prove as useful, in this best of nations,
As many of his near and dear relations.

As for myself, I've not a word to say;
I came, Lord Grizzle, on my grizzly gray,
To bring this acquisition to our corps,
Then, like a ghost, glide off and speak no more.
"I snuff the morning air;"—farewell!—I flee—
Cherish my Neddy, and "remember me!"

MAN COMPARED TO THE CHANGEABLE QUALITIES OF A BANK-NOTE.

A BANK-NOTE is issued—but we do not know how and by what process it is made. Man comes into the world, but previous to his birth we know nothing of him.

The note is made of old rags, the life of man hangs at a thread.

The note bears a water-mark, and has a peculiar number.—Man is distinguished by his countenance, and his days are numbered.

A bank-note has its respective value in trade—and so has man in society.

Bank-notes are more or less esteemed according to their representative worth in money;—and, in the same manner, men are more or less respected on account of their pecuniary worth.

The bank-note carries an occult sign of genuinity impressed upon it by its makers, but unknown to the rest of the world;—man has received from nature a particular character, which he sometimes can conceal or disguise so well that no one can detect it.

The note passes from hand to hand, circulates, and comes back to the bank, never to be issued again. So does man in the con-

fined circle of his life; and, when his race is run, he comes at last to the bank of the grave, from which he is never allowed to return.

But among bank-notes many prove worthless and false. Alas! this is too often the case with man!

EPITAPH ON ROBERT POYNTER, COACHMAN TO THE LEWES STAGE, WHICH HE DROVE FOR THIRTY YEARS, WITHOUT AN ACCIDENT.

By CLIO RICKMAN.

THOSE who excel, whatever line 'tis in,
Deserve applause, and ought applause to win.
POYNTER in *coachmanship* superior shone,
His *whip* his *sceptre*, and his *box* his *throne*;
Not skill'd alone the fiery steeds to guide,
For them in sickness, and in health provide,
He, by a thousand nice minutiæ knew
To win the restive, and the fierce subdue.
As man and master, punctual and approved
By those who knew him best, the best beloved.
Many's the time and oft, o'er Ashdown's plain,
Mid showers of driving snow and pelting rain;
When hurricanes bow'd down the lofty grove,
When all was slough beneath, and storms above;
And oft, when glowing skies cheer'd all the scene,
And threw o'er Sussex plains a gay serene,—
When now the anecdote, and now the song,
Beguiled the moments as we roll'd along,
Snug at his elbow have I mark'd his skill,
To rein the courser, and to guide the wheel;
And had he Phaëton's proud task begun,
To drive the rapid chariot of the sun,
Safe through its course the flaming car had run!

THE PUZZLER.

SOME circumstances of a very novel kind, in a case of arrest, occurred within the jurisdiction of the county of Norfolk. A foreigner of distinction, of strange figure and apparently of prodigious strength, arrived in Norwich. His habits were peculiar. Attended by horses, carriage and servants, he slept upon straw, and his food and manners were of the coarsest kind. Although one of a party which attracted much attention, he was himself the object of continual and earnest regard. His birth, age, character,

and acquirements were all most solicitously inquired after. But at length he was traced by the never-wearied pertinacity of the law, and, being known to be worth money, the sheriff was directed to seize him for a debt, which, in justice to him, be it said, he did not himself contract. Nevertheless the law itself was daunted by the demeanour of its destined victim; at the bare mention of his name, consternation sat upon the pale visages of its hardiest executioners; and, strange to tell, there was not an attorney in the place who would not have paid the debt rather than encounter him: the ferocity of his general manners, his astonishing strength, and the arms which he always wore about him, were all subjects of fearful apprehension. It was even thought that no place of confinement was adequately provided or sufficiently strong for his reception. Sheriff, under-sheriff, and sheriff's officers, alike declined to lay their delegated hands upon him. The Lord Mayor, Wood, himself, though he so boldly seized the London rioters, would have trembled; and in executing this writ, the Chancellor of England would have shrunk into a bailiff's follower. One man was found brave enough to declare his readiness to knock him down if it should be found necessary, and to transfer him to any custody if properly authorised. This offer was of course reserved for a last resort. By the intervention of a friend, however, the surrender was at last peaceably effected, and by the constancy of the same individual, the tremendous stranger was redeemed from the fangs of the law, and the joyful termination of this terrible adventure announced by the serenading of a band of music to the citizens of Norwich, who had taken a great interest in the matter. He had been so much visited before this event, that the edge of anxiety was blunted; and they who had been introduced made few second calls, for they knew that they might be likely to pay for their curiosity. Anticipating this, it was decided that the distinguished foreigner should set off to receive the congratulations of some friends who were expecting him at Yarmouth, and who, no doubt, honoured him with all due respect,—*the only Rhinoceros in Europe.*

The above will be sufficiently understood when we state, that the rhinoceros, being seized and sold under an execution by the sheriff, was knocked down to Mr. Wombwell for £300.

THE PATIENT ANGLER.

A GENTLEMAN, who was allowed to be one of the greatest and most philosophic anglers of the age, passing from Islington to town, as was his daily custom, frequently saw a brother sportsman planted on a particular spot of the New River. Being jealous to think he should have all the sport to himself, he resolved to rise early some morning, and take his post before the other arrived: having taken his rod and line, and all the rest of the angling apparatus, he repaired to the spot, and remained uninterrupted for a considerable time, but without success. At length the original occupier of this envied spot appeared, when the gentleman could not help exclaiming, "Egad, sir, I do not know how you manage it, but I have been angling these three hours, and have caught nothing at all."—"Oh, Lord, sir," replied the other, "what's that, compared to me? Why I have been angling here these *three years* and never caught a fish yet!"

A "GREAT" SPORTSMAN.

THIS extraordinary character and eminent sportsman, Mr. Daniel Lambert, was born on the 13th of March, 1770, in the parish of St. Margaret, at Leicester. From the extraordinary bulk to which Mr. Lambert had attained, the reader may naturally be disposed to inquire whether his parents were persons of remarkable dimensions.

This was not the case; nor was any of his family inclined to corpulence, excepting an uncle and an aunt on the father's side, who were both very heavy.

The habits of the subject of this memoir were not in any respect different from those of other young persons till the age of fourteen. Even at that early period he was strongly attached to all the sports of the field. This, however, was only the natural effect of a very obvious cause, aided, probably, by an innate propensity to those diversions: and we have to observe, that his maternal grandfather was a great cock-fighter. Born and bred, as it were, among horses, dogs, cocks, and all the other appendages of sporting, in the pursuits of which he was encouraged, even in his childhood, it cannot be matter of wonder that he should be passionately fond of all those exercises and amusements which are comprehended under the denomination of field sports, as well as of racing, cocking, and fishing.

Brought up under the eye of his parents till the age of fourteen, young Lamber was then placed with Mr. Benjamin Patrick, in the manufactory of Taylor and Co. at Birmingham, to learn the business of a die-sinker and engraver.

At the age of nineteen he began to imagine that he should be a heavy man, but had not previously perceived any indications that could lead him to suppose he should ever attain the excessive corpulence for which he was distinguished. He always possessed extraordinary muscular power, and, at the time we are speaking of, could lift great weights, and carry five hundred weight with ease.

That he was not deficient either in physical strength or in courage, is demonstrated by the following adventure, in which he was about this period engaged.

Standing one day in his father's house at Leicester, his attention was attracted by a company of Savoyards, with their dancing dogs and bears, surrounded by an immense concourse of spectators. While they were exhibiting, a dog, which had formerly been accustomed to travel with a similar company of these grotesque performers, and now belonged to the county gaoler, hearing the sound, flew furiously upon a very large bear, whose overbearing force and weight soon brought him to the ground. "Give her tooth," said the Savoyards, irritated at the interruption of their exhibition, and making preparations to take off the muzzle off the bear. Mr.

Lambert being acquainted with the master of the dog, and knowing that, in this case, the animal would be exposed to certain destruction, went out and addressed the people, with the intention of pacifying them, and prevailing upon them to suffer the dog to be taken away. Deaf to all his remonstrances, one of the Savoyards still persisted in pulling off the muzzle, the dog being all this time underneath, and in the grasp of the bear. Enraged at the fellow's obstinacy, he protested he would kill the bear if it lay in his power, and snatching from the man's hand the paddle or pole with which they manage these animals, at the moment when the muzzle was removed, he struck the bear with all his force, fully intending to despatch her if possible. Bruin was, for a moment, completely stunned with the blow, and the dog seized that opportunity of disengaging himself from her clutches. Enraged at this fresh attack, she turned towards her new antagonist, who kept repeating his strokes, but without being able to hit her head, which she protected from his blows with all the dexterity of the most accomplished pugilist. During these successive attacks, the dog, faithful to the friend who had so opportunely stepped to his aid, continued to exhibit the most astonishing proofs of undaunted intrepidity, till he was at length caught up by one of the by-standers. The weather was frosty, and the pavement was slighty glazed from the trundling of a mop. Here, while thus busily engaged in belabouring his formidable foe, Lambert fell, but rose again with the utmost agility. Bruin was now close to him; he had a full view of her tremendous teeth, and felt the heat from her breath. The danger became pressing; and as his shaggy foe was too near to admit of his using the weapon, he struck her with his left hand such a violent blow on the skull, as brought her to the ground; on which she declined the contest, and, "yelling, fled." During the fray, a smaller bear had been standing upright against a wall, with a cocked hat on his head: in consequence of the retreat of his companion, this ludicrous figure now appeared full in front of the victorious champion, who brandished in his hand the up-lifted pole. The beast, as if aware of his danger, and expecting to be attacked in his turn, instantly took off the hat, and, apparently in token of submission, tumbled heels over head at the feet of the conqueror. Meanwhile the populace, terrified at the approach of the *Ursa Major*, began to retire in a backward direction, still keeping the unsuccessful combatant in

view, till they tumbled one after another over some loads of coal that happened to lie in the way. The scene now became truly ludicrous, forty people were down at a time, and there was not one but what imagined himself already in the gripe of the irritated animal, and vociferated *murder!* with all his might. The Savoyards, who were, after all, the greatest sufferers by this tragi-comic representation, applied to the mayor, and demanded redress. The magistrate inquired where the fray happened, and was informed that it took place in Blue Boar Lane, in the parish of St. Nicholas, the inhabitants of which have for many years been distinguished by the appellation of *Nick's Ruff's.* "Oh!" said he, "the people of that parish do just as they please; they are out of my jurisdiction;" and gravely dismissed the disappointed complainants. It was two years before this company of itinerant performers again ventured to make their appearance in Blue Boar Lane. On this occasion one, who happened to be rather before the rest, perceiving Mr. Lambert sitting at his door, gave notice to the others, who dreading a repetition of the treatment they had before experienced, instantly retreated by the way they had come.

His father having resigned the office of keeper of the prison, Mr. Lambert succeeded to the situation. It was within a year after this appointment that his bulk received the greatest and most rapid increase. This he attributes to the confinement and sedentary life to which he was now obliged to submit, which produced an effect so much the more striking, as from his attachment to sporting, he had previously been in the habit of taking a great deal of exercise. Though he never possessed any extraordinary agility, he was still able to kick to the height of seven feet standing on one leg.

About the year 1793, when Mr. Lambert weighed thirty-two stone, he had occasion to visit Woolwich, in company with the keeper of the county gaol of Leicester. As the tide did not serve to bring them up to London, he walked from Woolwich to the metropolis with much less apparent fatigue than several middle-sized men, who were of the party.

The inhabitants of Leicester are remarkable for their expertness in swimming, an art which they are encouraged to practice by their vicinity to the river Soar. From the age of eight years, Mr. Lambert was an excellent swimmer; and such was his celebrity, that about ten years ago all the young people in his native town, who

were learning to swim, resorted to him for instruction. His power of floating, owing to his uncommon bulk, was so great, that he could swim with two men of ordinary size upon his back. We have heard him relate, that on these occasions, when any of his young pupils manifested any timidity, he would convey them to the opposite bank of the river from that on which they had laid their clothes, and there leave them to find their way back as well as they could. By these means they soon acquired that courage which is so indispensably necessary to the attainment of excellence in the art of swimming.

Mr. Lambert's father died about five years after his son's appointment to be keeper of the prison, which office he held till Easter, 1805. In this situation, he manifested a disposition fraught with humanity and benevolence. His removal from the office was in consequence of a wish on the part of the magistrates to employ the prisoners in the manufacture of the town. As a proof of the approbation which his conduct had merited, they settled upon him an annuity of £50 for life, without any solicitation whatever.

Such were the feelings of Mr. Lambert, he abhorred the very idea of exhibiting himself.

A gentleman travelling through Leicester, conceived a strong desire to see this extraordinary phenomenon, but being at a loss for a pretext to introduce himself to Mr. Lambert, he first took care to inquire what were his particular propensities. Being informed that he was a great cocker, the traveller thought himself sure of success. He accordingly went to his house, knocked at the door, and inquired for Mr. Lambert. The servant answered that he was at home, but that he never saw strangers. "Let him know," replied the curious traveller, "that I called about some cocks." Lambert who chanced to be in a situation to overhear what passed, immediately rejoined, "Tell the gentleman that I am a *shy* cock."

On another occasion, a gentleman from Nottingham was extremely importunate to see him, pretending that he had a particular favour to ask. After considerable hesitation, Mr. Lambert directed him to be admitted. On being introduced, he said, he wished to inquire the pedigree of a certain mare. "Oh! if that's all," replied Mr. Lambert, perceiving, from his manner, the real nature of his errand, "she was got by Impertinence out of Curiosity."

Finding, at length, that he must either submit to be a close prisoner in his own house, or endure all the inconveniences without

receiving any of the profits of an exhibition, Mr. Lambert wisely strove to overcome his repugnance, and determined to visit the metropolis for that purpose; and, in the spring of 1806, he fixed his residence in Piccadilly.

His apartments there had more the air of a place of fashionable resort than of an exhibition: and as long as the town continued full, he was visited by a great deal of the best company. The dread he felt on coming to London, lest he should be exposed to indignity and insult from the curiosity of some of his visiters, was soon removed by the politeness and attention which he universally experienced.

The spirit of politeness which always prevailed in the presence of Mr. Lambert was such as was, perhaps, never observed on a similar occasion. The very Quakers by whom he was visited felt themselves *moved* to take off their hats.

Mr. Lambert had the pleasure of receiving persons of all descriptions and of all nations. Great numbers of foreigners were gratified with the contemplation of a spectacle unequalled, perhaps, in any other country.

Among the many visiters of Mr. Lambert the celebrated Polish dwarf, Count Borulawski, was not the least interesting. The Count, having made a fortune by exhibiting his person, had retired to Durham to enjoy the fruit of his economy. Mr. Lambert, during his apprenticeship at Birmingham, went several times to see Borulawski, and such was the strength of the Count's memory, that he had scarcely fixed his eyes upon him in Piccadilly before he recollected his face. After reflecting a moment, he exclaimed that he had seen the face twenty years ago in Birmingham, but it was not surely the same body. This unexpected meeting of the largest and smallest man seemed to realize the fabled history of the inhabitants of Lilliput and Brobdignag, particularly when Lambert rose for the purpose of affording the diminutive Count a full view of his prodigious dimensions. In the course of conversation, Mr. Lambert asked what quantity of cloth the Count required for a coat, and how many he thought his would make him. "Not many," answered Borulawski; "I take goot large piece cloth myself—almost tree quarters of yard." At this rate one of Mr. Lambert's sleeves would have been abundantly sufficient for the purpose. The Count felt one of Mr. Lambert's legs; "Ah, mine Got!" he exclaimed; "pure flesh and blood. I feel de warm. No deception! I am pleased; for I

did hear it was deception." Mr. Lambert asked if his lady was alive; on which he replied, "No, she is dead, and (putting his finger significantly to his nose) I am not very sorry, for when I affront her, she put me on the mantle-shelf for punishment."

After a residence of about five months in the metropolis, where we believe his success was fully adequate to his most sanguine expectations, Mr. Lambert returned in September, 1806, to his native town.

We shall now proceed to state what we have been able to collect relative to the habits, manners, and propensities, of this extraordinary man.

It is not improbable that incessant exercise in the open air, in the early part of his life, laid the foundation of an uncommonly healthy constitution. Mr. Lambert scarcely knew what it was to be ailing or indisposed. His temperance, no doubt, contributed towards this uninterrupted flow of health. His food differed in no respect from that of any other people: he ate with moderation, and of one dish only at a time. He never drank any other beverage than water, and though at one period of his life he seldom spent an evening at home, but with convivial parties, he never could be prevailed upon to join his companions in their libations to the jolly god. One of the qualifications that strongly tend to promote harmony and conviviality was possessed in an eminent degree by Mr. Lambert,—he had a fine, powerful, melodious voice. It was a strong tenor, unlike that of a fat man, light and unembarrassed, and the articulation perfectly clear.

Mr. Lambert's height was five feet eleven inches, and in June, 1805, he had attained the enormous weight of fifty stone, four pounds. He never felt any pain in his progress towards his bulk, but increased gradually and imperceptibly. Before he grew bulky he never knew what it was to be out of wind. Mr. Lambert slept less than the generality of mankind, being never more than eight hours in bed.

We have already adverted to Mr. Lambert's fondness for hunting, coursing, racing, fishing, and cocking. He was likewise well-known in his neighbourhood as a great otter-hunter. He was extremely active in all the sports of the field, till he was prevented by his corpulence from partaking in them, when he bred cocks, setters, and pointers, which he brought to as great,

or perhaps greater perfection than any other sporting character of the present day. At the time when terriers were the vogue, he possessed no less than thirty of them at once. The high estimation in which the animals of his breeding are held by sporting amateurs was fully evinced in the sale of the dogs which he brought with him to London, and which were disposed of at Tattersals' at the following prices: Peg, a black setter bitch, forty-one guineas; Punch, a setter dog, twenty-six guineas; Brush, ditto, seventeen guineas; Bob, ditto, twenty guineas; Bounce, ditto, twenty-two guineas; Sam, ditto, twenty-six guineas; Bell, ditto, thirty-two guineas; Charlotte, a pointer bitch, twenty-two guineas; Lucy, ditto, twelve guineas.——Total, 218 guineas. Mr. Mellish was the purchaser of the seven setters, and Lord Kinnaird of the two pointers.

Mr. Lambert had a great attachment to racing, for which he always manifested a peculiar preference. He was fond of riding himself, before his weight prevented him from enjoying that exercise.

The extraordinary share of health he enjoyed was not the result of any unusual precaution on his part, as he had in many instances accustomed himself to the total neglect of those means by which men in general endeavour to preserve that inestimable blessing. As a proof of this, the following fact is related from his own lips. Before his increasing size prevented his partaking in the sports of the field, he never could be prevailed upon, when he returned home at night from these excursions, to change any part of his clothes, however wet they might be, and he put them on again the next morning, though they were perhaps so thoroughly soaked as to leave behind them their mark on the floor. Notwithstanding this, he never knew what it was to take cold. On one of these occasions he was engaged with a party of young men in a boat, in drawing a pond. Knowing that a principal part of this diversion always consists in sousing each other as much as possible, Lambert, before he entered the boat, walked, in his clothes, up to his chin in water. He remained the whole of the day in this condition, which to any other man must have proved intolerably irksome. At night, on retiring to bed, he stripped off shirt and all, and the next morning, putting on his clothes again, wet as they were, he resumed the diversion with the rest of his companions. Nor was this all; for

lying down in the bottom of the boat, he took a comfortable nap for a couple of hours, and though the weather was rather severe, he experienced no kind of inconvenience from what might justly be considered as extreme indiscretion. However, Mr. Lambert died suddenly.

GENEROSITY REPAID BY GRATITUDE.

THE following anecdote of the Hon. Mr. Rigby has been attested by persons whose veracity may be relied on:—Like most young gentlemen in Ireland, he used to play, and sometimes pretty deep. Being one evening at hazard, in a public place, he was very successful; and having won a considerable sum, he was putting it in his purse, when a person behind him said, in a low voice to himself, "Had I that sum, what a happy man should I be!" Mr. R. without looking back, put the purse over his shoulder, saying, "Take it, my friend, and be happy." The stranger made no reply, but accepted it, and retired. Every one present was astonished at Mr. R.'s uncommon beneficence, whilst he received additional pleasure, on being informed that the person who had received the benefit was a half-pay officer in great distress. Some years after, a gentleman waited upon him in his own equipage, and being introduced to Mr. R. acquainted him that he came to acquit a debt he had contracted with him in Dublin. Mr. R. was greatly surprised at this declaration, as he was an entire stranger. "Yes, sir," continued the visiter, "you assisted me with above a hundred pounds, at a time that I was in the utmost indigence, without knowing, or even seeing me;" and then related the affair of the gaming-table: "with that money," continued the stranger, "I was enabled to pay some debts, and fit myself out for India, where I have been so fortunate as to make an ample fortune." Mr. Rigby declined taking the money, but, through the pressing solicitation of the gentleman, accepted of a valuable diamond ring.

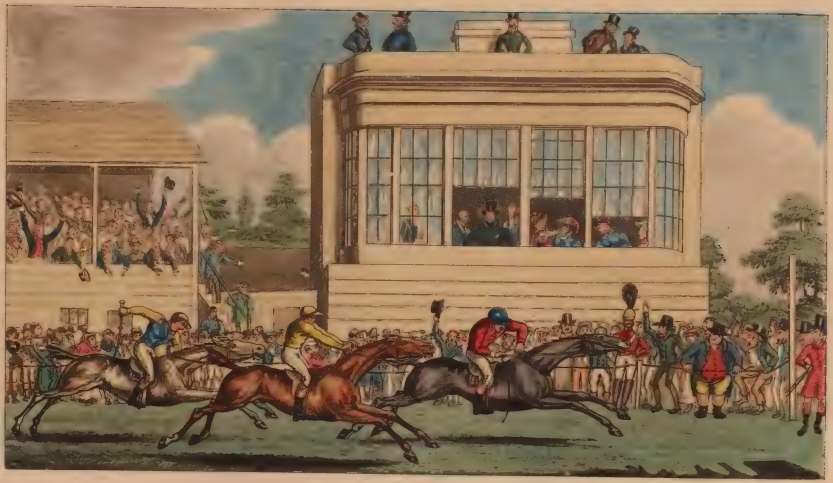
THE YEOMEN PRICKERS.

VISCOUNT HINCHINGBROOK, on his appointment to the office of Master of the Royal Stag Hounds, found those yeoman prickers, who had nothing but their places to depend on, so badly mounted, that they could not ride up to the hounds; their excuse was, the

smallness of their pay, and the long arrears due. A yeoman pricker's salary was £93 10*s.* 8*d.* a-year, and he was required to furnish himself with two *good* horses, to keep them in hunting order, and to pay travelling expenses, &c.; but he could not do it. On his lordship's representation, twenty-five pounds a-year were added to the salary of each yeoman pricker; and, on his application, his Majesty George IV. was graciously pleased to grant a pension of twenty pounds a-year to the widow of each of his hunting servants. The following circumstance accelerated the business:—The king was fond of hunting in Oxfordshire, and after a long run in the forest on Saturday, his Majesty commanded that the deer should be turned out at Nettlebed, in Oxfordshire, on the Tuesday: this caused some consternation among the huntsmen: the King saw it, and demanded the reason, when Rivers, an old yeoman pricker (a favourite of the king's), very bluntly replied, that the last time they went there, they were obliged to borrow money to pay their expenses. The king, ever kind and considerate, sent for Lord Hinchingbrook, and the business was soon settled; nor did his Majesty take them from the forest until they were paid.

ASCOT RACES.

THESE races are distinguished above all others in many respects. Unlike *Epsom*, the scene lies too far from London for the pollution of sheer cockneyism; unlike Newmarket, and the other provincial courses, it is near enough for a gallant display of the rank, and fashion, and beauty of the metropolis; and, above all, there, and there only, are the races "which the King delighteth to honour." The place itself is seated in the bosom of one of the richest landscapes in the kingdom—rich not only in the pomp of patriarchal forests, and gently swelling hills, and noble streams, and waving harvests, but—"At once the Monarch's and the muse's seat," it is rich, beyond almost any other district, in palaces, and fanes, and villas, that give rise to heart-moving reminiscences. There Denham wrote, and Pope breathed pastoral inspiration; and there immortal Shakspeare chose the scene in which to wind the snares of love around his fat-encumbered knight. Who can visit that classic spot without thinking of Datchet-Mead and the buck-basket; and sweet Anne Page and Master Slender; and mine host of the Garter, and all the rest of that merry intriguing crew? There, too, are the



The Royal Stand at Ascot Races-His Majesty George IV & the Duke of York enjoying the sports of the Turf

" spires and antique towers" of Eton—peopled with tiny statesmen, warriors, and philosophers; and there " majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow -calmly magnificent"—the high court of English chivalry—the birth-place, the residence, and the honoured mausoleum of her kings, and, i' th' olden time, the prison of her captured monarchs.

We might enumerate *peculiar* advantages of this nature, almost *ad infinitum*, " would time and space permit;" but they will not, and we, therefore, content ourselves with noticing *one* other great interest which these present races enjoy beyond all other public amusements whatsoever—it is at these races that the King appears amongst his people, and takes a common interest with them in their sports. Indeed, generally, the attraction of Ascot Races is so great, that, by six o'clock, every body within five counties round is awake, and getting breakfast as fast as possible; and Windsor's Merry Wives, with their consanguinities, are all alive again, and as merry as ever. By nine o'clock, Park-street is lined with embowered waggons, filled with glowing lasses, and buxom dames, and ancient dames, and fathers, and brothers, and husbands, and sweethearts to match; and off they go, drawn by sleek, fat-haunched, flower-bedecked horses, driven by sun-burnt youths, each with a nosegay in his Sunday vest, as proud as army-inspecting emperors, and doubtless much happier. Meanwhile, post-chaises, and stage-coaches, and gigs, and open landaus from London, and glittering barouches dash in from every quarter, bringing lords and ladies, and knights and 'squires, in gay and splendid activity; and all rolling blithely along, through sunny lanes, bordered with rose-covered cottages, towards the fields of the day. For hours, the roads, and the forest walks, and the by-field-paths, leading to Ascot Heath, are thronged with troops of jocund beings, converging towards " the great centre of attraction." The Heath itself presents a scene of gallant bustle. Long lines of snow-white tents, surmounted by ensigns of all sorts—" bandroll, and scroll, and pennant there, o'er the pavilions flew,"—betokening—not war and bloodshed—but ham, sandwiches, and London particular Madeira. The alloy of *rabble* is a mere nothing.

FIRST DAY.

Aurora peep'd forth, not a cloud was there seen,
All Nature was clad in her liv'ry of green;

The towers of Windsor, sun-streak'd, met the eye,
And the Standard of England now "flouted the sky."
Sweet Windsor—that lov'd and delicious retreat,
At once "of our Monarchs and Muses the seat."
When the "Merry Wives" rose from each soft downy bed,
And in haste to their boudoirs and toilettes then fled,
To prepare for the Races—new beauty to bring,
And receive beauty's meed in a smile from the King.
Spruce spouses and dames, buxom, ancient, and young,
Whisker'd Cornets and dandies all mix in the throng;
Post-chaises, stage-coaches, gigs, open landaus,
Were all intermix'd in the tenth of June's cause.
Blood Royal and Nobles now choke up the way,
For at Epsom *Eastenders* last month had their day;
And many lamented 'twas "done," play or pay.
At a quarter past one, or perhaps rather more,
The King came on the Course in a carriage and four;
He alighted with firmness of step from the coach,
To the joy of the thousands who hail'd his approach.
With a dignified bow, and a wave of the hand,
He approach'd to the stairs, and ascended the stand;
He appeared in good health, and, in short, quite the thing,
And the multitude shouted "Long, long live the King!"
He was dressed in a plain blue surtout, with a star,
And looked better, 'twas noticed, than last year by far.
But hark! the bell rings, they are ready to start,
Impatiently anxious now beats every heart.
Each flies, quick as lightning, securing a place,
For the Oatland Stakes now they're preparing to race;
Next his Majesty's Plate, "for all ages," 'twas said,
Buckle rode—need I say, that the race he soon led?
"Nine started," no pow'r their fleetness could check;
'Twas a beautiful race, and just won by a *neck*.
The Sweepstakes then followed, the air with shouts rung,
And the praises of Buckle flowed loud from each tongue.
So ended the race, and, although not a winner,
I must seek consolation in Windsor—at dinner.
The subject to-morrow again I'll report,
And send some account of the second day's sport.

SECOND DAY.

The weather "superb," and Sol's beams not too hot;
'Twas the *Ladies' day* now, which he had not forgot;
Not a scorching hot sun, but bright beaming and warm,
Just sufficient to aid and increase every charm.
Notwithstanding the day was so gloriously fine,
And the women, like angels, looked sweetly divine,

The Course was not thronged—but of this be aware,
'Twas rumoured his Majesty would not be there;
A cause quite sufficient for such an effect,
And if numbers were wanting, 'twas still more select.
But this was erroneous, for, between one and two,
His Majesty's equipage came full in view;
Then beauty and fashion fled their canvass-cloth'd stations,
And greeted their Monarch with loud acclamations.
The race now commenced for the *Duke of York's Plate*,
And the interest excited was certainly great.
Brown's *Wouvermans* started, with whom few can cope,
And the brother, 'tis said, of the swift *Antelope;*
But by Dockery rode, and a quick steady pace,
Gay *Wouvermans* won this most excellent race.
For the *Winkfield Stakes* next jockeys rallied their forces:
Bertram, Cinder, and *Phantom*—first two Derby horses.
'Twas a very good race of skill, jockeyship, strength;
Sam Day bestrode *Bertram,*—won by just *half a length.*
The *Swinley Stakes,* twenty-five guineas—New Mile,
By *Marcellus* and *Comus* was run for in style;
Five to two on the winner was frequently named,
But Sam Chiffney rode, who for winning's so famed;
He lost one of his stirrups, it seems, in the race,
But he bore the misfortune with true jockey grace;
He was not to be foiled, but continued his run,
Nor quitted his seat till *Marcellus* had won.
In the morn on the Course I'll resume my old place,
And send some account of to-morrow's grand race.

THIRD DAY.

This, indeed, with great truth, might be called a grand day,
For beauty ne'er made such a brilliant display.
'Twas a day on which fashion and beauty were cited,
And the King and his subjects seemed highly delighted:
Many thousands assembled to witness the scene,
Half of whom might well rival the Cyprian Queen,
Bedecked in gay tints of each varying glow,
Which imparted the splendour of Iris's bow.
'Twas a host quite angelic, whose eyes seemed to say,
" Behold, ye enslaved, 'tis the Goddesses' day."
The Course boasted, also, to heighten the scene,
Many " gallant Lotharios," in bright " Kendal green."
The tents and marquees were well lined with good cheer,
And music, melodious, saluted the ear.

His Majesty came about one on the ground,
And the shouts were astounding from thousands around;
He was dressed, as before, in a surtout of blue,
And looked on his people as *gracious Kings* do.
He appeared rather pale, I am sorry to say,
But that might proceed from the heat of the day;
But although he looked pale, it may truly be said,
His brother of York boasted roses instead;
For he never looked better, in spirits more gay,
Nor enjoyed more the pleasures and sports of the day.
For the *Forest Stakes* now each gay steed took his place,
But 'twas neither a good nor a very bad race.
The winner came in by a length something less,
But without being whipped or displaying distress;
Four to one and the field against *Elfrid*, done, done,
But the race by fleet *Elfrid* was easily won.
A Sweepstakes of "thirty," for colts two years old,
Was run for by C. Day's *Helenus* and *Scold;*
'Twas a very bad race, and indeed seemed a banter,
And in short by *Helenus* was won in a canter.
The Cup, worth two hundred, (that is as they tell us)
Was run for by *Netherfield*—won by *Marcellus.*
The Ten-Guinea Sweepstakes were shortly removed
For three-year-old colts, which all fillies include;
Four started, but three were compelled soon to yield
To *Bertram*, the fav'rite and pride of the field.
For a Fifty Pound Plate "all ages" now flew,
Which young *Antelope* won, to the shame of *Vanloo.*
The ladies now left, and took with them the Graces,
So ended the sport of the third day's Races.

T. G.

MR. MATHEWS AND HIS THEATRICAL BARBER.

It is rather singular that the following anecdote did not appear in the first *forty-five years* of the life of Mr. Mathews, at the English Opera-House; a circumstance that reflects infinite credit upon the feelings of this distinguished comic performer; but we cannot withhold it any longer from the public, nor can we account for its non-appearance in any other way than perhaps it possessed too much of *tragedy* for his forte, or, indeed, it may be conjectured, that Mr. Mathews did not like to enact the part of his own *trumpeter!* Then thus it is:—

In the very early part of Mr. Mathews's professional career, his *penchánt* was so great for the stage, that he left an excellent father, a

Interesting interview between Mr MATHEWS and his IRISH THEATRICAL BARBER.

good home, and a fine prospect in life. Amongst the numerous vicissitudes of Mr. M. he unfortunately became a member of Mr. Daly's company of comedians, in an obscure country town in Ireland, where the business was wretched in the extreme: the peculiar *management* of that deceased gentleman "lives in the memory" of several actors of the present day; but his *payment of salaries* was not the most conspicuous part of his character. The actors in the above company were in a most miserable plight; nay, almost in a starving condition, and any thing in the shape of a *meal* would have been considered a "rich bit" indeed to the greatest hero of the lot. Little Cherry, at that period, "strutted" and, in reality, "fretted" his hour amongst them, and was frequently compelled to make *faces* (in private) from actual *want*, however he might (in public) have "cut mugs" for the amusement of the audience. Such are the *sufferings*, and such are the *privations* which men of genius too often experience on the road to fame, particularly the *children of Thespis:* in fact, no set of men suffer more from *hopes* and *fears* than actors in their state of probation to acquire the London stamp, and numbers of "great creatures," with all their talents and exertions, are doomed to a life of obscurity in the provinces, realizing little more than *empty* houses, *empty* cupboards, and *empty* pockets, till the curtain falls on their chequered existence—"full o sound and fury, signifying nothing."

In Mr. Daly's company, the *barbatic* (*Pat Curl*) was a little man, but possessing a heart as big as a lion's, enriched with the feelings of a Sterne, and as generous as a Jack tar off a rich cruize. Perceiving the unhappy state to which Mr. Mathews was reduced in circumstances, on account of week succeeding week without the receipt of his salary, also without a friend to assist him, and distant some hundreds of miles from his relatives, the above generous little fellow, as the most delicate mode of offering assistance without giving offence, often invited our hero to his humble cabin, to take "pot luck." In *those* visits, Mathews relished the Irish stews and *murpheys* with greater *gout* and better appetite than he has since enjoyed at the most splendid tables in England, when surrounded by all the luxuries, obtained by riches, to invite the eye and please the palate; *repaying* Curl with his funny tales, laughable adventures, and excellent bon mots. Ultimately the scene changed for the better, and Mr. Mathews left Ireland to enlist under the banners of the celebrated Mr. Tate Wilkinson, at York.

The "good-by" was rather *touching* between the generous Curl and Mr. Mathews; who, on grasping the hand of the latter, as he ascended the stage-coach, exclaimed, with a sigh, "be a good boy, Charles, and take care of yourself, and if ever the thought of *Pat Curl* should come across your mind in your leisure moments, poor Pat will be satisfied." "Rest assured," replied Mathews, "I shall never pass a Tonsor's shop in York, but I shall always remember the kindness of *Pat Curl*."

In York, the superior talents of Mr. Mathews soon made a great noise; a good salary was the result, and comforts and happiness were the order of the day. Before he could scarcely "turn himself," the thoughts of the generous behaviour of the little Irish barber flashed across his memory, and he lost no time in sending *Curl* a present of money and other things, and continued gratefully to do so for several years.

The fortune of Mr. Mathews continued to improve; York was left for London, and in a very short time after his appearance in the metropolis, he arrived at the top of his profession, and was hailed as one of the first comic actors of the day.

In the course of a few seasons after the above period, Mr. Mathews accompanied Mr. Incledon on a theatrical tour, under the title of the *Wandering Melodist*. The united exertions of Incledon and Mathews, of course, proved extremely successful; the '*Blackey'd Susan*' and '*Storm*' of the one, and the '*Mail-Coach Adventures*' and comic songs of the other, affording an inexhaustible fund of talent and amusement.

At the distance of seven years, Messrs. Mathews and Incledon arrived in the town in which dwelt the feeling, generous, little *Pat Curl;* they entered the place in the evening, in a post chaise, and put up at the head inn.—

> "Ah! here's the scene of frequent mirth, he said,
> My poor Old Barbatic, I suppose, is dead,
> Egad! I'll knock and see who holds his place."—

The thoughts of again beholding little *Pat Curl* operated so strongly upon the feelings of Mathews, that he was determined on being a customer of his the next morning. The landlord of the inn was sent for up stairs, and one of the most splendid breakfasts ordered to be put on the table, decorated with silver plate; as Mathews had invited one of the *best* men in the town to take coffee

with him. Incledon was not aware of the circumstance. In the morning, when every thing was prepared, and the table set out in an elegant manner, much to the satisfaction of Mathews, he ordered the waiter to fetch the barber, and his request was no sooner made known to poor *Pat Curl*, than he was on his road to the inn. Mathews was so extremely agitated when he heard the knock at the door, that his limbs forsook their office, and he retired to an arm-chair in one corner of the room, and asked Incledon to receive his friend. When, behold, little *Pat Curl* marched in, (and, like Monsieur Tonson, he almost appeared the same as when Mathews left him,) dressed in his jacket, white apron, towel and basin under his arm, and bowing and scraping to Incledon, telling him that he had, according to his order, come to wait upon him. "You are mistaken," replied Incledon, "I always shave myself." "Indeed, I am not mistaken, and plase your honor," answered *Curl;* "I was sent for, 'pon my conscience:" when, glancing his eyes round the room, he beheld Mathews. To describe the emotions of *Curl* is impossible: in rushing forward to grasp the hand of his favourite Charles, his basin was dashed into a thousand pieces, his towel and razors also left his arms and were scattered on the floor. Mathews was equally impetuous to embrace his friend—they were in each others' arms in an instant—*Curl* cried for joy—Mathews shed tears for relief, and Charley Incledon, on being made acquainted with the story, positively *blubbered* to complete the *trio*. On recovering themselves, a delicious repast took place, but it partook more of the *mind* than of the body: it was one of those moments which defies description; it was a display of human nature in her richest colours. *Curl* was almost "beside himself" with happiness; he could not sit still, but was continually giving vent to his feelings, his *gladness* not only appeared great in beholding his long absent friend, but also at his success in life, crying and laughing in a breath, exclaiming, "Be asy, Master Charley, you are the devil's own fellow for doing what you like with a body,—you make me laugh or cry, just as you please." Mathews was equally as *unsettled*, thinking he could not do half enough to show his gratitude to *Curl* for the kindness and attention he had experienced from him when he was a member of Daly's company. Incledon enjoyed the interesting scene in which he was engaged, by frequently bursting out into a loud laugh at the ludicrous stories related between Mathews and *Pat Curl*.

Before he took his leave of the generous little *Barbatic*, Mathews settled upon him, in the most praise-worthy manner, an annuity for life; but, strange to say, at the expiration of seven years, when Mr. Mathews again visited the above town, the generous *Pat Curl* died in his arms.

SKETCH OF A FOX-CHASE.

"A FOX-CHASE is not easy to be described," Mr. BECKFORD observes, in his Thoughts on Hunting, "yet as even a faint description of it may serve, to a certain degree, as an answer to the various questions you are pleased to make concerning that diversion, I shall prosecute my attempt in such a manner as I think may suit your purpose best. As I fear it may read ill, it shall not be long. A gentleman, to whose understanding nature had most evidently been sparing of her gifts, as often as he took up a book and met with a passage which he could not comprehend, was used to write in the margin opposite *matière embrouillée*, and gave himself no further concern about it. As different causes have been known to produce the same effects, should *you* treat *me* in like manner, I shall think it the severest censure that can be passed upon me. Our friend Somervile, I apprehend, was no great fox-hunter; yet all he says on the subject of hunting is so sensible and just, that I shall turn to his account of fox-hunting, and quote it where I can. The hour in the morning most favourable to the diversion is certainly an early one, nor do I think I can fix it better than to say the hounds should be at the cover at sun-rising. Let us suppose we are arrived at the cover side.

> " ———————— Delightful scene!
> Where all around is gay, men, horses, dogs;
> And in each smiling countenance appears
> Fresh blooming health, and universal joy." SOMERVILE.

Now let your huntsman throw in his hounds as quietly as he can, and let the two whippers-in keep wide of him on either hand, so that a single hound may not escape them; let them be attentive to his halloo, and be ready to encourage or rate, as that directs; he will, of course, draw up the wind, for reasons which I shall give in another place. Now if you can keep your brother sportsmen in order, and put any discretion into them, you are in luck; they more frequently do harm than good: if it be possible, persuade those who

wish to halloo the fox off to stand quiet under the cover side, and on no account to halloo him too soon; if they do, he most certainly will turn back again: could you entice them all into the cover, your sport, in all probability, would not be the worse for it.

How well the hounds spread the cover!—the huntsman, you see, is quite deserted, and his horse, which so lately had a crowd at his heels, has not now one attendant left. How steadily they draw!—you hear not a single hound, yet none are idle. Is not this better than to be subject to continual disappointment, from the eternal babbling of unsteady hounds?

> "———— See! how they range
> Dispersed, how busily this way and that
> They cross, examining with curious nose
> Each likely haunt. Hark! on the drag I hear
> Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry
> More nobly full, and swell'd with every mouth." SOMERVILE.

How musical their tongues!—Now as they get nearer to him, how the chorus fills! Hark! he is found.—Now, where are all your sorrows, and your cares, ye gloomy souls? Or where your pains and aches, ye complaining ones? One halloo has dispelled them all.—What a crash they make! and echo seemingly takes pleasure to repeat the sound. The astonished travellq· forsakes his road, lured by its melody: the listening ploughman now stops his plough; and every distant shepherd neglects his flock, and runs to see him break. What joy! what eagerness in every face!

> "How happy art thou, man, when thou'rt no more
> Thyself! when all the pangs that grind thy soul,
> In rapture and in sweet oblivion lost,
> Yield a short interval, and ease from pain!" SOMERVILE.

Mark how he runs the cover's utmost limits, yet dares not venture forth: the hounds are still too near.—That cheek is lucky; now, if our friends head him not, he will soon be off—hark! they hallo: by G—d he's gone.

> "———— Hark! what loud shouts
> Re-echo through the groves! he breaks away:
> Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each straggling hound
> Strains o'er the lawn to reach the distant pack.
> 'Tis triumph all, and joy."

Now, huntsman, get on with the head hounds; the whipper-in will bring on the others after you: keep an attentive eye on the leading hounds, that, should the scent fail them, you may know at least how far they brought it.

Mind *Gallopper*, how he leads them! It is difficult to distinguish which is first, they run in such a style: yet *he* is the foremost hound. The goodness of his nose is not less excellent than his speed. How he carries the scent! and when he loses it, see how eagerly he flings to recover it again. There—now he's at head again—see how they top the hedge! Now, how they mount the hill! Observe what a head they carry; and show me, if you can, one shuffler or skirter amongst them all: are they not like a parcel of brave fellows, who, when they undertake a thing, determine to share its fatigue and its dangers equally amongst them?

> " —— Far o'er the rocky hills we range,
> And dangerous our course; but in the brave
> True courage never fails. In vain the stream
> In foaming eddies whirls, in vain the ditch
> Wide gaping threatens death. The craggy steep,
> Where the poor dizzy shepherd crawls with care,
> And clings to every twig, gives us no pain;
> But down we sweep, as stoops the falcon bold
> To pounce his prey. Then up th' opponent hill,
> By the swift motion slung, we mount aloft:
> So ships, in winter seas, now sliding sink
> Adown the steepy wave, then toss'd on high,
> Ride on the billows, and defy the storm."
>
> SOMERVILE.

It *was*, then, the fox I saw as we came down the hill: those crows directed me which way to look, and the sheep ran from him as he passed along. The hounds are now on the very spot; yet the sheep stop them not, for they dash beyond them. Now see with what eagerness they cross the plain! *Gallopper* no longer keeps his place. *Brusher* takes it: see how he flings for the scent, and how impetuously he runs! How eagerly he took the lead, and how he strives to keep it! yet *Victor* comes up apace. He reaches him! See what an excellent race it is between them! It is doubtful which will reach the cover first. How equally they run! how eagerly they strain! —now Victor, Victor! Ah! Brusher, you are beat: Victor first

tops the hedge. See there! see how they all take it in their strokes! The hedge cracks with their weight, so many jump at once.

Now hastes the whipper-in to the other side the cover: he is right, unless he heads the fox.

> " Heav'ns! what melodius strains! how beat our hearts
> Big with tumultuous joy! the loaded gales
> Breathe harmony; and as the tempest drives
> From wood to wood, through ev'ry dark recess
> The forest thunders, and the mountains shake. SOMERVILE.

Listen!—the hounds have turned. They are now in two parts. The fox has been headed back, and we have changed at last.

Now, my lad, mind the huntsman's halloo, and stop to those hounds which he encourages. He is right!—that, doubtless, is the hunted fox. Now they are off again.

> " What lengths we pass! where will the wand'ring chase
> Lead us bewilder'd? Smooth as swallows skim
> The new-shorn mead, and far more swift, we fly.
> See my brave pack! how to the head they press,
> Jostling in close array, then more diffuse
> Obliquely wheel, while from their op'ning mouths
> The vollied thunder breaks.
> ——————— Look back and view
> The strange confusion of the vale below,
> Where sore vexation reigns;———
> ——————— Old age laments
> His vigour spent: the tall, plump, brawny youth
> Curses his cumbrous bulk; and envies now
> The short pygmean race, he whilom kenn'd
> With proud insulting leer. A chosen few
> Alone the sport enjoy, nor droop beneath
> Their pleasing toils." SOMERVILE.

Ha! a check. Now for a moment's patience. We press too close upon the hounds!—Huntsman, stand still: as yet they want you not. How admirably they spread! how wide they cast! Is there a single hound that does not try? if such a one there be, he ne'er shall hunt again. There, *Trueman* is on the scent: he feathers, yet still is doubtful: 'tis right! how readily they join him! See those wide-casting hounds, how they fly forward to recover the ground they have lost! Mind *Lightning*, how she dashes; and *Mungo*, how he

works! Old *Frantic*, too, now pushes forward: she knows, as well as we, the fox is sinking.

> "——— Ha! yet he flies, nor yields
> To black despair. But one loose more, and all
> His wiles are vain. Hark! through yon village now
> The rattling clamour rings. The barns, the cots,
> And leafless elms return the joyous sounds.
> Through ev'ry homestall, and through ev'ry yard,
> His midnight walks, panting, forlorn, he flies:
> ——— ——— Th' unerring hounds
> With peals of echoing vengeance close pursue."
>
> SOMERVILE.

Huntsman! at fault at last? How far did you bring the scent?—Have the hounds made their own cast?—Now make yours. You see that sheep-dog has been coursing the fox: get forward with your hounds, and make a wide cast.

Hark! that halloo is indeed a lucky one. If we can hold him on, we may yet recover him; for a fox so much distressed must stop at last. We now shall see if they will hunt as well as run; for there is but little scent, and the impending cloud still makes that little less. How they enjoy the scent! See how busy they all are, and how each in his turn prevails!

Huntsman, be quiet! Whilst the scent was good, you pressed on your hounds: it was well done. Your hounds were afterwards at fault; you made your cast with judgement, and lost no time. You now must let them hunt: with such a cold scent as this you can do no good.—They must do it all themselves.—Lift them now, and not a hound will stoop again.—Ha! a high road, at such a time as this, when the tenderest-nosed hound can hardly own the scent!—Another fault! That man at work, then, has headed back the fox.—Huntsman! cast not your hounds now; you see they have overrun the scent: have a little patience, and let them, for once, try back.

We now must give them time.—See where they bend towards yonder furze brake! I wish he may have stopped there! Mind that old hound, how he dashes over the furze; I think he winds him!—Now for a fresh *entapis!*—Hark! they halloo!—Ay, there he goes!

It is near over with him: had the hounds caught view, he must have died. He will hardly reach the cover. See how they gain

upon him at every stroke! It is an admirable race! yet the cover saves him.

Now be quiet, and he cannot escape us: we have the wind of the hounds, and cannot be better placed.—How short he runs!—he is now in the very strongest part of the cover.—What a crash! every hound is in, and every hound is running for him. That was a quick turn! Again another!—he's put to his last shifts. Now *Mischief* is at his heels, and death is not far off.—Ha! they all stop at once: all silent, and yet no earth is open. Listen!—now they are at him again! Did you hear that hound catch view? They had over-run the scent, and the fox had lain down behind them. Now, Reynard, look to yourself! How quick they all give their tongues!—Little *Dreadnought*, how he works him! the terriers, too, they now are squeaking at him. How close *Vengeance* pursues! how terribly she presses! It is just up with him!—Gods! what a crash they make! the whole wood resounds! That turn was very short!—There!—now—ay, now they have him!—Who-hoop!

DECESSARIS: THE ROMAN MOUNTAIN ROBBER: A CHIEF OF THE BRIGANDS.

A FEW days after the murder of a Count, a young man of the name of Mateucci, of Anagri, the son of a respectable farmer of that place, fell into the power of these brigands. As Decessaris, with four of his companions, was on the outlook, in the vicinity of the city, they met this youth on horseback, and told him to dismount. Emboldened by being so near the town, he endeavoured to resist, but they seized him, threw him on the ground, and led him off to the mountains, heaping reproaches on him all the way. When they arrived there, Decessaris told one of his servants to bring him the knife for cutting off ears. The terror of the poor youth may be easily imagined: he fell on his knees, and begged of Decessaris not to commit such an outrage on him, not to do him any mischief, and that his father would give him whatever sum he desired. "Do you think I don't know you?" was the reply of Decessaris: "you are a man, a rich man, and if you were not, I should have soon despatched you. I know your father well, and knew him when he lived in my neighbourhood, and was a dealer. One day, a great many years ago, he sold me, at the fair of Frosinone, two pair of working oxen, guaranteeing

them to me as sound and good. The contract was made when nobody else was present; I paid for the oxen, and drove them home. The day afterwards I put them to work, and then found that two of them were afflicted with an incurable disease. I resolved to return them; I then mounted on horseback, and rode to your father; I told him that the two oxen were in a bad state—that he had guaranteed them to me—and, according to our agreement, I told him to take back his oxen and give me back my money. Signor Mateucci, your father, replied, that he wondered at me—that the oxen had been seen at the fair—that he had made no agreement—and that he would not take them back. This, I said, is what you call good faith; but it is the same thing as taking the money from my pocket, and that is robbery. I am a husbandman; I have eleven persons in my family to maintain. Think well of what I tell you: a day will come when many of you in this country, and particularly you, shall pay me all you owe me. Your father began to laugh at me, saying, that if I had nothing else to tell him, I might leave his house—that he was an honest man, and above doing what I had imputed to him. Finding it was all in vain, I left him, hoping I might one day find an opportunity of being revenged, and now, as you have fallen into my hands, I will not fail to cut off one of your ears, and send it in a letter to your father, as a proof that you are in my power, and that if he does not send me, within two days, 5000 crowns, I will send him your head in another letter." The terror of the youth at hearing this was very great. Decessaris gave orders that he should be held fast on his chair; eight of the robbers took hold of him, and Decessaris, with a small sharp knife, cut off one of his ears. He afterwards applied a balsam to the wound, to stop the bleeding, then bound it, and calling for wine, said merrily to the youth, the ear will not grow again—here, drink a cup of wine." He then told him there was a pen, ink, and paper, and that he must write a letter to his father, if he wished that his head should not follow his ear. Notwithstanding the great pain, he was immediately obliged to begin his letter, and begged his father to send instantly the sum of 5000 crowns, and described his situation to him. Decessaris took the letter, enclosed the ear in it, and sent it by a shepherd to the young man's father. At the end of one day the shepherd returned, bringing with him the 5000 crowns. After

Decessaris had counted them, he said, " take care and remind your father of the oxen. If I carry on the business of a brigand and a murderer, a part of the guilt belongs to him, because I took up this profession to be revenged of many persons who live in society, and who, under the mask of hypocrisy, plunder other people with safety. As long as I remained at home I acted with honesty, and no person can complain that I did him an injury; for I always was just in my commercial dealings. I have now changed my notions, and am a brigand; everybody knows why I changed, and everybody knows that I am a robber. The pain I have inflicted on you does not give me pleasure, but it will be an admonition to you not to do as your father did." Saying this, he put him in the road to Anagri, and, as he did not know his way, Decessaris sent a guide with him to the high road. He then found his way to Anagri, and suffered a long illness from pain and fright. To recount all the crimes committed by Decessaris would require two or three volumes, I shall only mention, therefore, the following occurrence:—Decessaris had a young woman with him, from his own part of the country. At the end of five months, she found herself pregnant by him. Decessaris supected the young woman had some connexion with a nephew of his, and he took her and ripped her up alive, as if he would dissect her, tore out the fruit of her womb with his own hands, and threw it to the dogs, saying it was not his offspring. All his companions were horrified at his proceedings, and wanted to stop him, but Decessaris persisted, and said he was king of that country, and that the Pope, with his triple crown, should not stop him, and you, he added, disdainfully, you pretend to oppose me in doing my duty.

The Papal Government, seeing that it could not put a stop to these enormities, in 1818, Monsignor Pacca, Governor of Rome, made a tour of the neighbouring provinces, and endeavoured to make the brigands return to a better life. He wrote letters to the different chiefs, and among others to Decessaris, telling them that he wished to speak to them, and made them handsome offers. Monsignor Pacca went with much firmness alone into the mountains. Decessaris would not come, sending word that he found a brigand's life very pleasant, and so much the more, that it enabled him to revenge himself of his enemies. By means of fine words and promises, thirty-five of the brigands were induced to come in.

When Decessaris heard that Pacca had seduced thirty-five of the brigands, he sent to tell him, that if he took one hundred away now, two hundred could be collected to-morrow. The Governor, on returning to Rome, gave the most severe orders respecting the robbers; offering a reward of 1000 crowns for every head that was brought him, and 2000 crowns for every robber who was brought alive. Daily some of them were brought, but the evil, instead of getting better, grew daily worse. Cardinal Gonsalvi did not know what to do to stop the progress of this disorder, and at length, in 1819, he resolved to employ a man of the name of Angelo Roluti, who, during the time of the French dominion, was employed as a commissary of police, and was then much distinguished by his deeds. He had the courage to go alone at night among the robbers, and had, by his persuasive tongue, made the celebrated Spatalone surrender himself, who, in the space of eight days, was followed by about four hundred persons of the same description. He always said, that nothing more was requisite than the persuasions of Roluti to make them do as he wished. Roluti afterwards had an interview with Decessaris and his band in the mountains, where he was treated sumptuously, and provided with a bed and a female companion. On this occasion, Decessaris promised, with his men, to surrender on a given day, the state having undertaken to pardon and provide for them all. On the expected day, Roluti confiding in the promise of Decessaris, caused a good dinner to be prepared, and invited the whole family of Decessaris to do honour to him, intending to send them all home together after dinner. Roluti repaired to the spot at the time appointed, but nobody arrived. He waited there till four o'clock, and then retired into the city; and supposing that Decessaris would be more pleased to surrender in the evening, he returned to the spot, and remained there till midnight. Seeing nobody, he returned to Frosinone. Nobody came up to the 18th, and then he wrote a letter to Decessaris, in which he told him he could never have believed that such a thing would have occurred; that he had no occasion to be afraid; that there was no treachery, and that he must send a decisive answer. He sent for Decessaris's wife, and though she was pregnant, he compelled her to go to the mountains in search of her husband, and to carry the letter, using her influence to make him surrender himself, it being for the good of herself and her family;

that she should inform him of the truth; that there was no treachery meant, and that the dinner had been prepared on the 15th. The woman went, and at the end of two days she returned, saying, she could not find her husband. Roluti understood that she had, in fact, found him, but that Decessaris had forbidden her to say that she had. Roluti immediately caused the whole family of the Decessaris to be again thrown into prison, and seeing that he had been deceived, he made preparations on the following day to compel the robbers to submit. He had written to Rome, that they should send him more force, as he hoped, by some means or other, to compel Decessaris to submission. Roluti received, on the 20th, the following letter from Decessaris. "Dear sir, you must, no doubt, be surprised that I did not keep my word, and did not appear on the day appointed; but it was not my fault, but the fault of my people, who not being confident, were afraid that the Papal Government would not keep its word; in consequence, I I went into the kingdom of Naples, that I might surrender with another band of mine, who are there. These have also the same apprehension, but as I have given my word of honour, I will keep it; I will always confide in the good, and to give you a proof of my zeal, both for you and the Government, I will surrender to you either living or dead, a great part of my band, for which purpose I shall expect you at the fall of night, at the Crucifix of Oliveto (a mountain above Presseda), with your moveable column, which you will leave half a mile in the rear, and come yourself with Masocco and Deangelis; call me by name, and we will all combine together." Notwithstanding much dissuasion, Roluti resolved to go, because he placed a blind confidence in Decessaris, and went at the time he had appointed to the spot selected by him. He left his column at the place pointed out by Decessaris, and went forward himself, accompanied by Masocco and Deangelis; Roluti also took with him, at a short distance in the rear, a single gend'arme, ordering him, if he saw any thing improper, to gallop quickly and summon forward the troop. Roluti and the others then advanced till they came up to the spot indicated by Decessaris, and Roluti called on him by name. Decessaris answered, and asked if that was Signor Roluti who called? Roluti replied "Yes; and I have Masocco and Deangelis with me." As he spoke, a volley of musketry was fired, and all the three were instantly

killed. The gend'arme, who was a few paces in the rear, was luckily not hit, and had time to fire his musket, by which one of the brigands was killed. The troop was not slow to arrive, and found Roluti, Masocco, and Deangelis dead. They pursued the robbers, but in vain. They found the brigand living who had been shot by the gend'arme. His head was cut off for the sake of the reward. The three bodies were brought back to the Presseda, and there interred. The chief of the family of Bersagheri, being a great friend of Roluti, and many of the same family, being relations of Masocco and of Deangelis, vowed vengeance against Decessaris for his treachery. Ultimately, Decessaris met with his death at the hands of offended Justice.

NIMROD'S SKETCH OF WOOLWICH RACES—THE CHARIOTEERS—THE LADIES—AND THE BALL.

THAT racing is better sport than fighting, even heroes themselves will admit; and humble honours are sometimes reaped on the Olympic as well as on the martial field. Never having witnessed what the Newmarket trainers call "Soldier Races," and having received an invitation to partake of the festivities of the meeting, I went to the Woolwich Garrison Races, on Tuesday, June, 1824. The morning was worthy of Midsummer, and a great deal of good company was assembled.

The first race was for a plate of fifty sovereigns, given by the officers of artillery, which was won in a canter by the sister of Sir Huldibrand; and wo to the blood of Octavius and Gohanna, had she not done so!

The next was the Hack Stakes, for horses the property of the officers—gentlemen riders, one-mile heats. I know not whether it is necessary that their horses should have been *hacks*, to have run for this stake; if so, they were all disqualified, for there was nothing like a hack amongst them. There was a good coach-horse or two; and one (the winner) looking something like a race-horse—at least showing strong symptoms of having been at a starting-post before. In short, this race reminded me of "*the bull in the china shop*;" for, independent of the winner, who could have given any horse a stone, his rider (Major Jones) was at least 7lbs. better than his brother jockeys in the race. Being a very old acquaintance of mine, I ventured to beg he would not run away from his friends; but he did not regard my request. I could not help looking at the black mare, by Black Diamond, which started against him, and thinking how much better she would have looked in a black job; but her owner, who only started her to make sport, took the precaution of putting on his spectacles, lest the Major, on Woldsman, should get beyond the reach of the naked eye. If I horsed the Blenheim coach, however, over the Tetsworth ground, I should like the black mare by Black Diamond, for she has rare legs and feet, and even *Black Will** himself could not pull her neck out of joint. Major Grant's Creeper was not badly named; but *creeping* is more useful for hunters than for racers. *Maw-worm* was no *hypocrite*, and did his best to win.

The next was the Waterloo Stakes for five sovereigns each, with £25 added, for horses not thorough bred: heats, two miles. The course was kept by a sergeant's guard of Waterloo men, with the badge of honour on their breasts; and death or glory was the order of the day. Major Jones's Pantomime, by Young Grimaldi, was the favourite—ridden by Captain Berkeley; and I could not help telling him, as I gave him a leg† on his horse, that he had a turn in

* Has been many years coachman to the Blenheim coach, from Woodstock to London.

† Technical for mounting.

his favour, and he knew what I meant, for he rides a race well. He had, however, a rough customer to deal with, in Mr. Ramsey's Bajazet, who contested every inch of ground with him, to the last, when an accident befel him, which might have been worse. He struck against a troop horse, and threw his rider. Being within the distance, he mounted him again, and rode to the scales, when the horse dropped down dead, having broken a blood-vessel, as Sailor did at Newmarket. Death and Waterloo, however, are synonymous terms; but every one was sorry for poor Bajazet and his owner. Captain Pester rode him to the admiration of the spectators; and he and Captain Berkeley appeared screwed together in the race. Thus ended the first day.

On Wednesday, there were but few people on the course, the fight attracting the Dons; and the rain fell in torrents. "Never mind the rain!" said a wag: "I am not made of sugar, and I don't wear my own coat." The Handicap was first, which was to have been for gentlemen jockeys; but no 9st. 4lb. men being to be found, substitutes were provided. Some things like jockeys were put up; but, as Mr. Munden says, "there should be a step between the stage and the grave," so, I suppose, there are steps in jockeys; but of what degree these were it is hard to say. One of them had not stepped into his boots; but I do not know that he was the worse for that, as he did not forget his spurs. They were of no avail, as his horse did not step fast enough to win. I must observe, that these were not officers' horses; and this race, and the preceding one, are thus given in the *Morning Post*:—

Danvers	1	1
Creeper	2	2

Three others started, but had no place.

SECOND RACE.

Henrietta	1	1
Fenella	2	2
Blackbird	3	3

Three others started, but had *no chance*.

Now I beg to state, that in the first race, there *was a Chance*, but he had no chance to win. A nod was given to Danvers to get on;

and as a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse, how much better must it be to one that can see!

The Ladies' Purse, for officers' horses, was won by Mr. R. Luard's Henrietta—looking like a little good one, with Major Jones on her back. Here again was "the bull in the china shop;" for, on my remonstrating with him for being so uncivil to his friends as to run away and leave them as he did, he said, "How could I help it, when I was chased by a bull-dog?" In the second heat, the company were on the wrong side the course. There was a pretty race for the *first* quarter of a mile, but in the *last* a hack-chaise and pair from the Barrack Tavern* would have had the best of it!

So much for Woolwich races, where the question is—not "What horse is to win?" but, "What horse does Jones ride?" as that stands for winning. The Major, however, is of a riding family; and if it could be proved, I would take long odds, but the first word he ever spoke was "horse." He is the fourth son of that varmint old sportsman, the late Roynon Jones, Esq. of Hay-hill, in Gloucestershire, who, though his name made him a *no-King* man, was as loyal as any of his Majesty's subjects, and senior verderer of his Forest of Dean. He had a good estate in the county; besides which, he was receiver-general of the taxes; and it was well for him that he was—for he had a pack of hounds and thirteen children; among which were two couple and a half of sons—not *receivers-general*, but *general-receivers*, all keeping their hunters at the same time. The pack was hunted by the third brother, so well known and liked as Ned Jones, of Hay-hill, (brother to that celebrated sportsman, the late Roynon Jones, jun. whose memory cannot die); and to see him on Satellite, and to hear his pipe, was what I called a treat. I have heard his voice in another place, but I confess I liked his view-halloo best.

On the first day of the races, I had the honour of dining at the Royal Artillery mess, to which a large party of strangers were invited. The dinner consisted of three removes, and the plate, servants, chandeliers, &c. reminded me of any thing but a barrack. "Your wine is genuine, but *strong*," said one of the party. "So much the better for a soldier!" said the facetious and agreeable

* The landlord of this house is supposed to have the best post-horses in England. He always sends six fours to Epsom races.

Captain P. P.: less does the business. See what a happy effect it has already had on my friend on my right hand!"

Gallantry is characteristic of a soldier; and no wonder he is such a favourite with the ladies. No less than five or six balls are given by the officers of the Artillery and Engineers in the course of the year, but the race-ball eclipses them all. It was given on the Wednesday, and upwards of six hundred persons were in the room. Orders, crosses, and stars, were conspicuous on the breasts of the heroes, but they were lost in a blaze of beauty, and the merit of the wearers was forgotten. When I looked at the number of fine young men who had survived the thunder of war, and saw them in the mazes of the dance, I fancied I heard the tulip-cheek *Lalla Rookh* clapping her hands for silence, and the young *Feramorz* thus begin:—

> "Prepare thy soul, young Azim! Thou hast braved
> The bands of Greece, still mighty, though enslaved;
> Hast faced her phalanx, armed with all its fame,
> Her Macedonian pikes, and globes of flame;
> All this hast fronted with firm heart and brow:
> But a more perilous trial waits thee now—
> Woman's bright eyes, a dazzling host of eyes
> From every land where woman smiles or sighs;
> Of every hue, as Love may chance to raise
> His black or azure banner in their blaze:
> And each sweet mode of warfare, from the flash
> That lightens boldly through the shadowy lash,
> To the sly stealing splendours, almost hid,
> Like swords half-sheathed, beneath the down-cast lid."

The supper rooms, six in number, were thrown open about one, and a small ice-berg must have been eaten on the occasion. Dancing was kept up till long after day-light appeared, and, as far as I am a judge, some good quadrilles were performed. The room, however, was dreadfully hot, and when they began to waltz, I expected to see some of them taken with the meagrims.* Some laughing and crying, indeed, were to be heard, and the smelling-bottles were getting into request.

Fox-hunters are admirers of the female sex, and yield not to sol-

* I am surprised that an expression so low as this should have dropped from my pen, where ladies are concerned; but "the meagrims" is a disorder to which coach-horses are liable when exposed to a hot sun. I should have recollected that I am not now *on the road*.

diers in gallantry. The colours of the riders, however, are more in my way than the dresses of the ladies; but yet I know when they are dressed to please me. The "*simplex munditiis*"—the neat, but elegant—should be the model for them, for nothing is well done when it is over done. There was one young lady in the room, however, whom I looked at so often, that I have her in my mind's eye. There was a sort of celestial chasteness in her attire which did immortal honour to her taste, and she looked as if she had come ready-dressed from heaven. Her gown, which was white, was festooned with roses, and her waist was confined by a small golden band—perhaps Venus had lent her her cestus for the night—and she had a small wreath of roses on her head. Her hair hung in ringlets down her neck, and her person was free from fictitious ornaments. She was cast in one of nature's favourite moulds, and the elegance of her carriage was more than mortal. I know neither her name nor her pedigree; but she must be related to the Graces, and I heartily wish her a good husband. Were I a smart young bachelor, she should not be long without the offer of one, though I fear I should never persuade her that *I* was just come from heaven.

On the first day of this meeting, there were no less than four teams on the course, remarkable also for the neatness of their appointments. They belonged to Lord Muncaster, Mr. Russell, Mr. Smith Barry, and Mr. Petre. I saw them go off the ground; but a race-course is, of all places, the most disadvantageous to a coachman. Horses are impatient to get away; and, as was the case here, passing over ridge and furrow, makes the pole jump in the futchells, and the bars are rattling about the leaders' hocks.

Lord Muncaster's horses come under the denomination of "rum ones to look at but good ones to go," and when once on the road, were soon out of their own dust. Mr. Petre's leaders were unsteady, and would not settle to a trot—not seeming to like facing their bits. Mr. Smith Barry had four nice coach-looking lily-white horses, but his leaders also seemed to be in a hurry. Mr. Russell went off quite like a coachman—every horse in a trot, and clever cattle they are. I think him a promising young one, with good hands and quiet nerve. I saw him in some difficulties the other day in a crowd in town, and he got out of them like a workman. Mr. Charles Jones had left his leaders behind him, but had a pair in a phaeton, very well coupled together.

STAG-HUNT IN HONOUR OF MR. PLUNKET, AT KILLARNEY, MAY 25, 1825.

A STAG-HUNT on the lakes of Killarney is a kind of jubilee; it is seldom given but on remarkable occasions, or in honour of some distinguished or popular individual; it never fails to attract people from all parts of the county, so that Killarney is literally crammed with strangers on the eve of the celebrated fête. Mr. John O'Connell, brother to the celebrated barrister of that name, shortly after the arrival of Mr. Plunkett, waited on the Right Honourable Gentleman, and, on behalf of the members of the Lawne-Club, expressed a hope that he would accept the amusement of a stag-hunt; Mr. Plunkett accepted of the invitation. Thursday was fixed for the hunt. At an early hour on that day numerous parties, in all manner of vehicles, were seen moving from Killarney to the Quay of Ross, the usual place of embarkation. Amongst those I noticed the Attorney-General; he was accompanied by two of his sons, his son-in-law, and three daughters. Ross Island, which is by far the largest on the lakes, is separated on one side from the main land merely by a small stream; on the other side it looks directly on the Lower Lake, the spreading branches of the arbutus and other trees of evergreen invade, as it were, the solitude of those waters. A little further on to the right rises the Island of Innisvallen (the most beautiful isle of the lakes, and travellers say one of the most delightful spots in the world); one side of this island falls into the waters; on the other it has what is called an iron-bound coast, but out of its steep and rugged rocks springs the arbutus. This rare tree abounds in every island on the Lakes of Killarney. Various other islands, of more or less attraction, are scattered over the Lakes. One of them, the Hen and Chickens, bears a pretty exact resemblance to the careful matron and her young brood. Another is called O'Donoghue's Library; further on is O'Donoghue's Prison, a barren rock, at one side quite perpendicular; on the summit of this rock, tradition states, the enemy or the culprit was chained. On the Lower Lake, studded with islands, hundreds of barges, of various descriptions, laden with elegant and fashionable people, were seen making way to the Upper Lake, the appointed scene of the expected hunt.

We now arrived at the upper extremity of the Lakes, right op-

posite the seat of Lord Brandon. The Upper Lake is joined to the Lower Lake by what is called the Long Range, a river of about from twelve to twenty feet in breadth, which winds round the Eagle's Nest. As you advance on the Upper Lake, the mountains present themselves. Behind these, in the distant ground, M'Gillicuddy's Reekes raises its towering front; on the opposite side is Derucunnihy; in the back ground Mangerton lifts its lofty head. A great number of islands spring, as it were, from the waters, and are scattered over the Lakes.

More than one hundred barges pressed to the upper extremity of the lake; Mr. O'Connell's was the first, though heavily laden. It seemed to move over the waters with the elasticity and ease of the eagle that soared above it. It was rowed by eight men, dressed in checked jackets, and trousers of the same. Mr. O'Connell was cheered, and stood up to return the numerous salutations from persons in the neighbouring boats.

On the arrival of Mr. Plunkett's barge the hunt commenced. The stag, which was of an amazingly large size, had been found on the mountains several days before, and was constantly watched by a number of men. He made his lair in a wood on one of the mountains that hang immediately over the lake. Here, as he lay in supposed security and repose, he was disturbed by the heavy bay of the hounds, the sound of the horn, and the shout of the huntsmen: he arose from his couch, and looked around him. I was curious to learn the particulars of this scene from one of the gentlemen who was on the mountains. He soon appeared, dashing on the brow of the mountains, where, extended far beneath him, lay the beautiful scenery of Lough Lean. We had now a splendid view of the hunt, and nothing in the world could be finer. After a chase of more than two Irish miles, he plunged, exhausted, in the water in that part of the Upper Lake called the Bay of Derucunnihy. The noble animal, severely pressed on by the dogs, was not able to make way to the opposite shore. Twenty hounds, at least, plunged in after him; they would have bitten him severely, were it not for O'Sullivan of Tomies, the Lord of the Chase, a man of extraordinary strength and activity of body. This gentleman dashed into the waters in order to rescue the stag; he succeeded in a work of considerable difficulty and danger. The stag, now brought on shore, though exhausted, still retained much of its energy; it re-

quired many men to hold him until a handkerchief was placed on his eyes. He was presented to Mr. Connell, and kept for a considerable time, until the arrival of the barge of the Attorney-General. Mr. John O'Connell, Mr. O'Sullivan, Mr. Mahony, Mr. Browne, and many other leading members of the Rent, presented the stag to the Attorney-General. The Attorney-General returned thanks in a marked manner.

The stag was now taken into Mr. O'Sullivan's boat, and rowed to the Eagle's Nest. Here we determined to give this fine animal his liberty: accordingly, the bandage was taken from his eyes, and he was gently pushed out of the boat. He gave a look expressive of deep apprehension, fearing, no doubt, that the hunt was again about to commence. He made way in beautiful style through the water, and having reached the shore, he stopped for a moment, and looked to see if he were pursued; fresh vigour and hope returned to him, and he made to the mountains in full speed, pursued only by the shouts of a thousand voices. Thus terminated a scene which Shakspeare might have described, but which can be but feebly painted by a rude and ordinary hand.

GREATEST SPORTING FEAT OF EXERTION ON RECORD.

THE decision of this great undertaking took place on Monday, the 12th of August, for 2000 guineas. Lord Kennedy had taken forty to one, in fifties, that he would, one day of season 1822, from twelve o'clock of one night to twelve o'clock the following night, kill forty brace of grouse, on his shooting ground at Felar, at the head of Aberdeenshire, and afterwards ride to his seat at Dunnotter, and back to Felar, a distance of 140 miles. Exactly at twelve o'clock on Sunday night, three watches were set together, and put into a box by the umpires, ——— Turner, Esq. on the part of Mr. Farquharson, and Captain Barclay on the part of Lord Kennedy; Mr. Cumming referee. At four in the morning, Lord Kennedy commenced shooting, attended by a great body of Highlanders, drawn together from curiosity. A great deal of rain had fallen in the night, which made the hills very wet, and the birds wild. The first bird was killed a quarter after four, and the whole forty brace in four hours and forty-one minutes. After shifting his wet clothes, and taking some refreshment, he mounted his horse and started for Dunnotter, where he arrived at two o'clock, having rode the seventy

miles in four hours and a half. He remained about an hour there, and got back to Pelar four minutes before eight o'clock at night, performing the 140 miles in ten hours and twenty-six minutes; and winning the match by four hours and four minutes. The whole was done, shooting, riding, &c. in fifteen hours and fifty-six minutes. He returned to Castletown that night, a distance of fourteen miles, by ten o'clock; making the whole distance, on horseback, 154 miles. This is the greatest feat of exertion on record, and Lord Kennedy challenged any man in the kingdom to shoot against him, for a thousand guineas, at any thing that flies, either with ball or shot. His Lordship did not appear the least fatigued. Every thing was against him: the grouse were uncommonly strong and forward that season; the road was any thing but good, the first four miles a mere mountain sheep-track; and the remainder very hard and stony, with numerous short sharp hills.

NO STOPPING A HORSE IN CERTAIN CASES WITHOUT SPURS.

Captain Hoare, of great notoriety in his day, the proprietor of the race-horse Copperbottom; the same noble captain who used to fidget old Judge Mansfield with such a number of suits, that at last the old Judge called out in a pet from the bench, "What a Gadalmighty's name, will you never have done running this Copper-bottom—ha?" Hoare, Dick England, and Vauxhall Clarke, were at some race together in the north, on a partnership concern, when the Captain was informed of a very fine horse for sale, at a moderate price, in a village two or three miles distant. The horse was at an inn, and shown by an Irish hostler, a true Milesian. Hoare desired to see the horse rode, and became impatient because the hostler did not mount so soon as he expected: but was calling out for his spurs, which were not instantly forthcoming. On being desired not to wait, but to mount instantly, Teague hesitated, and at last said, "Och, and by Jasus, sir, and how am I to stop the horse without spurs?" "Oh ho!" said the Captain, "then Pat, you have read Joe Miller?" "Oh, indeed, and yes, sir, and it would be a wonder if I had not, for I lived head horse-keeper to him seven long years, sir, in Ireland, my own country, when he kept the sign of the Shamrock and Blue Pig." The spurs were put on, and Pat mounted, and the horse, aware of the cold iron and the energy of an Irish heel, showed himself wondrous well. Hoare, in order to

be fully satisfied previously to bargaining, would needs mount him himself, which he did unluckily, or, rather, luckily as it turned out, without spurs. The horse went very well till he came to the middle of the street, when he refused to proceed, and being urged by his rider, made a backward movement till he went fairly down a cellar, where a family were at dinner, putting them all in the utmost consternation; but what was most remarkable, or providential, not the slightest damage happened to either rider or horse, excepting that the former was frightened nearly out of his wits. The horse being brought back to the inn, Pat would insist on re-mounting him, to make a new exhibition of his jockeyship, when the stubborn animal made a stop at the very same place, and was again retrograding as before, but his Irish jockey applied the spurs to him with such effect as fairly to bring him to a stop, and though he could not get him forward, prevented him from going backward. Hoare standing by, Pat said to him, "and I hope, sir, your honour will not begrudge me a few ten-pennies for larning you that you cannot stop a horse without spurs!" The Captain gave him five shillings, thinking himself in great luck to get so easily out of such a scrape.

IMPROVEMENT IN SPORTING LITERATURE.

The following hand-bill is preserved as a specimen of the *taste* of the day:—

TO THE FANCY.

RAT-KILLING EXTRAORDINARY!

THE

KENTISH BITCH

IS MATCHED TO

KILL 100 RATS

IN THE SHORT SPACE OF

TEN MINUTES AND A HALF,

AT

THE WESTMINSTER PIT,

ON TUESDAY, AUGUST 23D, 1825,

Being nearly as quick as the *Renowned Billy* did in his first attempt at the destruction of this *Horrid Vermin*.

Some time back, when she was matched against Billy, she killed 90 Rats in ten minutes, gained the eclat of the Fancy, and practice will no doubt greatly improve her.

To prove she is a *good bred bitch*, after she has performed what is undertaken for her to do, she will

DRAW THE BADGER,

Without Tailing. Then follows

A REAL HIGH TREAT,

Entirely *novel*, which beyond doubt will be *extraordinarily Interesting*,

A VERY HANDSOME

YOUNG RED BITCH,

Got by BILLY, is backed to kill 20 *Rats in Two Minutes and a half*, being her *First Attempt*.

*** To show the greater and real Value of these Dogs, let us draw a Contrast between the Two abovementioned and the *Wonderful* LEEDS BILLY, that Dog having with the assistance of Three more killed them in the LONG space of 17 Minutes and a Half.

The Thousands of this Vermin destroyed by *Billy & Co.* in the course of the Year, ought, and does no doubt induce every detester of them to encourage and support the breed of their *destroyers*.

For the sake of *Good Breeding*, the Proprietor of BILLY has consented that he may go on a Visit for a short time to his *Favourite Female Kentish Dog*.

Doors open at 7, and set-to at half-past. Admittance Two Shillings.

Printed by J. HAYES, 13, Dartmouth-street, Westminster.

ISAAC NEWTON, THE WRESTLER.

As Johnson, Big Ben, Ryan, Belcher, and the Game-Chicken, and many other of the fistic heroes, were not suffered to go to their graves without some of their great achievements being put upon public record, so neither will it be right that a man, equally as celebrated as any of the above worthies, as a *wrestler*, should go out of the world without some public testimonial of his great enterprizes; we allude to the late Mr. Isaac Newton, (a truly great name,) who died at Rempstone, near Nottingham, on the 2d of September, 1823, at the great age of NINETY-ONE. Mr. Newton was a smith by

trade, a respectable freeholder, and, in his day, a most athletic man, remarkably powerful, and in the gripe of his hands, so much so, that whatever he got hold of was as safely deposited as if in a vice. Isaac threw all his competitors, and for many years, when he entered a wrestling prize-ring, all the candidates for fame withdrew their names; so that, to use a horse-racing phrase, he used "to walk over the course." More than sixty years ago he was matched against the then thought invincible Bob Askew. This event, on which many hundreds were depending, was decided on a stage in the market-place of Bingley, Notts, on Easter Monday, 1762. A vast concourse was present. The set-to lasted six hours, the last two by torchlight, and resulted in Newton's laying low the pride of Derbyshire. The next morning they met again, but poor Askew had been so dreadfully handled the day before, that he was thrown a second time like a child. Askew died soon after from the effects of this memorable contest. Shortly before his death, July, 1823, old Isaac said, "Although I have never been thrown on my back by any man, yet I am well aware that a champion is coming, who will, by and by, trip up my heels."

BENIN GOROD; A TALE OF THE HIGHLANDS.

THE name of Benin Gorod, in Mull, a mountain with basaltes pillars, two hundred feet in height, discovered by Mr. Raspe, in the year 1789, and far superior to Staffa, the Giant's Causeway, or any other specimen of the kind hitherto known, arises from a record of so tragical a nature, that it should be preserved. There are many traditions respecting it, but the following is said to be the most authentic. A powerful chieftain, who was Lord of the Island of Mull many years ago, was no less distinguished for the extent of his territories, where he lived in great feudal magnificence, than for a ferocity of temper which knew no bounds; and a spirit of avarice which he found no means of satisfying, but by grievously oppressing his tenants and vassals, and seizing their property and estates. He was, above all, particularly anxious to acquire the possessions of a neighbour, whose name was Gorod, on account of their extent and contiguity. But he had long abstained from any attempt of this kind, both as Gorod, though above fifty years of age, had remained unmarried, and failing of him and his heirs, the estate reverted to the chieftain; and because his only son, who was reared, according to the custom of those times, in the family of a vassal,

was in his custody. Gorod, however, contrary to the expectation of every one, married a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments, whom he had accidentally met with in one of the neighbouring islands; and the chieftain had reason to apprehend that the expectations with which he had flattered himself, of getting his vassal's estate by a failure of his posterity, would be frustrated. Impelled by lust and disappointment, he resolved to destroy the hopes and happiness of Gorod by the seduction of his wife, which he with difficulty effected, and at last carried her in triumph to his castle. Gorod concealed his rage, whilst he inwardly vowed vengeance; and having contrived, in the course of a great hunting party, at which the chieftain and his son, Gorod, and the lady, and all the principal people of the island assisted, to bring the whole company to the summit of a lofty mount, he seized the youth, and, standing by the brink of a frightful precipice, he exclaimed, "This instant I plunge myself and this boy down the cliff, unless that infamous woman is put to death by the hands of her seducer." The chieftain, trembling for the safety of the only support of his family, and encouraged by the persuasions of his unhappy mistress, who presented her breast to receive the blow, reluctantly obeyed. Gorod then cried out, "I am revenged, but that tyrant must be punished;" then springing from the mountain with the unhappy youth in his arms, they were almost instantly dashed in pieces. The place has ever since been known by the name of Benin Gorod, or the Hill of Gorod.

SPORTING BETSEY; A HEROINE IN LOW LIFE; A PARISH CONCERN; OR, PROMINENT REASONS FOR MATRIMONY.

SPORTING BETSEY, as she was nick-named in the place that gave her birth—the HOLY LAND, (vulgarly called the parish of St. Giles,) distinguished for its breed of "fat, ragged, and saucy ones," had, at sundry times, obliged the above parish with three or four of her *favours* in the *shapes* of little boys and girls; but the "heads of the board," or, in other words, the overseers, with tremendous frowns and black looks on their brows, threatened *Sporting* BETSEY, at her last appearance before them, that if ever she committed any more *sins* in the FACE-*making*[1] line—QUOD,[2] and nothing else, should be her portion in future.

[1] Slang phrase for bastard children.

[2] Prison.

Unfortunately for poor BETSEY, she was considered rather a bit of a beauty, with a *tinder* sort of constitution, *touch*, and *take*; in truth, she was quite the *go* in the back settlements; a regular toast, and general object of attraction. She was a good figure altogether; and BETSEY was always *togged out*[3] as nice and as clean as a new-made pin. Her face was round and handsome, with black leering *ogles*,[4] yet more of a wanton cast than penetrating in their appearance. A box of ivories[5] equal to the finest alabaster, which were heightened by a roguish sort of smile; a bosom luxuriantly fine, with a Belcher *wipe*[6] drawn tight across her shoulders, with an intent, no doubt, to exhibit the contour of their plumpness, and which added to the appearance of her person. Her waist was so completely taper and elegant, that nothing like it, by comparison, was witnessed out of five hundred drawing-room *belles*, whose frames were *made up* and finished off with all the advantages of art and fashionable apparel: NATURE had done so much for the personal charms of *Sporting* BETSEY. But her *lingo* was completely St. Giles's—she was full of the *vys, howsumdevers, strike me lucky, I shouldn't vonder*, and *I vish you may get it, &c. &c.*[7] All the costard-mongers[8] were quite in a ferment whenever she crossed their

[3] Well-dressed. [4] Eyes. [5] Teeth.

[6] Silk handkerchief. [7] Cant phraseology.

[8] Jack-ass boys. But COSTERMONGER is defined as follows, from Hone's "Every-day Book:"—This is a corruption of costard-monger; Ben Jonson uses it both ways, and it is noticed of his costermonger, by Mr. Archdeacon Nares, that "he cries only *pears*." That gentleman rightly defines a *costard*-monger, or *coster*-monger, to be "a seller of *apples*;" he adds, "one generally who kept a stall." He says of *costard*, that, "as a species of apple, it is enumerated with others, but it must have been a very common sort, as it gave a name to the dealers in apples." In this supposition Mr. Nares is correct; for it was not only a very common sort, but, perhaps, after the crab, it was our oldest sort; there were three kinds of it, the white, red, and gray costard. That the costard-monger, according to Mr. Nares, "*generally* kept a stall," "and that they were general fruitsellers," he unluckily has not corroborated by an authority; although from his constant desire to be accurate, and his general accuracy, the assertions are to be regarded with respect. Randle Holme, in his heraldic language, says, "He beareth, *gules*, a man *passant*, his shirt or shift turned up to his shoulder, breeches and hose *azure*, cap and shoes *sable*, bearing on his back a bread-basket, full of fruits and herbs, and a staff in his left hand *or*. This may be termed either a *huckster* or a *gardiner*, having his fruits and herbs on his back from the market. This was a fit crest for the company of *Fruiterers* or *Hucksters*."

paths, and all were making *love* to her after their own notions of touching the feelings of a "*female woman*," exclaiming "Vat a nice article! Vat a prime piece! An't she a rum one? BET for a trifle against all the *slums!*"

Sporting BETSEY was a *gay* creature from her cradle; her daddy and mammy had paid the debt of nature just as she was able to *toddle* to the *gin-spinner's* for the *ould folks*, and *lisp* out for a quartern of *max*[9] with a three-out glass. She was, therefore, thrown upon the wide world, unprotected; brought up *any how* and by *any body*. In the streets all day, running of errands for one set of people, doing little jobs for others, in order to pick up a crust and keep herself out of the workhouse. An *old fiddler*, who thought the talents of "*little* BET" might be turned to a good account, sheltered her under his wing, and by his instructions, it might be said, BETSEY danced her way through life up to a certain age. The *steps* and attitudes of BETSEY were not so elegant as the celebrated *Madame Parisot*, but partaking more after the lively movements of *Madame del Caro*. BETSEY'S hornpipe was the delight of the frequenters of the tap-room, and the shed of the skittle-ground; her practice was incessant, from the middle of the day to late at night, in her tour from one public-house to another in the metropolis. She could "*toe and heel*" and come the "*double shuffle*" superior to any sailor off a cruise at Wapping, and make one or two good *cuts*. BETSEY received lots of applause for her exertions; but the *old fiddler* pocketted all the cash. Things went on well for a long time with our little heroine; she was well clothed and well fed; but as to her *morals*, the old fiddler did not take them into his account. Master Death, rather unexpectedly, one day, stopped the arm of the *cat-gut-scraper*,[10] and poor BETSEY was left once more to the wide world without a patron, and she was ultimately compelled to seek a new line of business. For a time she was engaged to dance at all the fairs round London, and her fine figure obtained her employment as a *parader*[11] to Richardson and most of the other theatrical showmen, till she became quite weary of her life, and retired from it with disgust.

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[9] Gin.

[10] A fiddler.

[11] A person of good figure to walk up and down the platforms of shows.

BETSEY now entered the fruit line, as one of the most profitable *specs* in the dealing line; and as she cried her "choice prime fruit" through the squares at the west end of the town, numerous blades of the first water were attracted by her showy appearance, and, for the sake of a bit of chat with our heroine, they were induced to buy her "ripe cherries, round and sound," without inquiring the price, and many a *half-bull*[12] has BETSEY slid into her *clie*[13] for a bunch, with a wink of the eye and a squeeze of the *fives*[14] into the bargain. Such are the advantages of a good figure and a pretty face in all the various walks of life. BETSEY used to account for her little *slips* "as how, if it vas'nt for the cursed *fellers*, she could live *well* by her barrow, save a little *blunt*,[15] and keep herself tidy, and all that sort of comfortable thing; but she couldn't keep herself to herself, that's vat she couldn't. One ruffian would have a kiss in spite of her teeth; another would *paw* her about, and a third take liberties with her person." The threats of the overseers for a short period had the desired effect upon the feelings of *Sporting* BETSEY, and the bare thoughts of being *quodded*, or peeping through the iron bars, wherever that ugly place came across her mind, it made her "nap her bib,"[16] and caused her to shed some downright original drops, but otherwise called tears, when such like *sentimental water* steals down the cheeks of a lady; and BETSEY in her conduct was better than good. But LOVE, all-powerful LOVE, which puts a QUEEN, in spite of her dignity, on the *fret*, makes a DUCHESS forget her *high rank* in life and a COUNTESS lose sight of *propriety* by her amours, in direct opposition to the rigid rules of the school, the stern dictates of tutors, and the threats of parents and friends. Some little allowance might therefore be made for *Sporting* BETSEY, who was guided solely by her feelings, and the impulse of the moment. She did not possess the advantages of education: she scarcely knew great A from a chest of drawers; and the only tuition BETSEY had ever received was the use of her *feet*. Her *tongue* was what musicians would term a voluntary: she possessed the *gift of the gab*,[17] could patter *flash* rather eloquently, and, amongst her equals, was viewed as an *out-and-out chaffer*.[18]

[12] Half-a-crown. [13] A pocket. [14] The hand.
[15] Money. [16] To cry. [17] Plenty of talk or chatter.
[18] An adept at abuse, or making fun of any person.

She had never heard of the advantages of *chastity*; and to have informed her of the conduct of the great Lucretia, in Roman history, who preferred death to the loss of her virtue, the reader might as well have sung psalms to a dead horse! CONSTANCY was not the forte of BETSEY, and she was continually changing her favourites. HEADSTRONG BOB felt himself as proud as an emperor whenever BETSEY honoured him with her company in his *tumbler*[19] and donkey, for a bit of an airing on a Sunday morning. DRUNKEN JACK was equally as happy when BETSEY gave him a turn, and he used to roar out to boys of his kidney as he passed them, with a significant smile and nod of his head, "You see I've got her." LAZY DIRTY TOM seldom obtained the privilege of escorting BETSEY under his arm through the *back slums*,[20] without plying her well with *Ould Tom*, in the shape of a *tip*,[21] for her condescension; but *Prigging* HARRY was her soul's delight, the cream of her heart, and at the sight of her *dear* HARRY, she turned up all the other coves in a twinkling. Harry, in general, was "*better breeched*"[22] than his rivals; and whenever he made a "good speak"[23] he was liberal in the extreme to *Sporting* BETSEY, by bestowing on her a new bonnet, a shawl, or gown, or some little trinket. But so it was, yet *how* it was she did not know, but according to the *classic* expression of the thing, BETSEY was in that way, once more, described of "ladies who love their lords." But our heroine had no *lord* nor *commoner* for her protector; and, in the hour of peril, a hundred pounds to ninepence might have been betted that BETSEY could not take her *davy*[24] before the *beak*[25] so as to fix upon the *author* of her *new work*, which shortly was about to make its appearance in the world.

The overseers, at length, got scent of our heroine's *thriving appearance*, and it was kindly whispered into her *listener*,[26] by the man with the gold-laced hat and staff, that "if she did not find some sort of a *daddy* for her *bantling* this time, it would be up the *spout*[27] with her, and she would be sentenced to the tread-mill,

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[19] A cart.
[20] Interior, or obscure part of a neighbourhood.
[21] To bribe or pay.
[22] Slang for plenty of money.
[23] Robbery.
[24] Affidavit, or oath.
[25] Justice of the Peace.
[26] The ear.
[27] Done over; no chance.

for a twelvemonth." "A little time grant me," replied BETSEY, "and I will make it all right with the parish." In her dilemma she soon cast her wanton *ogles* round the *back slums* to fix the *kid*[28] on somebody. *Headstrong* BOB would not do at any price for a husband; "*Drunken* JACK," she said, "was a beastly fellow;" and *Lazy dirty* TOM she would not have for a helpmate, if every hair of his head had been hung with diamonds. BETSEY, however, rather stumbled in her decision on *Prigging* HARRY; he was a likely clever youth, but then she heaved a sigh, and observed, there was no certainty about his fate, that HARRY might either be *lagged*[29] or *twisted*[30] the first sessions after their marriage, and then she should have to *rear* the *veeds* and become a *widder*, and have all her work to do over again.

At length, after going through the whole range of her *fancy men*,[31] and canvassing their various merits as to a companion for life, she fixed on *Gooseberry Jemmy*, about two degrees removed from a simpleton, as the man of her choice—a poor creature that she could either "lead or drive," and almost persuade, if necessary to her purpose, that the moon was made of green cheese. Fools, it is said, are amorously inclined, and JEMMY, when in his cups, had betrayed a liquorice sort of tooth towards BETSEY; but she had always dismissed him as too *spooney*[32] a cove for her company. JEMMY was a hard-working fellow, and, according to the season of the year, he used to load his donkey with oysters, sand, potatoes, cabbages, peas, &c. and he would do any thing to earn an honest penny. He took great pride in his donkey, was rather a saving *chap*, and had a good suit of togs by him to sport on a Sunday, and lose sight of the look of a costard-monger. *Sporting* BETSEY had now only to play her cards well, she was sure of winning the game, also becoming an "*honest woman*," and likewise to have to add the title of *Gooseberry* to her name. All her thoughts were now fixed on JEMMY, and she "looked him up,"[33] as if by accident, telling Mr. *Gooseberry* he was not so kind as he used to be to her—

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[28] A child. [29] Transported. [30] Hanged.

[31] Men favoured by prostitutes; or, in other words, a kind of bully or protector to unfortunate females.

[32] A fool, a flat. [33] Pretending to meet a person by accident.

A Parish Conveyance or PROMINENT reasons for Matrimony

that he never called at her *panny*[34] now without an invitation—but he well knew he was always welcome to *sich* as she had got. JEMMY appeared quite pleased with BETSEY'S good-nature and condescension, and accepted of her invitation to tea and supper. Their *conversation* was any thing but interesting; and, for the sake of modesty, we draw the curtain over their actions. JEMMY became quite *nutty*,[35] and often repeated his visits, till BETSEY thought it was a proper time to give the *office* to the man with the gold-laced hat, that he was the father of her bantling. JEMMY was *pulled up*[36] for the offence—when BETSEY swore that he had a finger in the pie, and was the man she wished for her husband. Mr. *Gooseberry* felt rather proud than downcast at the charge made against him by the parish-officers; and upon the overseers promising to give him a marriage-portion, and a wedding-dinner into the bargain, he was easily persuaded to lead *Sporting* BETSEY to the Hymeneal altar, at St. Giles's church, to be united in the holy bands of wedlock. The plate is an accurate representation of the march to church of *Sporting* BETSEY and *Gooseberry Jemmy* to be *swished*.[37] Our heroine seems rather the worse for wear, on account of her numerous amours; and her once fine taper shape to have undergone some trifling alteration. "Come along, JEMMY," said BETSEY, with a coaxing sort of accent, on finding her husband wanted dragging along; "I am afraid some of the *vicked fellers* have made you half *snuffy*.[38] Come, Mr. *Gooseberry*, strike a light and find yourself.[39] Look about you, and see what a swell[40] you're cutting before the public, attended to church by two servants in livery. There never was such times as these; I'm sure you ought to be happy, JEMMY." One of the "dusty Bob" fraternity, with his *tinkler*[41] in his hand, was the bridesman to his cousin JEMMY. "I say, Cinder Jack, give your bell a touch, to make JEMMY awake," said BETSEY. *Blowsey Suke*, in the rear, was the bridesmaid to her friend BETSEY. Old *fish-fag* Poll was taken by surprise, on witnessing the entrance of the happy pair into St. Giles's church,

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[34] Lodgings.
[35] Loving.
[36] Apprehended by a constable or police officer.
[37] Married.
[38] Drunk.
[39] A cant phrase among low persons.
[40] A dash, or swagger.
[41] A bell.

when she tipped the party such a dish of "*red rag*"[42] as almost to create a riot in the street, if the beadles had not have interfered, and made Poll quit the scene in a canter. On BETSEY and JEMMY'S return to the back slums, the costard-mongers had assembled in a mob with the marrow-bones and cleavers, to give them a *peal*; at the nob of the party were *Headstrong Bob, Drunken Jack*, &c. laughing in their sleeves at the trick played off upon JEMMY, but, nevertheless, congratulating the happy couple on their marriage. The *lark*[43] did not subside until JEMMY and his amiable bride were put to bed as drunk as Chloe! Such was the *tie-up*[44] between *Sporting* BETSEY and *Gooseberry* JEMMY in the Holy Land.

[42] The tongue.

[43] A bit of fun, or a spree.

[44] A finish; or the end of a subject.

TRUE COURAGE;

Presentation of a Silver Cup to the John Bull Fighter.

A LARGE party of the amateurs assembled at Mr. Tuff's, Blue Anchor, East Smithfield, on Thursday, May 6, 1824, for the above purpose. The festive board, although a cold collation, was truly inviting; plenty of every thing that the season afforded; the wines were excellent, and the table was well *wedged** from one end of it to the other; and a silver cup, which had been given to a gentleman of the name of Docker, for his spirited and manly conduct in behalf of the oppressed poor in the parish, as one of the links connected with "true courage," was also placed in sight of the spectators. Immediately on the cloth being removed, the John Bull fighter's cup, filled with five bottles of port, was placed in the front of the Chairman; and Hudson took his seat on the right-hand side of the president.

The following bumper toasts were then given:

"The King;" *four times four.*

"The Duke of York and the Royal Family."

"Success to honourable milling."

The chairman, after a short speech, which tended to show the advantages resulting from models of True Courage, in a national point of view, both in the navy and army, concluded his argument by observing, that if "true courage" did not reside in the heart of that man who had twice entered the lists with a *Sampson* with success, was ready for the third attack, and who had also made an engagement with a *Cannon*, he did not know where it was to be found.

The president then drank the health of Hudson, and presented him with the cup.

The John Bull fighter received the cup with great emotion; the lion was subdued into the lamb; his feelings were touched in a manner he could not describe; his heart was too big for his body, and his eyes beamed rich with gratitude. "Gentlemen," said he,

* Lots of silver plate.

"I cannot make a speech; I don't know how; and if I was to attempt one I should fall to the ground. [Here the *Sage of the East* pulled out his *fogle*, and applied it to his *peepers*, which were overflowing with joy in witnessing the prime reception of his boy. "Tom, d'ye mind me?" was all abroad.] But, believe me, gentlemen, my gratitude and thanks are sincere; and as you have honoured me with this cup in the name of "true courage," my best endeavours shall be to support "true courage" to the end of my life. Gentlemen, I cannot say any more, but drink all your very good healths, your wives, and families."

The cup then passed from one person to another throughout the room, and the health of Hudson was drank by all the company: several of whom also sported the John Bull's colour round their necks.

SONG—"Will Watch, the bold Smuggler," by Cribb. The amateurs, who had never heard the ex-champion chant, were surprised at the excellence he displayed in the above interesting song.

The healths of Mr. Jackson, Mr. Cribb, and several supporters of the P. R. of the highest rank in society, were drank, accompanied with loud cheers.

Upon Hudson's taking leave of the company, to return to the country to finish his training, this favourite hero of the prize-ring was loudly applauded, till he made his exit at the door. The John Bull fighter was visibly affected by the kind and generous treatment he had met with from his friends.

We extract a single verse from a song written and sung by an amateur upon this occasion:

> The land of the East is the land of delight,
> Where Josh Hudson has had a cup given this night;
> He's a heart for the fair, he has arms for his foes,
> And both are triumphant as all the world knows.

The evening was kept up with great spirit, and nothing else but friendship and harmony reigned during the night. In short, it was a most honourable thing to all parties; and the *Partiality Club*, with Tom Owen at their head, may boast that not the slightest row occurred, although lots of milling coves were present.

The following inscription is engraved on the cup, supported by two game-cocks:—

THIS CUP
Was presented to the JOHN BULL FIGHTER,
On Thursday, the 6th of May, 1824,
As a reward for the
TRUE COURAGE
which
JOSHUA HUDSON
displayed throughout all his contests in the
PRIZE RING.

JOHN BULL in the ring has so oft played his part;
The form let it be in the shape of a HEART—
A true British one; at its shrine take a sup;
Can a more noble model be found for a cup?—P.E.

This piece of plate was raised by subscription:
The contributors were
Several members of the PARTIALITY CLUB;
A few frequenters of the WIDOW MELSOM,
(and in confirmation that "*None but the Brave deserve the Fair,*")
The HOSTESSES of the above houses,
and by those amateurs who are supporters of the noble
ART OF SELF-DEFENCE.

The above cup represents the shape of a heart. Upon the top, or lid, which takes off, stands a sailor, supported by an anchor, with a cable round it.

In the front of the cup, a small heart appears over four divisions, intended for the Boxers' coat of arms, although the Heralds' College had nothing to do with it. The first division represents the pugilists in attitudes. The second portrays one of the combatants down on his knees, his opponent, with his arms held up, walking away, in order to show that he will not take any unfair advantage. The third division exhibits the battle at an end; the defeated man sitting upon the knee of his second, in the act of shaking hands with the victor, to evince that no malice exists between them. The fourth depicts the honours of conquest; the conqueror carried out of the ring upon the shoulders of his seconds, with the purse in his hands. Several other appropriate embellishments appear on the different parts of the cup; on the bottom of which, the lion is seen in all his glory, with the lamb reposing at his feet; and at no great distance from the lion is seen the English bull-dog, as a kind

of second to the king of the forest. In short, it has been pronounced one of the handsomest things of the kind ever witnessed; and reflects great credit on the taste, workmanship, and execution of the artists employed upon it. The cup was made by Messrs. Grayhurst, Harvey, and Co. 65, Strand.

BEAR CHASE.

Two boys, the one ten and the other eleven years of age, sons of Mr. W. Johnson, of Campenfield-bay, Lake Simpcoe, York (Upper Canada), September 25, 1822, observed an old bear and three young ones swimming across the bay; they put after them with a bark canoe, and, by the use of their fire-arms, soon despatched the young ones, and took them on board of their canoe. They made several shots at the head of the old one with little or no effect; at length, coming in contact with her, one of them fired and broke her shoulder; the savage ferociousness of the animal was now raised to desperation—she endeavoured to upset the canoe. A sister, on shore, seeing the hazardous situation of her little brothers, took another boat and put out to their assistance. The bear saw her coming, left the boys, and made towards her; upon which the young Nimrods cried out—"Don't fear, Sally, thump her on the nose, and keep her back; we have broken one of her shoulders; keep her back till we can load again, and we will break the other." The boys were as good as their word, they did so; and, having both legs disabled, they pushed her head under water with their paddles and drowned her. They, with some difficulty, got her into the boat, and took the four in triumph to land. The names of these lads are James and William Johnson.

THE TAVERN IN AN UPROAR!

MRS. BONNIFACE *showing more* PLUCK *than her* "GOOD *Man*," *by* BACKING *her Husband against* BOB HIT-A-BODY, *ripe for Mischief—a Case for the Phrenologists.*

BOB HIT-A-BODY, when perfectly sober, was one of the most peaceable fellows in the kingdom; but when he got a little *liquor* into his *noddle*, a word and a blow were the leading features of his character. A good *licking* was quite familiar to his feelings; a *black eye*, a common occurrence; rolled in the kennel, covered with mud, and his clothes torn, at least, happened twice in a month; carried home by the *Charleys*, out of all calculation; locked up in the *skout-ken* so repeatedly, that his person and name were so well

The Tavern in an Uproar; Mrs BONNIFACE shewing more PLUCK than her "good Man" to back up her husband against BOB HIT A-BODY ripe for Mischief, a case for the Phrenologists

known to the keepers, as Sunday in the Almanack; and his eventful history of *sprees* and midnight rambles positively produced upwards of one hundred night charges against him before the magistrates for being "*disorderly!*" *Punished* in his person, and compelled to pay in his purse, ever and anon, towards "making it up" for his rows and quarrels: yet nothing could cure him of his *penchant* for MILLING; and BOB was pronounced incorrigible by all of his acquaintances and friends.

HIT-A-BODY was a complete man of the world: he possessed courage of the highest order; and, with a frame as hard as iron, his person seemed almost insensible to the attacks of common opponents. BOB was likewise an adept in the fistic art; a great lover of the *science*; a sort of oracle amongst the milling coves—and a *sparrer* above mediocrity. His blows were severe; he was strong on his legs, and not particular as to the size or weight of his antagonist. HIT-A-BODY never flinched from the coming blow, and if he met with a *floorer* it did not deter him from again appearing at the *scratch*. In the metropolis BOB'S fame for a row was perfectly established in most of the public-houses in the neighbourhood of Leicester-fields, and near the theatres; and in several parts of the country where BOB had visited his exploits were equally public. His foibles out of the question, HIT-A-BODY was far from an ill-natured man, and often expressed his sorrow for what had occurred on the preceding evening, when he had given any offence; he said, it was not his fault, and the disturbances he created ought to be attributed to the right source, the copious draughts of brandy-water he had drank; but the same night when the potent liquor had again got the mastery of his intellect, HIT-A-BODY seldom escaped getting into *mischief*. Indeed, according to a celebrated phrenologist, who once got hold of Bob's head, gave it as his decided opinion, that the organ of MISCHIEF preponderated over all the other *indications* or signs on his pericranium.

BOB, at length, made up his mind to turn over a *new leaf*; and he declared he would become a peaceable man, in spite of his propensity towards drinking. To put this excellent resolution into practice, he determined on an expedition to Margate, on board of one of the steam-vessels; and the voyage HIT-A-BODY pronounced delightful. BOB, who was always fond of fun, and anxious to keep the company "*alive*," soon began his pranks. First, he monopolized the band of music on board the vessel, binding the musicians

down by a small sum not to play any tune but according to his orders. He next made several wagers respecting the pronunciation of words and other matters connected with *learning*, and which were only to be decided by the *steersman!* These two circumstances were productive of considerable mirth to the passengers; and it would have been "ALL's WELL!" from one end of the vessel to the other, if BOB had not unfortunately met with so many old acquaintances on board that he could not resist the temptations of drinking with them at the steward's bar. Although the weather was serenity itself, HIT-A-BODY indulged himself with swallowing numerous *flashes of lightning*,* now and then a *snack of thunder*;† and, by way of making it "all right" in the *penetralia*, BOB was continually roaring out to let him have an *icer*.‡ By the time the steamer arrived at the pier at Margate, HIT-A-BODY was positively *half-seas-over!* He then dined at a tavern with a few of his friends, drank his bottle of wine, and ordered his bed. At this period, BOB was ripe for any thing, and out he sallied into the town of Margate in search of adventures. The first place which attracted his attention was an auction-room, into which he staggered, looking as stupid as an owl in the sun; but he soon compelled the auctioneer to quit his desk, by addressing the company that it was all *humbug* and a *mock-auction*. He then steered his way into one or two of the lowest pot-houses in the place, and joined, without any introduction, the company of some scavengers, drinking and treating them with glass after glass of brandy and water, till he made himself so *disagreeable* that they were about to turn him out of the tap-room, when he returned to the tavern to finish the night.

HIT-A-BODY had scarcely entered the coffee-room before the breeze began; the waiter, it appears, had affronted BOB respecting a pair of slippers that HIT-A-BODY had appropriated to his own use, belonging to a gentleman in the inn, and would not return them. The waiter soon received a clumsy thump on his nose for his interference, which gave him the *snuffles* for ten minutes; in fact, the electric shock was so powerful on the nerves of "poor Napkin," that he was in doubt whether his nose was left on his face; on recovering himself, he hastily repaired to his master in the bar for redress. Mr. BONNIFACE soon blustered up to BOB, telling him, "for his ungentlemanly behaviour, he would send him to the

* Glasses of gin. † Thimble-full of brandy. ‡ Soda-water.

cage, instead of his having a bed in his house." Bob was now in his element for a turn-up, and, regardless of the consequences, he gave the landlord a tremendous blow on the abdomen, which instantly took out all the bluster and conceit out of himself; and his hands, instead of being opposed to Hit-a-body, instantly were applied to his rotundity of *paunch* to allay the tortures of his body, crying out, "Oh! oh! oh! the vagabond has spoilt me; send for a doctor! He has given me the cholic; but I'll take the law on him—fetch me a constable for the scoundrel!" "Cage me, you fat-headed buffer," replied Bob; "I'll drive you and all of your *slaveys* together into the sea before you shall *cage* me. I'm a shy bird, and not to be winged so easy as you may imagine." The tavern was now in a complete uproar. Mrs. *Bonniface*, who was rather a vixen by nature, got behind her husband, and declared he was no man if he did not chastise such an impudent fellow, "Don't be afraid, my dear," says she, "I'll back you against such a saucy jackanapes." But one pill was a complete dose to *Bonniface*, and all the persuasions of his loving rib could not induce him to renew the attack with Bob. The waiter stood shivering and shaking behind his mistress, almost frightened to death, resolved to become only a spectator than again show himself off as one of the principals in the row. The fat cook left the kitchen, with the red-hot poker in her hand, to *baste* Mr. Hit-a-body, backed by the scullion. The inmates, both male and female, who had retired to rest, were so much alarmed at the tremendous noise in the tavern, that all of them precipitately left their beds, under the alarm of fire, and were seen on the stairs with nothing else on their backs but their *chemises* and *shirts*. In fact, it was a most ludicrous scene; and the *gents* in the coffee-room, who appeared to enjoy the thing more than can be described, rather added fuel to the fire, instead of lending their assistance to restore peace and order. A cessation of arms was not listened to on the part of Bob, until the landlord promised to procure him a bed either in or out of his house. Peace on these terms was at length restored, and Hit-a-body marched out, with all the "honours of war," to a neighbouring dwelling, occupied by a widow. Here Bob insisted, before he went to *snooze*, that he should be accommodated with a bottle of brandy in his apartment. Not a wink of sleep would Hit-a-body let any person have in the house during the night; he locked his

door; and, in spite of all remonstrances, he kept singing, till Nature, quite exhausted, overcame Bob's peepers, and he sunk into repose. The widow declared he was a madman.

Early in the morning, it was whispered to Bob by one of his friends, that several warrants were in preparation to take him into custody. This *hint* was quite sufficient to an *old stager* like Hit-a-body, and, to escape in a whole skin, being perfectly aware the chance was against him if he was taken before the country magistrates, he made a hasty retreat by the mail from Margate to London. Bob often laughs at his adventures at Margate. Hit-a-body still continues the same sort of character; always in hot water; and row succeeding row. His hair is getting as white as snow, and although length of years is visibly creeping on his person, and his frame betrays something of the old man, yet he must keep the game alive—

> It is not in his nature to be quiet;
> No! damme, bucks exist but in a riot!

Hit-a-body flatters himself, like all the "peep-o'-day boys," nothing is yet the matter with his constitution; laughing at any thing like regularity, and going to bed at any hour when it suits him. It is the opinion of his most intimate friends, that Bob will never be cured of his follies until he receives a final *hit*—a FLOORER—from the *Grim King of Terrors!*

The family of Hit-a-bodies are extremely numerous in the Metropolis; and there are but few, if any, country-towns in England, but some of Bob's relatives are to be met with, kicking up rows!

BILLIARDS, WRESTLING, AND FEASTING, AT BRIGHTON.

This gay watering-place was all alive on Thursday, March 25, 1825, in consequence of Brighton having been selected for the decision of the above matches. The billiard touch was made upon the *bustle* rather early one morning, between Mr. Hayne and Mr. Carney, well known in the S.P. The cue-match was for one hundred guineas a-side, P.P., one hundred up, out of which Mr. Carney was to receive seventy points. Mr. Hayne, always full of *pluck* and liberality, backed Jonathan Kempfield, the Brighton marker, acknowledged to be the first player in the world, without asking the marker a single question upon the subject; and to make

a complete sporting day of it, Mr. Hayne also, in the spirit of the moment, backed Cannon to wrestle with Mr. Carney, "collar and elbow," the best of three falls, for fifty pounds a-side. Mr. Carney determined not to give a chance away, as he backed himself, left the smoke of London and late *darkeys* for the purer air of the South Downs and early rising of country folks, by way of a little training; and, in order to increase his strength against the GREAT GUN of Windsor, Mr. Carney not only brushed over the hills like a greyhound, at peep of day, but, to keep his hand in, employed the remainder of his time in practice at the billiard tables, (and which, according to report, he paid rather dearly for the use of.) Jonathan won the toss; and his own table, of course, in Manchester-street, was selected, as the place for the trial of skill. Jonathan was also continually at play; and, on the day previous to the match, he got 101 off the balls, in a game with a good player at billiards. Early on Thursday morning, the following placard was circulated through Brighton:—

"Ireland's Royal Grounds will be a scene of great attraction this day (Thursday), a Wrestling-Match, for a heavy stake, will take place between Cannon, from Windsor, (the celebrated pugilist,) and a sporting gentleman amateur from Ireland, at two o'clock; the best of three falls. In addition to which, the art of self-defence will be exhibited by Whiteheaded Bob and Gaynor; and other gymnastic sports. Price of admission, 2*s*. The Large Room will be appropriated entirely for the ladies who may honour the above manly exhibition with their presence. Every attention will be paid to render the amusements highly interesting to all the visiters."

Ten pounds to one were offered to be taken that Mr. Hayne would forfeit; but, about twelve o'clock, the friend of the latter sporting gentleman, Mr. Radford, and Cannon, arrived at the York Hotel. Between one and two o'clock, strangers were admitted at Jonathan's rooms in Manchester-street, at 2*s*. 6*d*. each person. Scarcely any betting took place, although the table was surrounded with sporting gentlemen on the game, as it was evident that Jonathan, with all his excellence, was over-matched; and Cannon offered to back his opponent, Carney, at £20 to £15. Previous to the commencement of the match, some dispute occurred respecting the balls, but on this matter being put to right—"Silence" was called, "and you, the judges, bear a wary eye!" Carney was cautious,

and expressed himself confident that he should win. Jonathan, on the contrary, had great doubts on the subject, but, as he had been backed, he was determined to dash at it, and win, if possible. He took the lead, and placed, as it is technically termed, the red ball into the baulk. Carney seemed to ask himself a question, as to how he should act, and very deliberately gave the white ball a gentle touch. This movement was certainly against him, and Jonathan very cleverly made a cannon.

Game 2 to 70. The balls broke favourably close together, and Jonathan made a second and a third cannon. Game 6 to 70. The red ball now lay fair for a hazard in the left-hand top pocket. Jonathan holed the ball, but struck his own ball twice with his cue. Carney cried "foul," and the stroke was referred to Mr. Bedford, the celebrated player, who agreed that it was foul; and the option was left to Carney, either to let Jonathan go on, or break the balls. He preferred the latter, and the balls were broken. Carney played from the baulk, and gave a miss. Game 7 to 70. Jonathan laid the balls safe at the bottom of the table. Carney gave another miss—game 8 to 70. Jonathan played but did not score. Carney gave another miss; cautious and steady—game 9 to 70. Jonathan played, and left a cannon, which Carney succeded in making—game 72 to 9. Carney again gave a miss, and left the balls safe—game 10 to 72. Jonathan played at the red ball, but did not score. Carney gave a miss—game 11 to 72. Jonathan did not score. Carney pocketed his adversary's ball—game 74 to 11. Carney gave a miss, and left both balls in the baulk—game 12 to 74. Jonathan played at the red ball in the baulk, with the butt from the bottom cushion, and missed—game 75 to 12. Carney, by a bad stroke, missed a red hazard he had left in the baulk. Jonathan walked a cannon—game 14 to 75, and made a red hazard in the next stroke (he did not score)—game 17 to 75. Carney dropped his adversary in the bottom pocket, an excellent stroke—game 77 to 17. Played for the baulk with a miss, the red ball being already there—game 18 to 77. Jonathan played upon the side cushion for the balls in the baulk, and missed—game 78 to 18. Carney made a red, losing hazard—game 81 to 18. Carney pocketed the red ball in the left side pocket from the baulk, and dropped himself into the bottom pocket on the same side, a six stroke—game 87 to 18; a good play. Carney, then, with a view to leave all safe, ran a *coup*, by playing himself

into the side pocket—game 21 to 87. Jonathan played at the ball and brought it into the baulk; Carney dropped his adversary to the bottom of the table; Jonathan made a good losing hazard off the red ball—game 24 to 87. Made a second losing hazard from the red ball on the spot—game 27 to 87, pocketed the red ball in the side pocket—game 36 to 87. Cannoned off the red ball, and laid his adversary over the bottom pocket, the red being half a round up the table—game 32 to 87. Twisted a cannon off the red, a beautiful effort of science,—game 34 to 87. Made another cannon off the white—game 36 to 87. Made a losing hazard off the white ball—game 38 to 87. Pocketed the red and cannoned—a fine stroke—game 43 to 87. Made a losing hazard off the white—game 45 to 87. The white lay over the side pocket; made another losing hazard—game 47 to 87. Cannoned off the red—game 49 to 87. Pocketed the red in the side pocket game 53 to 87. Played and left the balls safe. Carney gave a miss—game 53 to 87. Sure balls. Jonathan did not score. Carney missed an easy losing hazard, to the dismay of his friends, who concluded that he must have won the game in a canter. Jonathan missed his stroke for a cannon, but pocketed the red ball in the side pocket by luck—game 56 to 87. Made a red losing hazard—game 59 to 87. Played to twist a cannon, but missed, and left his own ball and the red over the side pocket. Carney's friends were again alive. Carney cannoned, and pocketed himself off the red ball, fine stroke,—game 92 to 59. Made a red hazard in the bottom pocket—game 95 to 59. Made a cannon—game 97 to 59. The balls broke awkwardly, and Carney, to make assurance doubly sure, ran another *coup*—game 62 to 97. Jonathan brought the red ball into the baulk, but placed himself over the side pocket; Carney made the losing hazard, and brought the white ball again into a favourable position for a losing hazard. Here one hundred pounds to a penny was offered, the match was reduced to such a certainty in favour of Carney. It was decided in eighteen minutes; and it was one of the most gentlemanly matches we ever witnessed. Jonathan, most certainly, is a great player; and we have little doubt but he can give 50 out of 100 to Carney with success. We also think it was no triumph over the talents of Kempfield. Carney was cool and collected throughout the match; he viewed the situation of the balls like a player, and won the match with great credit to himself.

THE WRESTLING-MATCH

was now the next object in view, and lots of "flies" were in readiness to convey the company to Ireland's beautiful gardens, about a mile from the town, on the road to Lewes. Upwards of an hour was lost about the definition of "collar and elbow," and also as to the propriety of kicking each other's shins. After much *chaffing* on the one side, and *blowing up* on the other, it was at length agreed, between the parties, that the umpires should place the hands of the combatants on their shoulders and elbows. Carney took the list off his leg and his shoes, and Cannon likewise divested himself of his heavy stampers. The *Great Gun* was dressed in a new black jacket purchased at Brighton, in breeches, and with no handkerchief about his neck.

Carney appeared in an old blue coat and light drawers; his fine figure was much admired, and Ould Ireland against Windsor was taken for choice. We observed no particular points about the match which called for any minute description. Carney appeared to have the best of it, and it was likewise evident that he had a much better knowledge of wrestling than Cannon. After some struggling, and attempts at tripping up, Carney brought his man to the ground. The umpires were divided in opinion as to its being a "clean back fall," but the referee decided for Carney.

Ten pounds to five, and thirty pounds to ten, were now offered that Carney won the wrestling-match. Another trial took place, but it was a sort of scrambling fall, Cannon being on his knees, and Carney also falling on the *Great Gun*. This was decided as "No go!"

The third and last wrestle was not only *good*, but decisive and satisfactory to all present. In a short time Carney, with much skill and activity, threw Cannon completely on his back. Cannon then, without hesitation, and in the utmost good humour, jumped up, and said he had lost the match. He confessed, before he began, that he was quite ignorant as to the principles of wrestling; therefore, he has not lost any thing respecting his character as a boxer by the above defeat. It was decided in eight minutes.

SPARRING.

White-headed Bob and Gaynor set-to *sans cérémonie*. The talents of the white-nobbed one gave him the best of it, although

Grynor exerted himself to give satisfaction to the gentlemen present. It was expected Cannon would have had a *turn* with Bob; but the *Great Gun* immediately set off for the metropolis. Five-and-twenty pounds were collected at the doors, which were distributed among the candidates for fame; Mr. Ireland reserving one-fifth for the use of his grounds. Mr. Carney, however, very generously made Mr. Ireland a present of his share, for the polite attention he had received from the worthy host.

THE DINNER.

Nothing is considered complete in England without a good dinner; and "mine host" provided a most excellent one for the occasion. Pierce Egan was requested, on the spur of the moment, to mount the perch; and he was supported by forty persons. Several loyal toasts were drank;—"The King," with three times three; "The Duke of York and the Royal Family," with ditto; "Prosperity to the Town of Brighton," &c.

Mr. Charles Incledon joined the party after the cloth was removed; and his song of "Farewell, my trim-built Wherry" reminded the "ould ones" of his once great eminence as the first singer in the world. Mr. Incledon, also, with much feeling, sang "Black-eyed Susan," but apologized for the attacks which Time had not only made upon his frame but his voice. Notwithstanding the effects of illness, some of the verses of the above song were given with so much beauty, interest, and animation, as to produce several rounds of applause. Mr. Incledon begged permission to drink Mr. Kean's health; whom he characterised as being one of the most kind-hearted and best of creatures to his poor theatrical brethren in the profession. The company warmly joined in the above remarks, and three times three sanctioned the opinion of Mr. Incledon.

FROM TOM TIT, AT TATTERSAL'S, TO HIS FRIEND BOB WILDFIRE, IN WARWICKSHIRE, DESCRIPTIVE OF THE GREAT FIGHT BETWEEN SPRING AND LANGAN.

DEAR BOB,
In the Fancy I know that you take great delight,
So I sit down to write an account of the fight;
To tell you the rounds, every movement to show,
Each manœuvre, each stop, each flush hit, each blow.

'Twas a glorious *mill*, all bang-up and prime,
Indeed, such a treat there's not been for some time.
The men came to the scratch at three minutes past one,
And their belts in a trice were both quickly undone;
The heroes looked well, both in fine high condition,
And as agile as if dipped in anti-attrition!
Spring was stated to weigh thirteen stone as before,
And Langan but twelve, add a few pounds, say four;
When they *peeled* to *set-to* they appeared quite the thing,
Langan looked like Anteus—young Hercules, Spring;
Indeed, both the men were in excellent plight.
And now I proceed to describe you the fight;
Spring's colours were blue, like the union jack,
And those sported by Langan (though odd) jetty black.

THE BATTLE. FIRST ROUND.

Each attitude fine, studied in the best school;
Langan seemed rather anxious—Spring quiet and cool;
They sparred for some time, and then Langan made play,
Spring was ready, and stopped in style, gallant and gay,
And then in return thought it time for his go,
And on Pat's *os frontis* quick planted a blow—
Langan rushed for a close, and then, seizing on Spring,
Endeavoured to grapple, to try for the fling;
But he failed in his purpose, the trick would not take,
For Spring was as usual alert and *awake*.
Tom now loosed his right *mauley*, that terrible teller,
And rapid as lightning hit Pat on the *smeller;*
He then got away in a most gallant style.
A short rally followed, interchanging the while,
When Langan seemed anxious, and winked rather knowing,
To display all his powers admitted for throwing;
But he soon found his customer quite at his ease,
When Tom *got the throw*, and Pat fell on his knees;
And as he was floored, as it were, in a crack,
To encourage him Spring *patted* Pat on the back.
Shouts now rent the skies, which were ne'er heard before;
And this round was four minutes two seconds, or more.

SECOND.

On the men coming up to the scratch for renown,
Twas announced, "Blood from Langan," and "Langan first down."
This decided those bets which in town had been made,
And which on these two *great events* had been laid.

Spring came as before, cool, cautious, and steady;
Langan tried to *get in*, but he found Tom quite ready.
Pat now put in a blow on the body of Spring;
He returned on the nob, which was heard round the ring.
Fine stops on both sides; again Paddy rushed in,
But Spring got away, and kept firm on each pin.
Langan now for the throw was again very busy,
But Spring gave him a *nozzler*, that made him quite dizzy.
A close now took place, when much wrestling passed,
And which ended at length in Tom Spring being *grassed*.
Cheers for Langan succeeded, the Patlanders shouted,
And the sky with their *fogles* and *castors* was "flouted."

THIRD.

Spring made some good stops, with his hands left and right;
But Langan determined to "go in" and "fight."
They now looked at each other, like two Chinese *josses*,
And Tom put a tap upon Paddy's *proboscis*.
Counter hits on the head, quick as lightning, pop pop,
Each received in his turn, and 'twas then stop for stop;
Langan napp'd in the face, Spring had confident grown,
Some vigorous efforts—a close—Langan thrown.

FOURTH.

Paddy wanted to lead, broke ground, and made play,
But the *Champion* retreated, and got well away;
Pat planted a "*facer*," which t'other return'd,
And 'twas clear that each hero for victory burn'd:
Langan now quite *awake* (and in truth he's *no sleeper*),
Let fly with great skill, and pepper'd Tom's *peeper*;
A close, and a wrestle, each seem'd quite a WONDER,
Much strength was display'd, both down, but Spring—*under*.

FIFTH.

Spring again went to work, jobb'd the Patlander's head,
Whose *game* for one moment had never yet fled;
Spring put in a *smasher* with left-handed might,
And published a *second* account *with his right*.
Langan's *snuff-box*, it seems, was somewhat in the way,
But still he continued to smile and make play.
The Champion was "*leary*," as quick as a racer,
And call'd on Pat's *mug* with a terrible "*facer*;"
The *claret* now stream'd, and 'twas frightful, I own;
Spring clos'd with his man, and brave Langan was thrown.

SIXTH.

The men had by this time both got in their swing
Counter hits on the face, when gay Pat follow'd Spring
To a corner and clos'd, when Tom grappled his foe,
And planted on Pat's *pole* a terrible blow;
Both down in the struggle, the *Patlanders* chaff'd,
Tom was up in an instant, *jump'd*, *pointed*, and *laugh'd*.

SEVENTH.

In this round Tom Spring all his talents display'd,
And call'd all his TACTICS in turn to his aid,
Then, without any *notice*, or uttering *grace*,
He hit Langan a terrible blow on the face,
On the "*lug*" he repeated his *tender* appeal,
And then, on his "*nossil*," he fix'd *a red seal*.
Langan's *plan* was found fault with, and, though in weak plight,
From all parts of the ring, echoed "*Fight, Langan, fight.*"
A close finished the round, when much science was shown,
Till at length Spring succeeded, and Langan was thrown.
Both men were *distress'd*, both look'd harassed and haggard,
And Spring to the knee of his *second* now *staggered*.

EIGHTH.

Though odds were against him, yet Langan was *willing*,
And continued most bravely and manfully "*milling.*"
Spring stopp'd him again, hit him over the *beak;*
"*It's all up,*" was the cry, and poor Langan fell, weak.

To go through *all* the rounds, would be useless, dear Bob;
Suffice it to say, 'twas a "*slaughtering job.*"
Spring fought with great care: Langan did what he could;
He fought like a trump, but 'twas doing no good.
In round the eighteenth, to Pat Nature was kind,
For he showed a faint glimpse of *recov'ring* his *wind*,
Mutual stops, and some hard interchanges were shown,
But, as usual, in closing, brave Paddy was thrown.
His appearance now, Bob, might be truly deplor'd,
And he only came up to the scratch to be *floor'd*.
By the *seventy-sixth round* he was dreadfully beat,
And, senseless, could no longer stand on his feet.
More courage and bottom was never display'd;
And 'twas clear that *receiving* was part of his *trade*.

How to pick up a "RUM ONE to look at" and a "GOOD ONE to go" in Smithfield

At length, once more down, like a dummy he lay,
When his backers called out—"*Belcher, take him away.*"
Both the heroes display'd most astonishing powers,
And the fight was prolong'd very nearly *two hours.*

Clerkenwell, June 12, 1824. TOM TIT.

HOW TO PICK UP "A RUM ONE TO LOOK AT AND A GOOD ONE TO GO" IN SMITHFIELD.

THE artist has been extremely happy in seizing hold of the "busy moment" on a market day, in order to convey an outline of that rude repository for cattle. The slang phrase of "Rum Ones to *look* at" most certainly will not be questioned; but the assertion of "Good Ones to *go*" is very likely to be treated in a more doubtful manner. In the *Prad* department in Smithfield, from the once high-mettled racer down to the *perverse* donkey, you may pick and choose, please your eye, and suit your pocket; but at the same time the purchaser ought to bear it in his mind that he is surrounded by a collection of *sharps* of all sizes and from all parts of England, who assemble together near the sound of St. Sepulchre's bell on the look out for *flats*. To spend an hour or two in Smithfield on a Friday afternoon, or to give *Bill Windey* a turn—where the "lads of the town" mix in a *mob* to take a *drain* of daffy; suck down a few *coolers;* and to blow *a cloud*, happy in themselves as emperors, and more at their ease than princes, is a perfect treat to the observers of human nature and lovers of character. To witness the deep Yorkshire jockey, the flash costard-monger, the knowing cockney, the leary dog-merchant, and the cunning countryman, all upon the look out for a Mr. *Green* from the city, or any other person equally as acute and penetrating as to possessing a knowledge of horse-flesh, is highly amusing: and all that *art* can effect is attempted; all the powers of *contrivance*, *deception*, and *humbug* are made use of to *dress up* a "Rum One to *look* at" by the sellers of *rozinantes* in Smithfield, and to give the finish to a "Good One to *go*," the whip and the spur are used with more success in the neighbourhood of "*the Start*" than in any other part of the kingdom.

On the right-hand side of the plate, near the gate of St. Bartholomew's hospital, the fat country-fellow in the *drab wrapper* is perceived strongly recommending his *skeleton* horse, to little Mr. *Half-and-Half*, (a precious *gaby*,) who tells his business before he is

asked, and who says "as how, he must have a *tit* at all events, to take out his *wife* and kids on a Sunday round the Cockney's drive, to give his family a trifling bit of *hair!*" "I've got one that will just suit you, now I knows what you wants," replies *Mr. Drab-Wrapper*, "Only look here Mr. Half-and-Half, see the boy can't hold him up he's so *fresh!* Only behold what a beautiful creature. The *action* is delightful, I never saw such sweet paces before in all my life; and for *blood* and *bone* there is nothing like it in Smithfield to day. It is a thorough bred one, you may depend upon; and such a horse would not disgrace the first gemmen's *shay* in the land. The price I ask for it is nothing, a mere milk score; therefore don't lose your time in *haggling* for a pound or two, or you'll lose it. Let us see, Jem, who did it belong to?" "Vy, master," answers the boy, who had got his lesson by rote, "this here fine horse, has got a *pedigree* as long as my arm, so I heard 'em say at Tattersal's. He won—them are large stakes a long way off." "Well, never mind his *capers*, Jem, you knows I never sells any thing that I doesn't recommend for *goodness*," with a grin upon his knowing mug. "I wishes the *hanimal* could speak for himself." Mr. Half-and-Half ultimately was *gammoned* into the *purchase* of the skeleton; and it was with the utmost difficulty after the horse was surrendered to him that he could make the "RUM ONE to *look* at" and "the GOOD ONE to *go*," quit Smithfield; and in less than a week he was compelled to send his *prancer* to the *knackers*, in order to make *summut* of his high-bred animal, as Mr. *Drab-Wrapper* said "as how, it was *no go* to return the *blunt*—it was too difficult an article to get into his possession—and it was his motto to hold fast!" Indeed, the *re*-funding system is not understood at all in the buying and selling department in this market; and it is ten to one against obtaining the *return* of money for a bad article without a similar experiment is adopted which was recently tried on at Horncastle fair, with success. A tradesman went to the fair for the purpose of purchasing a horse, where he soon found one likely to suit him, which he tried and purchased for £31. In a short time he met a neighbour of his; "Thomas," said he, "I have bought a horse, but as I am not much of a judge, you will be so good as to look at him for me?" "With all my heart." So they went to the stable. "John, you have not bought this horse, I expect." "But I have, and paid for him also." "Why," said Thomas, "he is blind!" which was

the case. It would have been in vain to have returned the horse, as the jockey was not the most respectable, and had got the money: But an idea struck him; he went to the jockey, and said he had either paid him £32 or else he had lost a £1 note. The jockey insisted he had only received £31, and after some altercation laid down the money saying, "Count it, that is just as you paid it to me." John counted it, found it right, and then said, "The horse you sold me is blind; you may fetch him back again; you have *your horse*, and I have MY MONEY." The other parts of the plate equally represent some fine touches of *character*, with which Smithfield abounds in the *prad line*; and yet, notwithstanding all the tricks and manœuvres practised in this mart for cattle, some very excellent young horses are often bought by the dealers. But those dealers must possess an excellent judgement respecting the properties of horses—as it is *diamond* cut *diamond* from one end of the market to the other.

AN IMPROMPTU.

Written on the spur of the moment, on witnessing Mr. RALPH SHERWIN *of the T.R.D.L. making a Sketch, on the sly, of Two Characters in the Fleet Prison.*

PRAY who's sure to be right?
Or, whose phiz can be safe?
In the presence of one
We may call limner *Rafe!*
For, no matter to him,
Whether youth or old age,
He'll portray us in private,
Or else on the stage:
Yet his presence we prize,
Whether elsewhere or here;
When *he takes himself off!*
We shall all drop a tear. B.

THE DOG OF EXPEDIENTS.

ONE of the mountaineers of Auvergne, whose trade it is to exhibit live monkeys and dancing bears, had also trained half a dozen dogs to different exercises. One mounted guard, with a gun and little sabre; another made perilous leaps: a third jumped like a frog; a fourth, clad in a black robe, and placed in a chair, maintained a thesis, by howling incessantly at the others, who replied, in return, by barking at him. In short, this little corps of four-footed

comedians formed the revenue of their master with two; for mankind pay better for what amuses them than for lessons of wisdom and prudence. Through, a jealousy, too common among people of the same trade, another dealer in bears poisoned five of the *dramatis personæ* of his rival, who, afflicted at so serious a loss (for five dancers cannot be made in a day), fell sick and took to his bed. Having no means, and being in extreme want, the poor devil had recourse to the following expedient:—He trained his remaining spaniel to carry a billet, on which were written the following lines:—

For my sick master in his bed,
Mourning o'er his actors dead,
All whose drollery hath fled,
Kind spectators, give me bread.

The animal, who was very sagacious, had learnt his part in less than a week, when his owner said, "Go, *Sapajou*, and save the life of your master." *Sapajou* was a little marmozet, that mounted the dog's back, and laboured with him in his mimic exhibition. The dog accordingly received the monkey on his back, dressed in a rose-coloured gown and a blue turban; then, guided by the little son of the mountaineer, he went to the place Belle Cour, and crowds ran to see the sport. On this, the monkey alighted, and seizing a stick, drove them to a certain distance, where they formed a circle. The ground being clear, the dog performed, by way of prelude, several of his customary tricks; he then danced a minuet with the monkey; he leaped for the King, the Queen, and the Count d'Artois; and, at the conclusion of the tricks, he took a hat between his paws and made a collection, as he solicited respectfully the delighted spectators. The farthings, pence, and even pieces of silver, fell in such abundance, that the sick master got money enough to cure him, and in a little time set up another corps of comedians.

A LUDICROUS SCENE BETWEEN MR. MATHEWS AND THE LATE MR. GEORGE-FREDERICK COOKE.

THE old adage informs us, that "Parsons seldom practise what they preach:" the truth of which was completely established by the latter distinguished hero of the stage, in the following serio-comic adventure, that occurred in a whiskey-shop, a few years since, in Dublin.

George-Frederick having repaired thither, in company with young Mathews, then a candidate for fame on the Dublin stage, (now the celebrated comedian and mimic "at home,") for whom he professed a considerable regard, and to offer him that sort of advice, whereby he might improve in his profession as an actor, and conduct himself through life as a respectable man. The principal theme to the novitiate was—to avoid the general dissipation of players; to steer clear of intemperance; and particularly to remember that SOBRIETY was the leading feature to become distinguished and great!"

During this lecture, *jug* after *jug* was emptied in rapid succession, till the punch had nearly *punched* out all morality from the pericranium of Cooke; who now began to exhibit all the various passions (not exactly after LE BRUN) for the improvement of his *protégée:* inquiring, after each *distortion* of his face, the distinct passion he had expressed? Mathews was completely at a loss to know what Cooke meant on account of the inebriated look of his face, and, in general, gave a wrong answer; at the same time apologising that the effects of the whiskey had deranged his comprehension. But when the mighty *Richard* declared his last attempt was "love!" Mathews burst out into a loud laugh, the countenance of Cooke appeared so diametrically opposite to that soft, insinuating expression. George-Frederick was so much disconcerted at the loud laugh, that all the apologies made by Mathews could scarcely allay his indignation at his pupil's supposed rudeness. The heroine of the whiskey shop, *Judy Burns*, having declared to Mr. Cooke that he had now got the *last* jug for the night, retired to the inner cabin to repose for the night, leaving her guests to finish the evening: Mr. Cooke being an old and good customer, *ceremony* was not necessary. But alas! it was not long before the concluding jug was *drained* of its contents—and then "it was so good" it must be replenished. "Another jug, quick, quick, Judy," was loudly vociferated by George-Frederick. "No more to-night, sir," answered the hostess from her pillow. "Well, we'll see that presently—another jug, Judy?"—"Mr. Cooke you shall have no more this night!"

Mathews in vain remonstrated on the impropriety of obtaining any more, and attempted an *exit*, when the disappointed tragedian grew furious from the copious draughts of *whiskey* which he had swallowed, immediately threw the candlesticks after him, calling out

to the landlady, after smashing the jug on the floor all to pieces, "Do you hear that *Judy?*"—"Yes, and, faith, I do; and you'll be sorry enough for such conduct to-morrow." Cooke then broke the chairs, tables, looking-glasses, &c. exclaiming at the end of each, "*D'ye hear that*, JUDY!" And, when completely exhausted with rage and madness, he sallied out into the streets, where, after encountering some difficulties in his way home, he was found by Mathews the next evening in his bed almost dead, from the effects of the bruises he had received, and the severe effects which the debauch had left upon his frame. The publicity of this circumstance, the illness it occasioned, and the shame which accompanied the transaction had such a serious effect on his mind, that he quitted the Dublin Theatre in disgust, and enlisted for a soldier in a regiment destined for the West Indies then lying in England, but some months having elapsed before its embarkation, he made his case known to the managers of the Manchester Theatre (Messrs Banks and Ward), who liberally sent him money to procure his discharge; but in a moment of intemperance he applied it to procure liquor instead of his freedom. A severe fit of illness coming on soon afterwards he was almost perishing for want, being ashamed to make known his case a second time, when he was found nearly in a dying state by a Mr. Maxwell, of the Portsmouth Theatre, who once more made interest for him with Messrs. Banks and Ward. George-Frederic being released from his troubles he soon afterwards appeared in the character of *Octavian* at the Manchester Theatre.

DESTRUCTION OF GAME BY CROWNED HEADS.

CHARLES III. of Spain, a little before his death, boasted to a foreign ambassador that he had killed with his own hand 539 wolves, and 323 foxes! and this he was enabled to tell accurately, as he kept a diary of this important matter.

When the King of Naples (the greatest sportsman in Europe) was in Germany, about the year 1792, it was said in the German papers, that in the different times he had been shooting in Austria, Bohemia, and Moravia, he had killed 5 bears, 1820 wild boars, 1968 stags, 13 wolves, 354 foxes, 15,350 pheasants, 1121 rabbits, 16,354 hares, 1625 she goats, 1625 roebucks, and 12,435 partridges.

The following is an account of the destruction of game in Bohemia

by a hunting party, of which the King of France made one, in 1755. There were twenty-three persons in the party, three of whom were ladies; the Princess Charlotte of Lorraine was one of them. The chase lasted eighteen days, and during that time they killed 47,950 head of game and wild deer; of which 19 were stags, 17 roebucks, 10 foxes, 18,243 hares, 19,545 partridges, 9499 pheasants, 114 larks, 353 quails, 454 other birds. The Emperor fired 1793 shots, and the Princess Charlotte 9010; in all there were 16,209 shots fired.

But all we have stated comes short of the game establishment of Chantilli, the most extraordinary one in Europe, once belonging to the house of Conde. It included twenty-one miles of park, and forty-eight miles of forest. The horses, when the family were at that place, were above 500; the dogs 60 to 80 couple; the servants above 500; the stables the finest and best in Europe. We shall now present to the sporting and unsporting reader, for both will lift up their eyes, a list of game killed, year by year, through a series of thirty-two years—beginning with the year 1748, and ending with the year 1779:—

LIST OF THE GAME.

54,878	24,029	37,209	19,932
37,160	27,013	42,902	27,164
58,712	26,405	31,620	30,429
39,892	38,055	25,994	30,859
32,470	50,812	18,479	25,813
39,893	40,234	18,050	50,666
32,470	26,267	26,371	13,304
16,186	25,953	19,771	17,566

Now let us give (of birds and beasts) their bill of mortality; that is, the numbers, in detail, of each specific description, registered as below, and detailed to have been killed at Chantilli, in the above-mentioned series of years. Hares 77,750, rabbits 587,470, partridges 117,574, red ditto 12,426, pheasants 86,193, quails 19,697, rattles 449, woodcocks 2164, snipes 2856, ducks 1353, wood-piquers 517, lapwings 720, becfique (small birds like our wheatear) 67, curlews 32, oves d'Egypt 3, oyes sauvage 14, bustards 2, larks 106, tudells 2, fox 1, crapeaux 8, thrushes 1,313, guynard 4, stags 1712, hinds 1682, falcons 519, does 1921, young does 135, roebucks 4669, young ditto 310, wild boars 1942, marcassies (young boars)

818: a magnificent list of animal slaughter carefully and systematically recorded as achievements. It has, however, been flatly asserted by a tourist, that, at different times, near 1000 men were condemned to the gallies! many hundred peasants, it is well known, fell, murdered by the keepers, literally hunted down and shot! and the bodies of the dead thrown into the next ditch, or hid under a little mould grubbed up in the park!—Such were the abuses growing out of a passion for destroying the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, called sporting. In these archives it is stated, with more than senatorial gravity, that "the pieces of game killed by S. A. R. Monseigneur Le Prince de Conde were, in number, 65,524." That "the nine pieces killed by the late Prince's grandson, the Duc D'Enghien, were all rabbits!" That "the pieces killed by Duc de Bourbon were these—pheasants 1451, hares 1207, partridges 1254, red ditto 143;" and by Compte D'Artois, these—"pheasants 978, hares 870, partridges 1109, red ditto 115." Such were the records kept by those possessed of a lordship or manor!

SONG IN PRAISE OF MILLING.

Look through the world, observe mankind,
No more each other killing,
But in a friendly way you'll find
Each one his neighbour *milling*.
Chorus—For high or low, 'tis all the go,
All the world are milling, oh,
Milling, oh! milling, oh! all the world are milling, oh.

View but the State, see little Van,
With taxes mill us all, sir;
View Chancery's Court, the *Pun*-ing man,
There *mills* us with the law, sir.

If to the church you bend your way,
With steps slow and unwilling,
To hear what Clergy has to say,
Your Conscience, then, he's *milling*.

See mobs, on coronation nights,
All gratis, seeing plays, sir,
And in return for such grand sights,
They kindly *mill* the glaze, sir.

See tight-lac'd Shabs, ape tip-toe Coves,
Though scarcely worth a shilling.
Fib creditors, though in their gloves,
And get off by their *milling*.

The ladies, too, play the same parts,
Whate'er their rank or station,
When with their eyes they *mill* our hearts,
We *mill* their reputation.

Each rank, each age, and each degree
Are *milling*—great and small, sir,
And those that don't with this agree,
The Devil—double *mill 'em* all, sir.

Then fill your glasses—never fear,
Drink off your bumpers, willing,
And with your hands and hearts sincere,
Come, drink success to *milling!*

AN OUTLINE OF THE LATE MR. OXBERRY, AND A SKETCH OF A THEATRICAL DINNER AT THE CRAVEN'S HEAD.

Let us go to Oxberry's? The Craven's Head, in Drury-lane, had not Billy Oxberry been cut off in his prime, or, to use a

theatrical phrase, made his *exit* rather suddenly, was likely to have become a house of great notoriety in the metropolis; and at the period of his unfortunate demise (for his family), June 8, 1824, it might be said to be perfectly established as a place of public resort.*

The London performers, in general, were rather partial to OXBERRY; and country actors always met with a kind reception at his house on their arrival in town. Billy was a performer of considerable ability; and his Mawworm, Justice Greedy, Master Slender, Robin Roughhead, &c. were far above mediocrity. He was well calculated for the master of a tavern; and, in his personification of *Bonniface*, Billy was quite "at home." He was cheerful, merry, and always anxious to please his visiters. His spirits were of the highest order, but if they ever deserted him, a slight nod of his head to the waiter raised "them high with wine." OXBERRY had a word for every body, and a *blow* for others, who behaved unruly in his *domus*. Billy was a man of courage, and ready to resent an insult. In himself, he possessed *a volume of anecdotes*, and never behind hand in furnishing amusement for his company.

At one period of his life, he fulfilled four characters† daily—a

* A very accurate representation of the room is published in the "Life of an Actor," in which a most admirable likeness of the late Mr. Oxberry is discovered, also several other public characters who were in the habit of spending their evenings in the coffee-room.

The above volume, containing twenty-seven coloured plates, price £1:7, is sold by Mr. Arnold, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden.

† THE P'S IN PERFECTION.

Tune—Dibdin's "*Nong tong paw.*"

MONSIEUR, afflicted with the hip,
One day to England took a trip,
To talk of sciences and arts,
And knowledge gained in foreign parts;
In common-place book popp'd all down
He saw worth notice in the town,
Each shop, each name he chanced to meet,
From Tower-hill to Oxford-street.

To White-Hart-Yard, it chanced, one day,
Monsieur Le Beau had bent his way,
When, suddenly, he made a stop,
Surprised to see a printer's *shop*;

master-printer, a publican, a manager, and an actor. OXBERRY had a taste for literature, and his edition of plays was deservedly successful. His portraits of the performers, attached to the work, were animated likenesses, and admirably executed. His name, also, appears as a publisher to several other works, *Pancratia, &c.*

" Vat's dat I see? my book, morbleu!
De publisher, de printer, too!
Who keeps dat house? who can it be?
Hah! now me see, von OX-BER-RY!"

Straight to the Olympic then he goes,
In Wych-street, every body knows,
The "Actress of all Work" that night
Afforded pleasure and delight;
"Who wrote dis piece?" Monsieur inquired,
As to the lobby he retired;
"'Tis OXBERRY's, sir," the man replied;
"Mon dieu!" the astonished Frenchman cried.

"Vat, *Cow*-berry *poet, printer* too!
Vat deal dat man must have to do!"
It seems the man of many types
That night enacted "Sammy Swipes!"
Which made the Frenchman laugh amain,
And who it was inquired again:
"'Tis OXBERRY, sir," "Mon Dieu! Morbleu!
Vat *printer—poet—player*—too!"

"Dat be von diable, it is plain,
Vat many parts dat man sustain."
The night's performance at a close,
He sought refreshment and repose;
Into the "Craven's Head" he pops,
And ate in haste two mutton-chops,
Regretting much he could not stay,
Resolved to call some future day.

Quite pleased so snug a shop to know,
Where he could stop, and take a *go!*
But ere he from the house retired,
The landlord's name, below, inquired;
"'Tis OXBERRY," said the man, and bowed;
The Frenchman stared, then roared aloud,
"He's of de *dairy*, de large pan,
Printer, poet, player, and *publican!!!*"

He was likewise a great admirer of Shakspeare, and, by his repeated quotations, seemed to be well read in the plays of that immortal bard. In the characters of *Jerry* and *Mr. Green*, in "Life in London," OXBERRY flattered himself that he had made two very successful *hits*.

Mr. Kean was much attached to OXBERRY; they had been *strollers* together; and had likewise experienced all the vicissitudes of the "Life of an Actor." Soon after the great success of Mr. Kean in the metropolis, as a proof of his friendship, he made OXBERRY a present of a very valuable gold ring. Mr. Kean frequently spent an hour or two of an evening with some of his theatrical brethren, in OXBERRY'S coffee-room, where he has sang several songs, and joined in duets with Mr. Barnard, to add to the conviviality of the evening.

OXBERRY'S last appearance on the stage, a short time before his death, (as an act of friendship,) was in the character of Corporal Foss, in the Poor Gentleman, at Drury-lane Theatre, for the benefit of Mr. Munden, May 31, 1824, when that celebrated comedian took his leave of the public. Excepting a severe hoarseness, OXBERRY appeared in good health.

In his capacity of a strolling actor, Billy had suffered numerous privations, and his "tales of woe," although told with a comic *mug*, were quite enough to damp the ardour of any young aspirant in search after histrionic fame.

As an "apology" for becoming a publican, or tavern-keeper, OXBERRY asserted there was so much caprice about the London managers, and theatrical popularity was also of so fleeting a nature in the metropolis, that he was determined to have "two strings to his bow;" something to depend upon besides his engagement at the theatre. The Craven's Head altogether was a profitable speculation; indeed, persons in general, who have an hour or two to spare in London, naturally give the preference to the house of a public man, in order to get a sight of him at all events; and, perhaps, that they might boast of having had some conversation with the "great actor." As a chop-house, the Craven's Head was convenient; his ordinary was furnished upon most economical terms, and his brethren of the sock and buskin, by this plan, obtained a good dinner, at a "low figure." Incledon, when in town, frequently dropped in to have a snack, and a glass of wine with his old friend.

Billy was no " fire-side man;" he was fond of life; a man of the world, a lover of company, a facetious companion, and a tolerably good imitator of most of the principal performers. He was always on the alert to know what was " going on in society;" a great admirer of the sports of the field, and a supporter of the P.R. OXBERRY was what is termed rather a free liver; but how could he be otherwise? his coffee-room was frequented by actors, authors, poets, reporters, artists, sporting men, &c. where interesting tales, anecdotes, adventures, and excellent songs, kept the company till an early hour in the morning; in fact, long, very long after the watchman had been bawling out " little ones." Of course, OXBERRY was " late to bed," and later to rise; it was somewhat different from " stirring with the lark, good Norfolk;" and when repeatedly called up to attend rehearsals, his head was too heavy to quit his pillow; and, frequently, when he did make exertions to arrive at the theatre in time, his recollection was bad, and it was any thing but a rehearsal. Study was out of the question, he had no time for study; he had scarcely a minute to himself during his career at the Craven's Head; the repeated morning calls of his acquaintance overwhelmed the thoughts of every thing else. A retired actor of note might become an excellent tavern-keeper; but it is quite incompatible with a performer, who has to attend to his duty at the theatre, to be drawing glasses of spirits at the bar, or giving orders for a mutton-chop.

OXBERRY had not the slightest idea his dissolution was so near at hand; he was plump in his person, nay, inclined to be corpulent; but one of his physicians, a medical man of great celebrity, a twelvemoth previous to his death, cautioned him as to his mode of life, and not to be deceived by his personal appearance; but, alas! the once gay, facetious, interesting BILLY OXBERRY treated such advice more as a terror to him than as a reality, and his numerous friends and acquaintance have now to regret his loss.

SKETCH OF A THEATRICAL DINNER AT MR. OXBERRY'S.

To give " Mine Host" a *turn* (emanating from a *Green-Room* whisper), by his brothers of the sock and buskin, belonging to the T. R. D. L. as the *Manager* of the Craven's Head, was the outline of the meeting on Wednesday, March 10, 1824; and lots of talent in a little compass was the result. It was a scene full of effect and glee. NATURE, not *Art*, was the feature of the day. Upon

the whole it was one of the most harmonious things ever witnessed among actors: plenty of *cutting-up* occurred; but no *envy* was exhibited in the distribution of *parts*. "Rich bits," most certainly, were provided for every performer, according to his *taste;* and *serious* and *comic* mugs embellished the various performances upon this occasion. Mr. Kean, who had kindly offered "Mine Host" to officiate as president, owing to some unforeseen circumstance, did not arrive in London time enough to occupy his seat; but the chair was most ably filled by Mr. Munden, and supported by Mr. Dowton as his deputy; encircled by Messrs. Wallack, Harley, George Smith, Gattie, Gibbons, Hughes, Winston, Crooke, Forster, Webb, &c. A few private friends only were admitted to make up this select party. The healths of the King, Duke of York, and all the Royal Family were drank; and the remembrance of those *skulls*

> (Praising what is lost
> Makes the remembrance more dear!)

whose talents "were wont to set the table in a roar," and who had shed such brilliant lustre upon the stage, were given in respectful silence, among whom the names of Tom Weston, Edwin, sen. Parsons, John Kemble, and John Emery, excited universal respect. Of the latter actor, the following lines, written by E. Knight, of the T. R. D. L. were mentioned with effect:—

> Many shall come, and many shall dare,
> But who shall fill the vacated chair?
> The star is set, and e'en hope is afraid,
> For the strongest light throws the deepest shade.
> NATURE and *Art* may again take the rein,
> And *Genius* may hold up NATURE'S train,
> And yet with all these, the MUSES despair
> Of filling again the VACATED CHAIR!

The President, in asking a gentleman who sat near him for a *skull*, said, he wished it to be a *Shuter!* After a variety of pleasant *chit-chat*, agreeable anecdote, and witty repartees, across the table had occurred, which gave a rich zest to the wine and walnuts, a *chant* was requested, in order to add variety, and enliven the scene, if possible. The president observed, "it was contrary to the intention of the meeting,—it was merely a few professional friends had met together, to give their brother, Mr. Oxberry, a *turn*, and it had

also been previously agreed that no songs were to be introduced, in order to prevent any idea going forth that the *actors* had assembled together to *amuse* themselves." This resolution was rescinded, owing to the remarks of a spirited wine-merchant, Mr. John Morris, well known for his good wine and friendly qualities, and the president treated the company with a comic song, entitled, "*Strolling* is all the go!" Mr. Dowton likewise amused the visiters with an Irish chant. Mr. Gattie sung the "Life of an Actor" with considerable spirit and point. "The Tar's Sheet-Anchor," by George Smith, enraptured the company, with his manliness of execution and the richness of character he gave to this song. "St. Patrick was a gentleman," by Paddy Webb, delighted the visiters. Mr. Harley sung a very amusing medley; and Mr. Forster, in "The Legacy," obtained the approbation of every individual present. A Yorkshire *stave*, by Mr. Ralph Sherwin, was pronounced excellent by his theatrical brethren, in being characteristic of the manners of "I's Yorkshire." The dialect was extremely natural. The health of Mr. Munden was drank with thunders of applause. In returning thanks, the veteran observed, "His theatrical life was drawing very fast towards a close; (*'We hope not, we hope not, from several parts of the table;'*) but he was very grateful to the public for the liberality and patronage he had received for so many years, and the honour done to him." (*'No man,'* said Mr. Dowton, *'ever more honourably deserved it.'*) At the pressing request of the company, Mr. Munden was prevailed upon to chant the well-known ballad of "*Nibb's Pound.*" Mr. Munden is always excellent, frequently great, but the above stave of the old school of Grose was one of the finest displays of character we ever heard in singing, and we much regret that Dusty Bob was not present to have taken a lesson from this inimitable veteran of the stage, that he might have added an additional tint to his already fine illustrations of low life. The evening altogether was a complete specimen of the poet's idea—"the feast of reason and the flow of soul." The president, previous to his quitting the chair, proposed the health of the deputy, in words nearly to the following effect:—"Gentlemen, in rising to drink the health of Mr. Dowton, I wish him all the prosperity and success his talents deserve. I have been upon the stage for nearly forty-eight years, and permit me to say, with the utmost sincerity and truth, that notwithstanding all the actors I have been opposed to, all the ability and

experience I have met with in my profession, my worthy deputy stands unrivalled in his line of acting. *(Bravo! liberal, &c. Here Mr. Dowton seemed visibly affected, by the generous remarks of the president.)* I repeat it, Gentlemen, without the fear of contradiction. I am no orator, as you all know; my speeches having been all written for me; but if that had not been the case, and I had abilities according to my wishes, in addition to the talents of Mr. Dowton, I should be also able to point out his excellent qualities as a man." This toast was drank with enthusiasm. Mr. Dowton, much embarrassed, rose to return thanks. He said, "He was not in the habit of addressing persons upon such occasions, and he hoped," clapping his hand upon his heart, "that the company would *translate* his feelings into a speech for him." We have already exceeded our limits, and must conclude, with wishing, "That the above assemblage of men of talent constituted into another meeting, and should like to see it repeated at least once a month."

"Mine Host" was most attentive to his guests; and we never saw Billy more at home in any of his numerous characters. He was *Greedy* only to give satisfaction, his anecdotes were highly amusing. The dinner was excellent, and the dessert an out-and-out one. In a word, it was a "prime go!"

FEMALE PUGILISM, BETWEEN MARTHA FLAHARTY AND PEG CAREY.

ABOUT the middle of the year 1822, as early as five o'clock, the roads leading to the fields between Kennington, Camberwell, and Brixton, were covered with costard-mongers, tilburies, and donkey carts, all moving in the direction of the left fields, to witness a kind of pitched battle between two women, named Martha Flaharty and Peggy Carey, for a sum of £17:10*s*. It is said this fight arose out of some *bouncing* at another female combat in the same ground, a short time before. The parties are both from the settlements of St. George's in the Fields. At half-past five, the ground, in a small field, was cleared, and a ring formed of thirty-two feet every way. Martha Flaharty, a *lady of commanding* height, then entered, attended by two seconds, a fighting hackneyman, and a female bottle-holder; the group all appeared *lushy*, and Martha drank nearly half a pint of gin before Peg Carey doffed her *lily* castor on the ground. The ladies having *peeled*, were placed, by their *manly* seconds, at the scratch, and in

the twinkling of an eye exchanged lunging hits, and closed, and after a pulley-hauly match of three minutes and a half, Peg tipped Martha the Irish fling, which almost *dorsed* her, but in two minutes she again came to the scratch, having been recovered by a *taste* of the cordial. Tedious it would be to record the fourteen rounds of this battle, which was always preserved in the shape of advantages of *breeches* and *straight* hitting. Peg displayed great accomplishments in *weaving* and *planting* a *fib*. The contest occupied the ladies thirty-seven minutes, and only two scientific stands-up were displayed—these were the second and tenth rounds; in the former Peg cautiously sparred, and Martha being rather shy, and feeling rather awkward from the effects of the fling, stood on a firm guard, but the skirmishing of Peg seemed to puzzle her at first, and she still preserved *attitude*, until Peg let fly a straight hit at her *smeller*, which she received (parrying not being thought of by her), but she, in a manner that would reflect credit on the admirable skill of Randall, or on the powers of Gas, went in, and placed a most tremendous left-handed hit upon the left cheek, which laid it open and showed the bone; this sent Peg to the ground like a Waterloo bullet. In the tenth, Peg made a double, and *cunning* Martha received her with the foot, but she was *doubled-up* by a *belly-go-firster*; the rest of the fight was in favour of Peg, who was declared the winner, and received the money. Both ladies were much punished, and Martha was taken away senseless in a *tilbury* used by Irish hawkers, and drawn by a horse which displayed an immensity of *bone*. Peg went off reeling in a hackney-coach.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE HINDOOS.

The recital of poems or histories, either simply related or sung in a kind of recitative, is one that is the delight of every Hindoo, from the prince to the peasant. For this enjoyment, they will abstain from food and sleep, and continue motionless for hours, ranged in a circle round the bard or story-teller; nothing can draw them from the spot, unless, perhaps, the still stronger passion for gaming, which rules with destructive sway in Hindoostan. It is not uncommon to see a man of the lower class, who in the morning had his hands, feet, neck, ears, and waist, loaded with jewels of gold and silver, return in the evening stripped of them all, and even of his mantle and turban into the bargain. Cock-fighting and

other amusements of that kind are highly relished by the Hindoos, who train even quails and smaller birds for their sport. Happy is the owner of a fighting ram; this animal is easily trained to fight, and a battle between two rams of acknowledged bottom is a treat for all the villages in the neighbourhood.

The Hindoos also train bullocks to the performance of a very difficult trick. A man lays down on his back, and places on the lower part of his belly a short pedestal of wood, the top of which is merely large enough for the beast to put its four feet upon. The bullock, at the command of its master, sets one foot and then the other on this piece of wood, and then his two hinder feet in succession, and balances himself upon it, to the great astonishment of the spectators. But this is not all; the master of the bullock places a second pedestal by the side of the first; the animal steps upon it in like manner, and when he has placed all four feet upon this moveable column, he balances himself upon it with wonderful dexterity. Goats are also taught to perform this trick, in which we know not whether we ought most to admire the patience of the master, or the docility of the brute.

FORTUNATE SPORTSMAN.

Sir John Shelly's celebrity as a first-rate shot and breeder of sporting dogs (in which he is wholly unrivalled) is already well established. It may not, however, be so generally known that at one time he was considered the greatest winner of public money upon the turf—keeping the least number of horses of any member of the Jockey Club, from two to six horses each year (from 1802 to 1821) comprising his entire stud. Under James Edwards, his trainer, at Newmarket, he won the following:—

1809	£1749 0	1816	£1732 10
1810	1362 10	1817	1522 10
1811	5523 0	1818	8495 0
1812	5150 10	1819	2712 10
1813	2917 0	1820	4424 10
1814	218 0	1821	824 5
1815	6660 15		

Thus clearing a sum of £43,316 10*s.* exclusive of the vast sums won by the private bets which Sir John was accustomed to make when encouraged by his trainer, and the price for which his race

horses have been sold. It is confidently asserted that he netted £20,000 by his famous horse Phantom.

THE FOLLOWING LINES,

Commemorative of the invincible Prowess of the celebrated Chalk-Farm Dog, Rattler, the Property of Mr. Thomas Hunter, are respectfully dedicated to the Fancy, by the Champion, B. Burn.

O, RATTLER, chief of all the clan
Of fancy dogs, revered by man,
Thou well deserv'st my lays;
Thou pride and boast of fancy's grace,
And hero of the canine race,
Surpasses all our praise.

Thy gentle nature, always mild,
Indulging to a harmless child,
Unless spurned on to strife—
Like to a lamb you meet the fray,
And, lion-hearted, gain the day
Of victory or life.

What language can thy merits tell!
In twenty battles bore the bell,
Though few years you have seen;
The knowing ones now know your name,
The Prince of Dogs, of matchless fame,
Your equal has not been.

But now your master, for your good,
Will not again stir up your blood,
But keep you in soft rest,
To indulge the remainder of your days
In peaceful mood, your playful ways,
And still by him caress'd.

SINGULAR MODE OF TIGER-CATCHING.

INNUMERABLE tigers are yearly caught in Paraguay, with leathern thongs, by the Spaniards and Indians, on horseback, and are strangled, after being swiftly dragged for some time along the ground. How great the strength of the tiger must be, you may judge from this; that if they meet two horses in the pastures tied together with a thong, to prevent their escaping, they attack and slay the one, and drag him, along with the other live one, to their

den. I should not have believed this, had I not myself witnessed it. Their cunning is equal to their strength. If the wood and plain deny them food, they will procure it by fishing in the water. As they are excellent swimmers, they plunge up to their neck in some lake or river, and spout from their mouth the white froth, which, swimming on the surface of the water, the fish eagerly devour as food, and are quickly tossed on to the shore by the claws of the tiger. They also catch tortoises, and tear them from their shells by wondrous artifice, in order to devour them. Sometimes a tiger, lurking unseen under the high grass, or in a bramble-bush, quietly watches a troop of horse passing by, and rushes with impetuosity on the horseman that closes the company.

DESCRIPTION OF A MODERN MILL,

Between Big Barney, a Trowel-tosser's Labourer, and Surly Sam, a Birmingham Bellows-blower.

I SEND you, friend Bob, bitter moments to sweeten,
An account how Big Barney by Surly was beaten.
This mill, long expected, was last week decided,
And about which the Fancy were so much divided.
Coster-mongers in drags went to witness the slaughter,
And Corinthian swells of the very first water.
The odds—six to four when the combatants started,
But the backers were down, ere ten minutes departed.
When *peeled*, Barney seemed in high twig and condition,
And as supple as if dipped in anti-attrition!
But Sam floored him the moment he came to the scratch,
And twisted his *mauleys* 'mongst Goliah's *thatch*.
Then he milled him and fibbed him beyond his friends' hopes,
And threw him, like winking, right over the ropes;
Next he starred Magog's *glaze*, and well scuttled his nob,
To the joy of Tom Cribb, at a mill the nabob.
Surly's blows at his *list'ner* at length made him cringe,
For they folded him up like an old rusty hinge.
Barney's backers looked *peery* while losing their *rag*—
'Twas all Holywell-street to an old clothes-man's bag;
Though beat to a stand-still, he yet displayed game,
Till the ring echoed loud, "*choke him off! 'tis a shame!*"
In short, 'twas remarked by Gas, Randall, and Sutton,
That they never before had beheld such a *glutton*.
Beat almost out of time, quite abroad in the garret,
His power exhausted, the ring dyed with claret,

He still came to the scratch to receive Surly's knocks,
Which removed all the tools from his domino-box;
He at last was so punished, and queered in the crummy,
Hit as black as a hearse, and quite *weaved* to a mummy;
With his *day-lights* stopped up, to his man he was led,
His *head-rails* displaced, and in *chancery* his head;
Bored senseless, beat stupid, and quite on the pot,
He received Surly's *fives*, and went down like a shot;
Where he lay as entranced, doubled up like a letter,
From whence he was borne to a *drag* on a shutter.
The fight lasted, by those who by stop-watches reckoned,
One hour, ten minutes, a half, and one second.

Chaffing-Crib, Corinthian-Hall, T. G.
April 27, 1822.

GREAT LEAP.

In the year 1823, Mr. Cunningham, of Craigends, engaged with another gentleman, for a wager of twenty guineas, that he should, on horseback, leap over the canal between Glasgow and Paisley. He was to have his own day, and his own choosing of the ground, and the weather being extremely inviting, the parties met to see the exploit performed. After riding up and down for some time, a piece of ground was fixed upon, about a mile on the east side of Paisley, called Cook's Ridge. Mr. Cunningham then put his horse in motion, and accomplished the feat with ease. The spirited animal went two feet over the canal, which, being eleven feet broad at the place, made thirteen feet of a leap in the whole.

PEDIGREE OF A HORSE.

The following is a literal translation of the pedigree of an Arabian horse, well known in Nottinghamshire a few years ago; "In the name of God the merciful! The cause of the present writing is, that we witness that the gray horse Derrish, of Mahomet Bey, is the first breed of Nedgdee horses, whose mother is the gray mare Hadba the famous, and whose father is the bay horse Dahrouge, of the horses of the Benhihaled. We testify on our conscience and fortune, that he is of the breed concerning which the Prophet has said—'The true runners when they run strike fire; they grant prosperity until the day of judgement.' We have testified what is known; and 'God knows who are true witnesses.'" *(Followed by six signatures.)*

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT PERFORMED BY A BOY ONLY TWELVE YEARS OF AGE.

A BOY of the name of Widgett, a native of Worcestershire, undertook, on June 14, 1819, to walk fifty miles in twelve hours, which he did, under many disadvantages, in eleven hours and twenty-eight minutes. The ground he chose was that which extends from the southern angle of the Council-Chamber, in the centre of the city of Salisbury, to the first-mile stone on the Downton-road. This is in some parts of rather a loose stony surface, and includes a pretty considerable high hill. He started at two minutes after six in the morning, and did the first fourteen miles without shoes or stockings, when one of his great toes being cut by a sharp flint, he was provided with a pair of slippers, but these were so large and loose, that he was obliged to stop frequently, and fasten them over his heels. At twelve o'clock he had done thirty miles. After completing the fortieth mile, he appeared much exhausted, which was occasioned by a want of proper nutriment, and a small quantity of wine and water was given him, and repeated at intervals; a support was applied round his waist, and his feet well sponged and rubbed dry. After this refreshment, he again renewed his task, and completed the fifty miles at half-past five o'clock. It should be added, that he had walked out to the mile-stone, to view the ground, and back again, before he entered upon the fifty. At the close of his performance, he was chaired round the city of Salisbury by the populace, and a handsome subscription was raised to reward him. The next day he was seen playing about the streets in good health and spirits.

A SKETCH OF CAPTAIN BRIDGES—ONE OF THE MOST DARING COACHMEN AND BEST TANDEM DRIVERS IN THE KINGDOM.

"I SHOULD depart from my usual practice," says NIMROD, "if I did not now and then endeavour to amuse my readers with a harmless *anecdote*, or an attempt to *sketch a character* when I see one worthy of their notice. Every one south of London, who moves in the Sporting World, has heard of Captain Bridges, who has long been conspicuous for daring feats of horsemanship and coachmanship. The Captain is a gentleman born and bred, being the son of the late General Bridges; and resides at the Hermitage, situate in a beautiful part of the county of Hants.

"The following anecdote of Captain Bridges should not be lost to posterity, being so truly characteristic of an Englishman. Being out one day with the fox-hounds, he saw two gentlemen parleying with a farmer in a gate-way, who refused to let them pass through it. The Captain rode up to them, and asked what was the matter? 'Why,' said one of the gentlemen, 'this farmer says he will murder the first man who attempts to go into his field.' 'Does he?' said the Captain, 'Then here goes, life for life;' and immediately dared him. The fellow aimed a desperate blow at his head with a very heavy stick, which, in spite of the velvet cap, would have felled him to the ground if, by good fortune, he had not avoided it, when, taking to his heels, the coward fled, with the Captain after him, and absolutely crept into a large covered drain to avoid him. 'Who-hoop,' said the Captain, 'I've run him to the ground, by G—d.'

"I have already said that Captain Bridges is one of the best tandem drivers in England. In the exercise of his art, he offers the following bet: namely, *that he will throw any man out of the carriage without himself being thrown out.* Strange to say this bet has not been accepted, for the life as well as the money of the loser might be the forfeit.

"Captain Bridges is so well known in Hampshire by the name of 'the Captain' that I hope he will pardon my applying to him the familiar, though honourable title. Among his other accomplishments, he has the credit of riding a race so well, that when I once went to ride against him, I found he was more the favourite than his horse. 'The Captain wins for a pound,' said a farmer in my hearing, as I first entered the course. Knowing there was a large field against him, I naturally asked the farmer if he knew any thing of the horse the Captain was going to ride? 'Not I,' said the farmer, 'but the Captain wins and no one else, for a pound.'

Captain Bridges hunts regularly with fox-hounds, and keeps a pack of harriers of his own. Were it necessary to show his devotion to the sport, this fact would be sufficient:—The last time I saw him out, he told me that he was severely attacked with the gout at three o'clock that morning, but *determined to hunt.* He had taken two strong calomel pills, sixty drops of the gout medicine called colchicum, on the top of which he put a glass of hot gin and water

on his road to covert—as Mr. Ramsbottom says, 'to keep things in their places.'

"To describe the Captain's dress would take a livelier pen than mine. His hat I have seen; and by the side of it, the Jolliffe, or any other that I have met with, would hide their diminished heads. The waistcoat I have not seen, but I have been given to understand, that a person would be almost as much at a loss to say of what materials it was composed, as Mr. Warde was to inform a certain great personage who asked him, what hair his hat was made of? and would not be quite so happy in his conjecture.

"Although, as I have before mentioned, Captain Bridges resides at the Hermitage, he does not live the life of a hermit—being what the world calls, 'a jolly good fellow;' and I have reason to believe that in these shady groves the nightingale* oftener hears the Captain than the Captain hears the nightingale. Captain Bridges, however, is all fun and good humour, and strongly reminds me of the Poet—

> "And sure, there seem of human kind
> Some born to shun the common strife;
> Some for amusive tasks designed,
> To soothe the various ills of life."

"When speaking of the Captain the following is too good to be lost. The first day I was out with the Hambledon hounds, we met at Preshaw-house, the seat of Mr. Long; and getting hold of a dodging fox, he soon brought us back to the covert where we found him, and where a son of Mr. Long's—a fine boy about nine years old—was stationed on his pony, with the hope of getting another peep at us. It so happened that the servant who attended him '*tally ho'd*' the fox, and we all came close to him; when the boy perceiving a captain of dragoons in the field, who, by the orderly book of his regiment is denied the Christian-like operation of shaving, he rode up to his father and exclaimed—"Papa who is that gentleman *with a wig under his nose?*'

"I have one more anecdote and then I have done; but this relates to myself. On the second day I was out with these hounds, as I was changing from my hack to my hunter, a farmer by the name of

* In his convivial hours, Captain Bridges occasionally imitates the mail-coach horn so well as to be heard at a considerable distance.

Boys—who, I understand, is a character in his way—addressed me thus: 'Why, you be a stranger in these parts—ben't you?' 'Yes,' replied I, 'I am.' 'A pretty good pack of dogs ben't they, Sir?' 'I dare say they are,' was my answer; 'but I will tell you more about them by and by!' 'Ah!' said the farmer, shaking his head—'there is one fault about the gentlemen who follows these hounds—*they breaks the fences, but they never mends them.*' Not taking him rightly, I said—'My good fellow, you cannot expect gentlemen to mend every fence they break down when they are hunting.'—'Oh,' replied Mr. Boys, '*there is one way of mending them.* What do you think of a leg of mutton and a good bowl of punch? Did you see what was put in the Hampshire paper (here he alluded to an extract from one of my letters, describing Mr. Villebois' farmers' race, and the dinner given to them afterwards) about 'Squire Villyboy.'—'Yes,' replied I, 'I did.'—'Well,' continued Mr. Boys, 'nothing never made half so much noise in our parish as that. The paper was handed about from house to house, for three Sundays together; and at last the part was cut out, and read aloud in the church-yard.'"

THE LOVES OF PATTY PIKE AND JOHN DORY.

FAIN would I tell you a pathetic story,
Which I *Smelt* out about a man and *Maid*—
She Patty *Pike* was call'd, and he *John Dory*,
And both were in the *Sprat* and *Mack'rel* trade.
He lov'd her much, as some love *Shrimps* and *Salmon*,
But she was queer and *scaly*—quite a *Crab*;
She *made believe* to love him, but 'twas *gammon*;
He sought her *Sole*, but only got a *Dab!*
He had no *Plaice* to *Perch* on in her bosom,
Her-ring she would not have—the slipp'ry *Eel*.
'Twas thought, if he had senses, he would lose 'em,
Torpedo like, she made poor *Dory* feel!
He mourn'd, poor SOLE, that ever he had found her,
And died as fast, nay faster, than a FLOUNDER!!!—J. M. L.

GREAT FEATS OF STRENGTH.

TOPHAM was born in London, in the year 1711, and presented the most extraordinary instances of human strength recorded in modern times.

The first proof he gave of his wonderful powers was in pulling

against a horse in Moorfields; he next lifted a rolling-stone of 800lbs. weight, with his hands only, standing in a frame above it, and taking hold of a chain that was fastened to it. Dr. Hutton, in his "History of Derbyshire," gives this account of him:—"When this Sampson appeared at Derby, as a performer in public at a shilling each, he surprised every one by his feats. This wonderful man, in whom were united the strength of twelve, could roll up a pewter dish of seven pounds, as a man rolls up a sheet of paper; hold a pewter quart, at arm's length, and squeeze the sides together like an egg-shell; lift two hundred weight with his little finger, and move it gently over his head. He broke a rope of about two inches in circumference, which was in part wound round a cylinder of five inches in diameter, having fastened the other end of it to straps that went over his shoulders; lifted an oak table, six feet long, with his teeth, though half a hundred weight was hung to the extremity, and held it in a horizontal position for a considerable length of time. It is true the feet of the table rested against his knees; but as the length of the table was much greater than its height, that performance required a great strength to be exerted by the muscles of his loins, neck, and jaws, besides a good set of teeth. He took Mr. Chambers, vicar of All Saints, who weighed twenty-seven stone, and raised him with one hand. His head being laid on one chair and his feet on another, four people (fourteen stone each) sat upon his body, which he heaved at pleasure. He struck a round bar of iron, about a yard long, and three inches in diameter, against his naked arm, and at one stroke bent it like a bow. He lifted two hogsheads of water; heaved his horse over a turnpike-gate; and carried the beam of a house as a soldier would his fire-lock. Having once thrust the bowl of a strong tobacco-pipe under his garter, his legs being bent, he broke it to pieces by the tendons of his hams. He broke such another bowl between his first and second finger, by pressing them together sideways. What were hollows under the arms, and hams in others, were filled up with ligaments in him."

Topham once finding a watchman asleep in his box, near Chiswell-street, Moorfields, he took both, and, carrying the load with the greatest ease, at length dropped the watchman and his house over the walls of Tindal's burying-ground: and while he was at Derby, he was insulted by the hostler at the Virgin's Inn, and he took one of the kitchen-spits from the mantel-piece, and bent it round the

hostler's neck like a handkerchief; but as he did not choose to tuck the ends in the hostler's bosom, the cumbrous ornament excited the laugh of the company till he condescended to untie his iron cravat.

Topham was in height nearly five feet ten, well made, but nothing singular; he walked with a small limp. He had formerly laid a wager, the usual decider of disputes, that three horses could not draw him from a post, which he should clasp with his feet; but the driver giving them a sudden lash, turned them aside, and the unexpected jerk broke his thigh.

At the time of his death, which happened on the 10th of August, 1749, he kept a public-house in Hog-lane, Shoreditch. Having had, two days before, a quarrel with his wife, he stabbed her in the breast, and immediately gave himself several wounds, which proved fatal to him; but his wife recovered.

Mr. Di, denominated the *Table-lifter*, well known at Tom Belcher's, the Castle Tavern, Holborn, in 1824, by his extraordinary feats of strength. He has several times lifted up from the ground a large mahogany table, round which twenty persons have been previously seated, with the most perfect ease with his teeth, entirely clear of his knees or any other part of his body. He has broken also the kitchen poker across his arm; and could bite, or smash to pieces with his teeth, the thickest flint glass tumblers. A pewter quart pot he could squeeze together between his hands like a piece of putty.

Tom Johnson, the celebrated pugilist, carried two sacks of flour with the greatest ease, every day for some months; and he could also, with one hand, twirl a sack of flour round his head several times, without the least difficulty, which circumstance he once did within an hour after fighting a celebrated boxer.

The strength possessed by Mr. Jackson, and the various feats he performed when a young man, if they had not been well authenticated, almost exceed belief. Sixteen *half*-hundred weights Mr. Jackson lifted from the ground without the slightest difficulty; and, upon one occasion, in the presence of several gentlemen in Woolwich Warren, he raised from the ground a small piece of cannon, weighing *ten hundred and a half!* In the late Alderman Harvey Christian Coombe's drawing-room, in Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, Mr. Jackson lifted with his *little finger* HALF A HUNDRED WEIGHT AND TWENTY-FOUR POUNDS from the ground quite up-

right, and in that position, with the same hand he wrote his name against the wall with a black lead pencil. The *agility* of Mr. Jackson was equally interesting; he has jumped eight feet over a tobacco pipe placed between his hands. In throwing a foot-ball to a great distance Mr. Jackson had no competitor.

SPORTING SONG, THE TRUE PRINCIPLES OF MILLING.

COME, my lads of true courage, I beg you'll attend
To a little advice, and it comes from a friend:
You have it for nothing;—it cannot be dear,
So silence your *red rags*, or you will not hear.
Derry down.

But, perhaps, you may say, "Pray what is it about?"
Why it's BOXING, my lads; and now that it's out,
To refrain any longer I think 'twere a sin,
And so, Gents, by your leave, now suppose I begin.

First—to frighten your man by your chaffing ne'er try,
Though a few *Greens* may laugh, it's still all my eye;
It's dicky, it's nonsense, it's gammon and bother,
And bullying one thing, and boxing another.

Never fall (as some do) without having a blow,
Or, like a great log, never fall on your foe;
But, long as you can, stand firm on your feet,
Nor e'er burst the man that you never can beat.

With Messrs. *Pulling* and *Hawling* have nothing to do;
Their firm is not safe, and it wo'n't do for you:
Squeezem's plan is as bad, and past all repairs,
So pray fight like MEN, and don't hug like two bears.

Be it one of your cares, too, my tight little fellows,
To avoid hitting foul as you would shun the gallows;
But, upright and manly, do all that you can,
By courage and science, to conquer your man.

He that e'er sells a battle, the pernicious elf,
Old Satan will toast him for lunch for himself;
That the world may all know how such crimes are rewarded,
To make honesty prosper, and courage regarded.

But fighting once over, now each man of war
Turns Publican quick, and then *pleads* at the *bar;*
And though perhaps neither wanting in *spirits* nor sense,
May we ne'er see a boxer get too near the *Bench*.

My song now is ended—your patience, perhaps, tired,
But you ax'd me to sing, and I did as desired;
And bawling so long has made me precious dry,
So bring me some lush, boys, or else I shall die.
Derry down.

A. R. H.

INTERESTING SKETCH OF JOHN HARRIS, A DOG-BREAKER.

THE subject of the present memoir, John Harris, was by trade a blacksmith, and, but for the gratification of his heart's desire, he would probably have continued a blacksmith to his dying day. But John's genius soared above the trammels of business, its opposite as light to darkness being commonly in the fore-ground of his imagination. Thus, at the bare recital of any story in his shop relating to SPORTING, his bellows would gradually cease to blow, each succeeding blast being weaker and weaker, till its dying murmurs seemed to chide the hand that held it. In the event of any one passing the door with a gun and dogs, though the metal was whizzing and sparkling in every direction, as fit for his purpose, John would give a parting "*tink, tink, tink, tidderum*" on the anvil, tuck up his apron, and in this succinct and hasty manner follow the sportsman to the field. In his darling propensity, however, there was a feature of so extraordinary a nature as excited surprise. John never wanted to be the foremost in the field, but his ambition was to second the views and operations of the chief actor; and to conduce as much as possible to the success of the day. This peculiar habit drew the attention of a neighbouring Reverend Gentleman, who was an excellent shot, and much devoted to field pursuits. In the service of this gentleman John soon embarked, and to the success of his master's sporting expeditions he contributed most mightily. John's heart exulted in the change, and various stories where circulated of him as in his new capacity, one of which seems worthy of mention. So deeply was John occupied with the business of the day—that the idea thereof remained in his head when it was laid on the pillow at night; so that it was no uncommon thing for him to call out "So-ho," and sometimes, with increased emphasis, "So-ho, you devil," in his sleep. But John's attention was not wholly engrossed by shooting excursions. His master kept some couples of harriers, which, in the season, were wont to rouse the latent echo of "Polden-Hill," and to diffuse life

and hilarity into the surrounding neighbourhood. Each returning spring it was John's delight to chase the martin-cats, which, in numbers, frequented the long hanging woods that clothed the sides of "Ham-Hill;" and his zeal in this pursuit may be computed, from his frequently setting off with his merry pack at midnight, and arriving on the scene of action long before the rising of the sun. Such sport had John often on these occasions as menaced an awkward termination. In vain did the lark carol at early dawn, as cheering the husbandman at his toil; in vain did the unfed cattle gaze and bellow: all the plains beneath stood still, listening to John's melodious choristers, as they chanted from wood to grove.

Happy as John was at this period of his life, golden days were yet in store for him. Soon the manor of Grenton was put under his care, and nothing was wanting to complete his felicity. Here John gave abundant proof of his vigilance and fidelity to his trust—partridges, in particular, being never, during the memory of man, so plentiful on Grenton as during his administration. John now, more than ever, turned his attention to the breed and management of the pointer, in the latter of which he made such rapid proficiency, that he soon set up for a pointer-breaker, and in this sporting sort of traffic, if I may so call it, he recommended himself by his exertions, but little of his time being then required in his master's service. But the variety of breeds and dispositions gave him more trouble than he could form any idea of, when confined, as in the regularity of his services, to the management of one strain or sort only. "The patience of Job, indeed, was necessary," he would tell you, in his new vocation; and the chief sins he had to answer for were from his cursing and swearing at his dogs; as some, and the only satisfaction, he would add, when a young one exceeded bounds, and was proof against control. Not that he thought a stubborn dog irreclaimable: these, when once broken, difficult as was the task, were often the best of dogs, in his opinion, and of his own opinion in these respects he was rather tenacious. To any one who seemed to question the making of an untractable animal about to be committed to his care, his constant reply was, show me the dog, with any thing whatsomever of the breed of the pointer about him that I cannot break, and I will show you a man who has a lock of hair growing on the palm of his hand. So far, indeed, had John carried his surmises on the art of dog-breaking, that he would con-

tend all dogs, from the mastiff to the turnspit, not omitting hounds of every denomination, may be made to stand and back, and that stanchly. John had once two brace of pointers, which for stanchness, nose, fleetness, and continuance, he would challenge against any two brace in the kingdom. Such, indeed, was his estimation of the singular good qualities of one of them, that, on her dying, he promulgated orders to those about him, which were to be as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, importing, that "depart this life whenever himself may, her skull, which he kept over his chimney-piece as a trophy, *should be deposited with him in his coffin.*" It is almost needless to say, that as these orders were issued under a state of temporary infatuation, and were fraught, as presumed, with less prudence and policy than were the laws of the Medes and Persians, they were not so implicitly obeyed.

At this period, when such potent proof of his professional ability was at his elbow, it may be said John was nearly at the zenith of his bodily powers; his crest was high, his gait somewhat consequential, and he would not put up with an insult, no, nor any reflection whatever, tending to cast the slightest tinge on his reputation. Some words happening at a country wake between him and one much superior in bulk and stature, from the falsehood and calumny of the latter, Here, said John, jumping on a stage erected for backsword players; here, villain, peel this moment, and I will show thee a trick or two. Being duly accoutred and furnished each with a stick allowed on the occasions, they set-to. John's object being punishment, he paid his respects in earnest to either side of his antagonist, and either side instantaneously swelled out as in prompt and grateful acknowledgment of the favour. The inner man of his opponent, however, being apparently unaffected; John was meditating further mischief, when an old woman in the crowd squeaked out, "Hit 'en about the breeches, Jan! Hit 'en about the breeches, Jan!" This drew a temporary smile from John, and for the moment affected his self-possession, but he rallied, quick as thought, and eventually gave his antagonist such a drubbing as cured him ever after of "evil speaking, lying, and slandering," whilst by the mode in which he finished his man, a laurel was placed on his brow; the forerunner of a wreath which was in due time to encircle his *head.*

Encouraged by his success, John now practised often with the sticklers, nor was it long before he attained the reputation of a not

hand at single-stick, and many were the prizes he bore off, triumphantly, from Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, and other counties, where the flowers of the fancy had assembled, as in grand matches; but John's "pluck" was never more proved than in a pitched battle in the village of Meare, with one Tiverton, a man of amazing powers, and who went by the name of the "Glastonbury Bully." Long and bloody was the struggle, but in the event John vanquished his opponent, and sent him from the scene of action an object piteous to behold. From the cool and masterly manner in which John conducted himself on this memorable occasion, he excited notice wherever he went, and the whole neighbourhood rung with reports of his valour.

King's Sedgemoor, at this proud period of John's career, being unreclaimed, visionary, in the extreme, were many of the schemes which entered into his head, in regard to compassing the wild fowl that resorted thither in astonishing abundance. In two only of those which he put into execution was he successful; namely, with the talking horse, and the snipe net. Of his numberless expeditions with the latter, one is worthy of recital; it was at the close of a cold winter's day, when John and an attendant sallied forth from Grenton for the Moor, anticipating much sport as the wind and the complexion of the evening seemed particularly favourable; moreover, they soon encountered a hail storm, which made the birds lay to their perfect satisfaction. They had at length taken a quantity of snipes, and were thinking about returning, when something struck the net with unusual force and struggled so that the poles were with difficulty kept to the ground. "What have we here?" said the attendant, "calf, sheep, hog, dog, or goat?"—"'Tis the devil, I believe," replied John; "and if we can but hold him fast, we shall have made a tolerable night's work of it." The net had enclosed a goose of coarse, dun-coloured plumage. No one knew what sort of goose it was, but it was allowed to be the largest aquatic bird, the hooper excepted, ever taken on King's Sedgemoor.

To insist that all John's geese were swans, though the one just treated of so much resembled a swan in size, would be acting inconsistent with the respect due to departed worth; we would, therefore, observe, that all John's out-of-door accompaniments, as well as his chattels within, increased in his estimation in proportion to the length of their acquaintance, till they appeared to eclipse those

of their kind respectively in the possession of others. Thus the mare which drew his cart was the best in all the world; his dogs were ever matchless; a bird was never out of the reach of his gun; his brass-barrelled pistol, to the report of which he broke his dogs, would kill a man at three hundred yards distance, "*an' he worth ten thousand a-year;*" and his galligaskins of calf skin, with the hair outwards, would defy the united assaults of wind and rain for a month together. But John's merits, when put in the scales against his weaknesses, made the latter kick the beam: in point of independence of spirit, he was an Englishman all over; and his integrity and honesty remind one of certain metals, polished beyond the effects of whatever would intrude on their lustre.

Much as his neighbours said as to the cause of his death, attributing the same to a pleuritic affection, it was occasioned by the rupture of a blood-vessel. His mare, goaded to distraction by the gad-fly, in a neighbouring heath, during the solar burning of the latter part of last summer, ran away with his loaded cart; John called after her, to the overstraining of his lungs, and thus, in his endeavours to save her life, he heedlessly lost his own.

Having thus treated of my man in his public and professed capacity, it remains for me, whilst apologising for trespassing so long on the reader's patience, to speak briefly of the rank he held in his own immediate sphere. Here, it must be acknowledged, his loss is a subject of much regret. What, though no stone bears record of him in graven characters, John! honest John! gallant John! and the whole of his paraphernalia; his mare, his cart, his dogs, his famed gun, his brass-barrelled pistol—yea, and his galligaskins—all, all will long be entertained as no unpleasing guests in the memories of an extensive acquaintance.

A SKETCH OF SMOLENSKO; DENOMINATED THE SECOND ECLIPSE.

SMOLENSKO, the property of Sir Charles Bunbury, which, during his racing career, excited a greater share of the public curiosity than any of his most famous predecessors, in 1813 won the two great stakes in the Newmarket Spring Meetings; immediately afterwards, the Derby Stakes at Epsom; and the Magna Charta Stakes at Egham in the following August. It was even betting for the Derby between Smolensko and the field, and an unfortunate gentleman, backing the field to a large amount, had not sufficient firm-

ness of mind to bear up against the consequence of his own imprudence. A few days, however, before the race, a report getting abroad that the horse was lame, and he being seen without one of his shoes, Sir Charles Bunbury took and won five and six hundred pounds to ten three times over. The betting soon returned to its former state. At this time the newspapers were filled with Smolensko, and he was by them represented as the speediest horse which had appeared since Eclipse, and "unlike Eclipse only in his coolness and want of driving." All the world went to Epsom to witness the performance of this new Eclipse. On his return to London, he was ordered from Tattersall's, for the inspection of his Royal Highness the Regent. Many persons were desirous of purchasing this horse, and there seems no doubt that four or five thousand pounds might have been obtained, had the proprietor been desirous to part with him. On the approach of the Egham meeting, the public papers were again full of Smolensko, and a turnpikeman on the road declared, that, in twenty years, he had not seen such crowds pass his gate, of carriage company, horse, and foot, the latter of all descriptions, and all for the purpose of getting a sight of the famous black horse. Many had come eighteen or twenty miles on foot, returning through the gate, till two o'clock in the morning. Crowds gathered round him on the course, and he was then exhibited to her Majesty the Queen and the Princesses at the royal stand. A man actually offered Sir Charles Bunbury two hundred pounds for the use of his horse, to make a show of; and, there is no doubt, but that Sir Charles, could he have done such a thing, might have made five hundred pounds by exhibiting him in London. Among the curious tattle at Egham, on the subject of this wonderful horse, it went about that, the day before the race, he had been stinted of his meat and water, according to the old system; most probably a hoax of the groom, by way of answer to some sage inquiry: it, however, reached the ears of Sir Charles, who remarked to his informant, that, should a servant of his make so gross a breach of his orders, "he would never eat any more of his beef and pudding." It was reported Sir Charles challenged all England, offering to take four pounds and run his horse against any horse of his year, his horse not to take a sweat. Smolensko was one of the healthiest, quietest, and best tempered horses that

ever was trained: about sixteen hands and a half high, full brother to Thunderbolt, got by Sorcerer, a son of Trumpator, and his pedigree is filled with our oldest and highest racing blood.

KING CHARLES I.'S ATTACHMENT TO THE DIVERSION OF BOWLS.

In the life of Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas, a literary lady, known about a century ago by the name of Corinna, written by herself, mention is made of a house at Barking, called Barking-hall, which belonged to her great grandfather, Richard Shute, Esq. a Turkey merchant, and one of the members for the City of London. She describes it as situated at the end of a long avenue of elms, an antique building of a castellated form. Here, she tells us, Mr. Shute made one of the prettiest and most commodious bowling-greens that had been seen; and that King Charles I. who was partial to that amusement, having heard the fame of his new bowling-green, told Mr. Shute when he next came to court, that he would dine with him the following day at Barking, and try his skill. Mr. Shute made the best preparation that the shortness of time would allow, and the King was so well pleased with his entertainment, that he would frequently lay aside his state and resort thither with only two or three gentlemen as his attendants. They generally played high, says our authoress, and punctually paid the losings; and though Mr. Shute often won, yet the King would at one time bet higher than usual, and having lost several games, gave off. "And if it please your majesty," said Mr. Shute, "one thousand pounds, some rubbers more; perhaps luck may turn." "No, Shute," replied the King, laying his hand gently on his shoulder, "thou hast won the day, and much good may it do thee; but I must remember I have a wife and children."

GIPSIES.

A Hero in his own Way; or, a Receipt to strengthen a Family.

In the west of England, the remnant of a tribe of gipsies is to be found almost naturalised by intermarriages with those out of their community, who, some forty years since, had at their head a personage of a rather singular cast. The contour and whole economy of his visage was oriental: his eyes, piercing and full of lustre, rivalled the sloe; and his hair, lank and black as jet, waved over a complexion dark and swarthy, but enlivened by a tinge of copper. In make, tall, straight, and between the extremes of

slender and athletic, he could boast of singular bodily agility. This personage, styled "the King of the Gipsies," was, moreover, endowed with such qualifications as, in a community of this sort, ensured respect and command. To the boldness of a lion he added such affability as conciliated those around him. In all disputes he was referred to as a judge, against whose decision there could be no appeal; and in their festivities, revellings, and dances, he was ever their undisputed *arbiter elegantiarum*. By these means, he became so celebrated as to be universally known in the west, and, as some readers have anticipated, possibly his name was "Peter Stanley." Of singular good humour, and with an inclination to be jocose, Peter made many friends wherever he went, and few were his enemies. To any one who insulted him, he sent an immediate challenge at "single-stick for a belly-full;" and wo to the wight who accepted it on these terms: with scarcely a chance of hitting one who, in addition to his having an eye like a hawk, was a consummate adept, the offender was doomed to receive such a drubbing, as would *hurt his feelings*, and give the author thereof a lasting place in his memory. When I first knew Peter, I was a school-boy, and, with my fellows, I have often exceeded bounds, and followed him when wheeling a razor-grinding apparatus and at the same time driving before him an aged, lean, one-eyed pony, and an ass or two, ornamented with old frying-pans, gridirons, and tea-kettles, for mending by his fire, which his wife had prepared for him under some hedge in the suburbs of our village. On these occasions, Peter would sometimes ask us to partake of his fare. Once he was particularly pressing: "My dear young gentlemen," said he, as he took something smoking hot from the pot, "here is a little joint, fit for the table, not only of the king of the gipsies, but any king in the world—it is the ham of a hedgehog; taste it, gentlemen." We did so, and it was excellent. Having imparted this circumstance on our return, the "hunting the hedge-hog" instantly became the order of the day throughout the school, from the boy who read Homer to the urchin just admitted, and who wiped his nose in a pinafore. By certain directions, and at times the assistance of a prick-eared cur of Peter's, we procured many hedge-hogs, which, after having been fed a day or two on milk, were killed, swealed, stuffed with sage and onions, and roasted by a string, when, though we lived as well as boys could live, we thought them delectable eating.

Peter had a large family; his sons, all, as he called them, "lads of mettle," were known at every wake and fair by gartering externally below the knee with a band of something red and showy.* His daughters, bating complexion, were some of them captivating women. Fascinated by the bewitching eyes of the eldest, one Fletcher aspired to her hand. "To try the core of him," as he said, Peter challenged Fletcher at single-stick; the latter, in addition to his youth, was much the stronger man. On setting-to, Peter played rather on the defensive, and Fletcher smiled; "What, dost laugh at me?" cried Peter, "then take care of thyself." So saying, with all his might he laid on, stroke after stroke, evading his adversary's aim, with the lubricity of an eel, though upwards of five-and-forty, till Fletcher, without a moan, experienced such punishment as proved him, in Peter's words, "game all over, and worthy of admission into his family." The consequent marriage as I have heard, was productive of the first deviation from the true gipsy blood in the Stanley tribe. Subsequent intermixtures took place; in process of time they became so refined, that they could not dispense with the luxury of a house over their heads; and the New Forest, in Hampshire, in the depth of which they formerly sojourned during the winter, received them no more.

THE TROTTING-HORSE.

A Song in high repute in the Sporting World.

COME, I ride as good a trotting-horse as any one in town,
He'll trot you sixteen miles an hour, I'll bet a hundred pound;
He's such a one to bend his knees, and tuck his haunches in,
That to heave the dirt in people's eyes he thinks it not a sin.
CHORUS—So he rides away, and trots away, fal de la.

He's an eye like a hawk, and a neck like a swan;
He's a foot like a cat, and his back's a longish span;
Kind Nature formed him so that he's as honest as he's good;
He's every thing a horse should be—he's bottom, bone, and blood.

When I drop my hand, I see him nod, and safely walk away;
What others brag and bounce about, to him is only play;
No safer horse, or honester, e'er trod on English ground;
He's rising six—can catch a bird—all over right and sound.

* A badge common with the male part of the tribe.

There's your starched and stiffened towel-blades, what transports they produce!
They cock their toes, and square their arms, and come the loving noose,—
Then I let go my rattling prad, and pass them like the wind,
I drop a nod and tips a smile, and leaves the flats behind.

If twenty miles I am from home, in the dark, I do not mind,
If my friends are all brushed, and I with pipe and bottle left behind;
If a scampsman bold should come, or a kiddy on the hop,
"Pull sharp you trigger, my boys," says I, "or I'll outride the shot."

If Fortune, fickle jade, should e'er wish to *scorge* my name,
And what she generously gave would wish to have again,
O that I'll freely grant, and without the least remorse,
Only give me what God can grant—my health, my wife, and horse.
So he rides away, &c.

TROTTING-MATCHES; WITH A SKETCH OF SOME CAPITAL TROTTERS.

SPEED in the trot, as in the gallop, is not to be taught or acquired, although it may be improved by training. As a man must be born a poet, so a horse must be born a trotter, or he will certainly never make one of consequence in a racing point of view. It depends chiefly, or entirely, on form. The utmost speed of the trotter hitherto has been ascertained, by the stop-watch, to be a mile in a few seconds less than three minutes; and sixteen miles in one hour, upon the common road, with the weight of twelve stone, seems to be the utmost which has been performed with that weight, unless it be a fact that the same was performed in 1792, in Lincolnshire, with fifteen stone. Thirty miles were trotted in two hours and ten minutes; and ten miles upon the Epsom road, in November, 1810, by Mr. Fielder's horse, in thirty minutes ten seconds. The greatest performances in harness, and with a light carriage for the purpose, have been two miles in six minutes and a half, without distress; and fourteen miles and a half in several minutes less than one hour,

without distress likewise; this last was by a gray gelding, the property of Captain Wombwell, of the Guards, which had before trotted sixteen miles in one hour, carrying ten stone

The names of the chief of the capital trotters, within the last half century, are as follows—Schales, or Scott, a trotting stallion, got by Blank, the race-hors; Useful Cub, a trotting Stallion, got by a black cart-horse, out of a chapman's mare; (from those two stallions proceeded a great number of trotters of the highest qualification;) Monkey; Shuffler; Hue and Cry; Pretender, by Hue and-Cry, out of a thorough-bred Pretender mare; Aldridge's, afterwards Bishop's, brown mare; Betty Bloss; Marsden's one-eyed black gelding; Archer; Ogden's chestnut mare; Cartwright's gelding; Bishop's gray gelding; Spider; Phenomena. The Locksmith's gray mare trotted, in 1782, seventy-two miles in six hours.

Robson's brown mare, Phenomena, attracted considerable attention, by trotting in July, 1800, between Huntingdon and Cambridge, seventeen miles in fifty-six minutes; and, afterwards, the same distance in less than fifty-three minutes; when her owner offered to match her to perform nineteen miles and a half within the hour; but the challenge was not accepted. These were, doubtless, extraordinary performances, but it was not considered, either by the public, or the trotting jockeys themselves, how much was to be allowed in the estimation, on account of the light weight she carried, namely, a feather; being ridden by a lad belonging to the running stables, weighing about five stone. She had not more speed with a feather, probably not so much, as former capital horses carrying twelve stone and upwards, several of which would, in all probability, have performed, with comparative ease, as much in an hour, with the same weight, as she did; or even, perhaps, have accomplished the *ne plus ultra* of trotting—twenty miles in one hour. Formerly, it was a maxim in trotting races, that weight did not form a considerable object, and that a rider of light weight was not calculated for the purpose, whence the matches were always made with catch-weights, and very often a heavy one chosen in preference, as was the case in Archer's match, in which he carried nearly twelve stone.

About the year 1783, Mr. Lawrence, suspecting the rationality of this opinion, after consulting some turf jockeys, made various trials,

the result of which was, that weight had its proportional effect upon the speed and powers of the horse, as well in trotting as galloping; and in consequence recommended, in his book, published in 1796, the adoption of racing-weights and turf-riders in trotting-matches, which plan was adopted by the proprietor of Phenomena. Archer and Ogden's mare, from trials both public and private, were probably the most capital trotters, whether for speed or continuance, which have yet appeared. Although several race-horses have bent their knees, and their action has been in a trotting form, yet only one has hitherto excelled as a trotter. Infidel, by Turk, about thirty-five years since, after he was out of training, trotted fifteen miles in one hour, with ten stone, on the road between Carlisle and Newcastle. In addition to the improvement of light weight, fine level roads have been wisely chosen, of late years, for trotting-races. The old trotters used to perform over the common rough roads. On the general subject of weight in racing, I wish to make a parting observation. Neither the accustomed weights for the year, nor the give-and-take weights, seem to me possible to be accommodated to the nature of the case. As examples, perhaps seven or eight pounds only will be given when the ability to carry weight is strikingly different in the two horses: on the other hand, in give-and-take weights, a horse of fourteen hands will carry nine stone, and one of fifteen hands, eleven. Now Nature may have reversed this scheme completely, by having enabled the lowest horse to be master of the greatest weight. Matching with discretionary weights, or weight for age and qualifications, seems susceptible of more accuracy; and perhaps it may be yet discovered that much more weight may be allowed on account of substance and strength than has been hitherto supposed.

TROTTING-MATCH IN HARNESS AGAINST TIME.

Creeping Sally, a brown mare, fourteen hands high, and blind, the property of, and driven by, Mr. William E. Walter, for a considerable sum, trotted her fifty miles in five hours, the ground chosen by the opposite party, to start from Shoreditch-church, go through Epping and Harlow, to the twenty-five mile-stone; return to Shoreditch-church. He started at eight o'clock on the morning of the 17th of October, 1816, and peformed the distance with the

greatest ease in four hours and forty-four minutes, although the weather was against the performance, there being a very thick fog, and it rained hard the first hour.

The MAID OF THE MILL, in harness, also, performed her unparalleled match of trotting twenty-eight miles, in two successive hours, over Sunbury-common, on the 10th of April, 1824, driven by her owner, Mr. William Giles, with the greatest ease within two minutes and twelve seconds of the given time, before thousands of admiring spectators. *Umpires*, Mr. Thos. Watson, Norwich; Mr. Smith, London. *Time-keepers*, Mr. Daniel Heywood, Mr. J. G. Lucy, and Mr. James Soares. The Maid of the Mill originally belonged to Mr. Sant, of the Adelphi-wharf.

SKETCH OF A MOST EXTRAORDINARY SPORTSMAN, JOHN LOCKLEY, ESQ.

"IT is written," says Nimrod, "of Alexander, that he forbade his likeness being attempted by any but a first-rate pencil; and I think it will appear, that Mr. Lockley has been most happy in the choice of his artist. If the engraver should prove as fortunate as Mr. Ramsey, Mr. Lockley can never die: and I only wish that I may succeed half as well in presenting to your readers a short sketch of the life and habits of this most extraordinary man, and very first-rate sportsman; who, being now in his 75th year, (1825,) may, without affectation, be said to have arrived at the full honours of the field.

"Mr. Lockley was born in the fiftieth year of the last century, at Barton-hall, in the county of Derby, once the residence of the Protector Cromwell. From thence he went to Boscobel-house, in the county of Salop, but just on the confines of Stafford, where he occupied a very large farm, under lease to his father from the ancient family of the Fitzherberts of Swinnerton, in the last mentioned county. Here Mr. Lockley resided exactly fifty years: and, on the estate being sold, he removed to his present residence, Amerie-court, near Pershore, in Worcestershire, where he occupies a considerable farm under the Earl of Coventry.

"No one can hear the name of Boscobel without turning his thoughts to the history of his country, in which the trials and sufferings of a gallant but unfortunate prince are so pathetically related and so faithfully portrayed. To myself it is more than com-

monly interesting, having lived on terms of more than usual intimacy with the descendants of almost all those honourable men,* who acted their parts with such glory to themselves in this tragic drama. Neither was I ever out with hounds at Perry-wood, Redhill, or any of those coverts near Worcester which command the scene of action, without picturing to myself the gallant Charles, riding up and down among his troops, with his hat in his hand, entreating them to stand to their arms, and fight like men; charging, not the fences, but the enemy. 'Shoot me, if you like; but don't keep me alive to see the consequence of this fatal day,' were the last words addressed to his army by this prophetic king.

"The history of Boscobel is so well known, that little need be said on the subject. The principal feature is the oak, or a cion from it, which protected a British king in the hour of danger; and which has since been represented on our sign-posts. The house, in which I have often slept, was built by one of the Giffords of Chillington-hall, in the county of Stafford, in the year 1621, about fifty years previous to the fatal battle. The occupier of it having given a house-warming, asked one of the company, Sir Basil Brook, to give it a name; when he happily replied, that, being situated in the midst of a beautiful wood, he could not do better than call it 'Boscobel,' from the Italian words *bosco bello*, beautiful wood.

"The history of Mr. Lockley is somewhat remarkable. When young, he was much inclined to get fat; and observing the inconvenience of his father's weight, twenty-eight stone, jockey weight, he determined to adopt any measures to avoid it; so, by severe exercise, short sleep, and rigid abstinence, he reduced himself from seventeen stone to thirteen stone ten pounds, at or about which weight he has ever since continued. Being blessed with high health, a great flow of spirits, and vast bodily strength, no labour fatigued him, nor was any hour of the morning too early for him. His farming, and other business, (for he has always had a large stud of horses, brood mares, colts, &c. about his house,) were managed

* We find the names of Blount, Gifford, Hornyold, Berkley (of Speachley), and Sheldon—the latter the oldest commoner in England—amongst those who were most conspicuous in the defence of their king.

with all possible despatch; as his early habits gave him ample time for fox-hunting, racing, and shooting, at the proper seasons of the year. In shooting, his practice was widely different from that of modern times. I have heard him say, that he used to shoot over fifteen miles of country in a straight line, and return home by a circular route in the same day, without ever getting upon a horse; and, as I myself can vouch for, he had an excellent breed of pointers.

"On the turf, Mr. Lockley is one of our oldest masters of race-horses now living; and, in most of his speculations, (which, as far as his own horses were concerned, were confined to the country courses,) had his fair share of success. Fox-hunting, however, was his favourite pursuit; and here, for two or three seasons, he achieved what was never attempted, or even thought of, by any other man. He was in the constant habit of hunting with the late Sir Edward Littleton's fox-hounds, on Cannock-chase, whose hour of meeting was at day-break; and after their morning's sport was over, he used to go to the late Lord Talbot's hounds, whose country was on the other side the Trent, and whose hour of meeting was eleven. Three convenient bridges over the Trent afforded him this facility, and he frequently had the pleasure of seeing a fine day's sport with each of these packs. Modern men may ask how was this done? The only answer to which is, that no day was ever too long, neither was any night too dark, for this determined sportsman. Early hours and temperate living, no doubt, assisted him; and for the former he was always remarkable. Four hours' sleep, he was wont to say, were enough for a thresher; and I well remember a description the late Mr. Stubbs was used to give of a run with Sir Edward Littleton's hounds, which he always prefaced by saying, 'I breakfasted with Lockley at twelve o'clock at night.'

"Barbarous as this hour of meeting must have been, I have often listened with pleasure to the animated accounts I have heard both these old sportsmen give of finding their fox by the drag. 'Drag on him! drag on him, good hounds!' was, with them, a kind of prologue to the play. Some part of Sir Edward's hunting establishment, indeed, must have borne some little resemblance to a farce, having heard Mr. Lockley say his pack was a mixture of harriers, fox, and stag hounds, and would hunt anything. Sir Edward, it seems, was of opinion that the harrier made them turn

short; the fox-hound gave them speed; and the buck-hound nose; and thus, by a sort of unity of acquirements, he sought for perfection. One thing, however, is remarkable. Being lord paramount of Cannock-chase, he had the right of killing five brace of deer annually, which these hounds accomplished in the proper season, returning steadily afterwards to the chase of the fox; and, in the last year of their hunting, they killed or ran to ground seventeen successive days, without missing a fox. To complete the whole, their huntsman, it is asserted, was never known to laugh or to swear.

"There is no part of Mr. Lockley's life that creates more surprise than the immense distance he has, all his life, been in the habit of riding to meet hounds. This, he has, in a great measure, been enabled to do, from the very easy seat he has on his horse, and from his very temperate habits in the evening, and his very early rising in the morning. His exploits on the road, also, are, I should imagine, hardly to be exceeded by any one. Three times in one year, he rode the same horse from Newmarket to his own house in one day, being 104 miles; and on another occasion, he rode a galloway from his own door to Northampton, and back again in the evening—making a distance of 120 miles. Three years ago, he was seen by a friend of mine on the course at Newmarket one evening. About noon the next day but one, he was met by another friend of mine within six miles of his own house; and after refreshing himself he got upon another horse, and was in Shrewsbury-fair by six o'clock the next morning—sixty miles from his own door. What makes this most extraordinary is, that my friend, who saw him at Newmarket, declared to me, that he would not have ridden his horse ten miles to have possessed him at the end of it. He was, however, peculiarly marked, and therefore could not be mistaken; and we may presume, that he came under the denomination of 'a rum one to look at, but a devil to go.'

"The year before last, this extraordinary horseman performed what might be almost termed a miracle at his time of life—then seventy-three. He left his own house at twelve o'clock one day; was at the fight between Spring and Neate by one o'clock on the next; rode home with me to my house after the fight; and, in spite of all I could say to the contrary, was in London by four o'clock on the third day, making 162 miles in 52 hours, on the same horse!

"It is only necessary to see Mr. Lockley get upon his horse, to be convinced that he was born to be a workman in a saddle; and, perhaps, his predilection for it cannot be better illustrated than by relation of the following familiar dialogue, that took place, about two years since, between myself and his groom, which I shall give *verbatim*. The groom, I should observe, has been with Mr. Lockley since he was a boy—having been brought up under his old stud-groom, Buckland, who had, for so many years, the care of his large stud at Boscobel—

"'Is your master at home, Jack?'

"'No, sir, master is out, somewhere.'

"'Does he dine at home?'

"'Yes, sir, he does.'

"'Then put my horse into the stable, and I shall dine with him. Have you any idea where your master is gone?'

"'Not I, indeed: he may be twenty miles off by this time.'

"'What then, Jack, he rides as much as ever he did, does he?'

"*(With a deep sigh.)* 'Oh yes! he is always at 'em. He never gives 'em no rest; he pretty near tires two a day.'

"'Why, whither does he go, Jack?'

"'God knows, sir, where he goes. Sometimes he goes to Parsher (Pershore); sometimes to Asum (Evesham), Tewkesbury, Worcester, Gloucester; and he is for everlasting riding backwards and forwards to Newmarket and back. Then he has got another farm, about three miles off; so he rides from farm to farm, and from cow to cow. In short, I don't know where he rides to, but he's always at 'em.'

"'Is your master quite well, Jack?'

"'Why, yes, thank God, master's pretty fresh now; but he has been very poorly since his accident; and he tells me he took a waggon-load of physic.'

"Mr. Lockley has been a particularly good rider over a country, and, strange to say, it was only last year that he distinguished himself in three of the best days of the season, with the Warwickshire, Sir Bellingham Graham's, and Mr. Osbaldeston's hounds. Sir Bellingham's run was from his favourite covert, High On; and Mr. Osbaldeston found his fox in what is called Cheney's Gorse. He went away for Ashby-pastures; over Burrow-hill; through Ranksborough-gorse, to Whistendine; and killed him near to Lord

Harborough's, after a fine run of one hour and forty minutes; in the course of which Mr. Lockley was more than once cheered by Mr. Osbaldeston, who, no doubt, was pleased to see an old one going so well.

"I have listened many hours to Mr. Lockley, when recounting the hunting of his younger days, with hounds which were not within my own recollection. Amongst those which he termed '*within reach of him*,' were the packs of Lord Donegal; the Earl of Stamford; the honourable Noel Hill, afterwards Lord Berwick; and the Cheshire. Mr. Hill's hounds had a country extending from ten miles below Shrewsbury to Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, a distance of seventy miles; and it was in hunting with them on the Lutterworth side, that Mr. Lockley got a taste of that country which leaves all others in the shade, and in which Mr. Meynell was, at that time, in his glory. Mr. Lockley visited it for twenty successive seasons, taking up his residence either at Quorn, Loughborough, or Melton Mowbray; but more frequently at the former place, where, I have often heard him say, having free access to the kennel, he profited by the improvements and refinements which Mr. Meynell was perpetually in pursuit of, and he has frequently acknowledged, that in spite of all the thousand miles he had ridden for the purpose of seeing hounds and countries, yet, when in the presence of that gentleman, he found he was but a novice in fox-hunting.

"Riding over a country was, doubtless, Mr. Lockley's *forte;* and so great was his reputation as a rider, and as a first-rate judge of a hunter, that his present Majesty, when Prince of Wales, introduced him to the late Lord, then General, Lake, in the following manner;—'General,' said his Royal Highness, 'let me introduce to you Mr. Lockley; two such great men, *in their way*, as General Lake and Mr. Lockley ought to be known to each other.'

"There is one thing highly to be commended in Mr. Lockley's choice of his hunters; and that is, the respect he has always paid to blood. I think I may say I have seen eight out of ten of the hunters he has had these last twenty years; and I never remember to have seen one low-bred horse amongst them, which is saying a great deal for a man who rides fifteen stone. To what is called 'a cock-tail,' or a half-bred race-horse, he always had an in-

superable objection; but he has won, or walked over for, a great many hunters' stakes with those which have been thorough-bred.

"Of that very celebrated hunter, Confidence, a portrait of which appeared in the Sporting Magazine for last November, I must be allowed to say a few words; having been so often delighted at seeing him carry Mr. Lockley over Leicestershire and other countries. This horse was thorough-bred, being got by Weazel, by Herod; dam by Young Eclipse, and going back to the Lass of the Mill, by Traveller. Mr. Lockley purchased him at the foot of his dam, in 1797, in the streets of York, for one hundred guineas; and after riding him several seasons, sold him to the Earl of Sefton for six hundred guineas. His Lordship, however, being on the point of giving up Leicestershire, Mr. Lockley took him again, and after riding him three more seasons, sold him to Mr. Best for seven hundred and fifty. He hunted in the almost unprecedented number of eighteen seasons, never having been lame but once, and then only in consequence of getting his leg into a hurdle.

"Previous to the appearance of the print of Confidence, I had occasion to mention him in my account of Warwickshire (in Mr. Corbet's time), and I then said, that his shoulders and hind legs should have been preserved as a model. The former are, certainly, faithfully represented by the artist, Mr. Clifton Tomson, of Nottingham, as well as the general character and likeness of the horse; but his hinder legs are placed rather too near together, and he is made to appear what is termed 'sickle-ham'd,' which failing belonged not to him. His fore-quarters are very faithfully drawn; and a judge of the animal must agree with me in thinking that the position of the head, the form of the neck, and the oblique position of the scapula of the shoulder, are precisely what they should be, to enable a horse to carry a gentleman over a country. The docile disposition of the animal, which was remarkable, is also faithfully portrayed; and, unlike most portraits of man or beast, he is in nowise flattered. When fit to go to hounds, he had a body that would have filled the shafts of a waggon; and, with superior speed, he was one of the clearest-winded horses that ever went into a field. As a proof of the opinion Mr. Lockley had of his truly sound constitution, he once rode him thirty-six-miles to a fair, and back again the same evening, by way, as he termed it, of exercise.

"Every man is said to be an enthusiast on some favourite point;

and there is none in which it is more excusable than in friendship. It is indeed the most pleasing sunshine of our days, and if it now and then breaks out with more than usual warmth, who is there that would not pardon the excess? A similarity of tastes and ideas, however, often operates here, and strongly influences our feelings. Your readers will recollect that, in my account of Warwickshire, I spoke of a gentleman named Hawkes, as a very first-rate sportsman and one of the best gentlemen jockeys of his day. Between him and Mr. Lockley so close an intimacy subsisted for many years of their lives, that the names of Hawkes and Lockley fell as naturally upon the ear as Forester and Cholmondeley, Rawlinson and Lindo, or even Castor and Pollux. Neither was the friendship between Scipio and Lælius more ardent than theirs, for what the one said the other generally echoed. Mr. Hawkes was in Leicestershire several seasons with Mr. Lockley; and in point of judgement in hunting, Mr. Meynell certainly gave him the preference, observing of Mr. Lockley, 'that riding over a country was his *forte!*'

"Mr. Lockley's person, as may be seen by his portrait, is in perfect symmetry; but we must all yield to the influence of time, and he would have been a still better subject for the pencil twenty years back. 'What a pity it is,' says an elegant, but very forcible writer, 'that God should break his own best workmanship into pieces, and demolish by thousands the finest structures of his own building!' But thus it is: Nature has fixed the limits of youth, beauty, and vigour, to us all; and, though we may struggle against her, she will make a ruin of us at last. As Milton, in a fine strain of melancholy, observes, we fall into 'the sere and yellow leaf;' and when our hour comes we drop. Mr. Lockley, however, may be said to give the lie to Time; and had it not been for the accidents, amounting to the almost incredible number of seven, in two years, from horses, carriages, &c. which he has met with, he would still be riding any distance to meet hounds; whereas, he has unfortunately been confined to his couch for the last three months. His passion for fox-hunting still holds the same power over his mind; and, in the fatigue he was last season able to undergo, he is a striking instance of the good effect of a life spent in temperance, early hours; and field-sport, contrasted with the softness of modern manners—perverting the order of nature, by passing the finest part

The GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS, witnessing a let-go match by the dogs, for a Silver Collar at OLIVER's GAME BULL, at Combe Warren

of the day in a bed. In short, it may be said of him, as has been said of another, his age is like the lusty winter—frosty, but kindly.

" Though few can relish gross flattery, yet no man is insensible to delicate praise. There are many traits in Mr. Lockley's character well worthy of imitation; and his sins, as Lord Byron says, have been of ' the softer order.' In nothing, however, has he been more conspicuous, than in an uniform command of temper, and a studious desire of avoiding giving offence. His hospitality, according to his means, has been proverbial; and he has been an excellent master to his servants; and though it cannot be said of him, that his early days were spent in the ' soft securities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers,' yet he has the command of language which would not reflect discredit upon either. As a companion, he is highly entertaining; for, by the help of an excellent memory, he ' draws all ages into one,' as Seneca so happily terms it, and thus makes old age delightful.

" There is another part of Mr. Lockley's character which I cannot do less than admire, and that is, what, in sporting language, may be called, ' the steady pace' at which he has travelled, so far, through life. He has always had a good house over his head. He has always had some good hunters in his stable. He has always had some race-horses at his trainer's. He has always had some brood mares in his paddocks; and he has always had a young one or two coming up. He has always had some good pointers in his kennel. He has always had a pretty girl to wait at table. He has always had a bottle of good wine for his friends. He has always had some good stories to tell them, and he has always given them a hearty welcome. Reader, what more need be said?"

MILLING AND BULL-BAITING BEFORE THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA.

The Grand Duke Nicholas, during his stay in England, honoured the *milling circle* with his presence, accompanied by Lord Yarmouth and several amateurs of the highest order, it being presumed that the Grand Duke's knowledge of the English nation would be incomplete, and his tour not *finished*, if he had returned home without witnessing the old English sport of boxing; and, as a sort of wind-up to the scene, the game bull was introduced, and a let-go match took place with the dogs, for a silver collar. The

battle was between Fisher and Bone, at Combe-Warren, on Thursday, February 13, 1817. Fisher proved the conqueror after an hour and ten minutes, occupying fifty-eight rounds. Fisher, immediately after he had put on his clothes, was introduced to the notice of the Grand Duke, by Bill Richmond. The Duke, in return for this mark of attention, not only took off his hat to the conqueror, but shook him heartily by the hand, with all the cordiality of an Englishman.

Oliver's game bull was brought to the stake, and the Grand Duke minutely examined the silver collar. He appeared much surprised at the gameness displayed by the English bull-dogs in their determined attack to *pin* the bull. These dogs were of the first order, and afforded not only much amusement and laughter to His Imperial Highness, but also to the plebeian multitude. The bull at length broke loose frome the stake, and to describe the consternation, scampering, laughing, and shouting, which took place, would require the pencil of a Hogarth. The sports of the day, in consequence, terminated rather abruptly, and the Grand Duke and his suite, in two barouches and four, left the ground for London. His Highness was dressed in a blue coat with gilt buttons, over which he wore a grey military cloak. Lord Yarmouth and the Grand Duke had much conversation together, probably upon the nature of the sports exhibited, and his Lordship officiated as time-keeper. Every thing was conducted with the utmost regularity, and His Imperial Highness had a good opportunity of witnessing the independence and humour of the English people in the enjoyment of their sports.

SPORTING ON BOARD OF SHIP.

WHENEVER a vessel arrives on the Equator, or any remarkable head-land, where the raw hands and passengers on board have not been before, the seamen, according to an old usage, frequently proceed to the ceremony of shaving, which is thus performed:—One of the crew, who is the best calculated for drollery, is habited in a fantastic ridiculous manner, and, with a speaking-trumpet in his hand, personates Old Neptune. He goes forward to the bow of the vessel, while those who are to be shaved are kept below, and descends until, perhaps, he reaches the water, and from thence ascends on deck, pretending to have emerged from

the ocean. He hails the crew with his trumpet; answer is made, and mutual congratulations pass between his godship and the old seamen. He proceeds to order the requisite apparatus for shaving, which generally consists of a piece of iron hoop, a composition for lather made of slush and other offensive matters, and a tub of water. The persons who are to be shaved are then brought on deck, one by one, blindfolded. Those who have treated well are shaved light, while those who are refractory are shaved hard. After shaving, his godship proceeds to swear the novice to divers singular observances, one of which is, that "he will never eat brown bread when he can get white." The one shaved is then either immersed in a tub of water, or has a bucket full from above poured on his head, and the frolic ends.

The following humorous account of a trial at New York, originating in the aforesaid custom, we derive from American papers:—

"*Before* HENRY WHEATON, ROBERT SWANTON, *and* JOHN B. SCOTT, *Esquires, Justices.*

"Peter Duffie, *v.* George Mathewson, Richard Clark, James M'Knight, John Markwell, Edward Craw, George Jenkins, William Askew, Thomas Maxwell, and Daniel Marshall.

"Counsel for the plaintiff, Mr. Caines; Counsel for the defendants, Mr. Fay.

"The Captain and Crew of a vessel on the high seas have no right to permit or excite Old Neptune to shave a passenger and immerse him in a tub of water, contrary to his will.

"This was an action of assault and battery, alleged to have been committed on board the British ship Thomas, of Lancaster, while on the high seas, of which ship Mathewson was the Captain, the other defendants seamen; and the plaintiff one of the passengers.

"It appeared, that the ship came from the chalky cliffs of Albion, with a number of passengers, and arrived on the banks of Newfoundland. The sons of the deity who rules the wide domain through which they had passed in safety, with joy breathing in every eye, met and conferred. By a recurrence to ancient legends, coeval with the common law, and among them of greater validity, it was found, that as often as a landsman came in view of the banks before them, he must produce a bottle of old Cogniac or rum, as an acceptable sacrifice to Neptune.

"The nature of the sacrifice was explained to the landsmen, and

The game of Hazard is decided by two throws—the first, and the one in which the main or chance is afterwards thrown. There are 36 chances upon the dice, and in the two throws, the square of 36 (1296).

When 7 is the main, the caster has—

2 chances of throwing	11	in the first throw, and 36	chances of throwing 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second 72
6	7	 36	..... 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12..... 216
5	6	 5	..... 6 in the second 25
5	8	 5	..... 8 25
4	5	 4	..... 5 16
4	9	 4	..... 9 16
3	4	 3	..... 4 9
3	10	 3	..... 10 9

Chances in favour of the caster..... 388

The person who plays against the caster has—

1 chance of throwing	2	in the first throw, and 36	chances of throwing 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second.... 36
2	3	 36	..... 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second.... 72
1	12	 36	..... 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second.... 36
5	6	 6	..... 7 in the second 30
5	8	 6	..... 7 30
4	5	 6	..... 7 24
4	9	 6	..... 7 24
3	4	 6	..... 7 18
3	10	 6	..... 7 18

Chances in favour of the person who plays against the caster..... 288

There remain—

5 chances of throwing	6	in the first throw, and 25	chances of throwing 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second 125
5	8	 25	..... 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second 125
4	5	 26	..... 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second 104
4	9	 26	..... 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 11, and 12, in the second 104
3	4	 27	..... 2, 3, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second 81
3	10	 27	..... 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 11, and 12, in the second 81

Chances in favour of the caster..... 620
Chances in favour of the person who plays against the caster..... 388

Chances in the two throws 1296

The advantage in favour of the caster is about 14¼ per cent. or 2s. 11*d.* in the pound.

When 5 is the main, the caster has—

4 chances of throwing	5 in the first throw, and	36	chances of throwing	2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second 144
6	7	6	.....	7 in the second 36
5	6	5	.....	6 25
5	8	5	.....	8 25
4	9	4	.....	9 16
3	4	3	.....	4 9
3	10	3	.....	10 9

Chances in favour of the caster..... 264

The person who plays against the caster has—

1 chance of throwing	2 in the first throw, and	36	chances of throwing	2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second 36
2	3	36	.....	2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second 72
2	11	36	.....	2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second 72
1	12	36	.....	2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second 36
6	7	4	.....	5 in the second 24
5	6	4	.....	5 20
5	8	4	.....	5 20
4	9	4	.....	5 16
3	4	4	.....	5 12
3	10	4	.....	5 12

Chances in favour of the person who plays against the caster..... 320

There remain—

6 chances of throwing	7 in the first throw, and	26	chances of throwing	2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second..... 156
5	6	27	.....	2, 3, 4, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second..... 135
5	8	27	.....	2, 3, 4 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second..... 135
4	9	28	.....	2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, and 12, in the second..... 112
3	4	29	.....	2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second..... 87
3	10	29	.....	2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, and 12, in the second 87

712

Chances in favour of the caster..... 264
Chances in favour of the person who plays against the caster 320

Chances in the two throws..... 1296

The advantage in favour of the person who plays against the caster is about 9½ per cent. or 1*s.* 11*d.* in the pound. When 9 is the main, the number of chances is the same.

When 6 is the main, the caster has—

1	chance of throwing	12	in the first throw, and	36	chances of throwing 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second 36
5	.....	6	.....	36	..... 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second 180
6	.....	7	.....	6	..... 7 in the second 36
5	.....	8	.....	5	..... 8 25
4	.....	5	.....	4	..... 5 16
4	.....	9	.....	4	..... 9 16
3	.....	4	.....	3	..... 4 9
3	.....	10	.....	3	..... 10 9

Chances in favour of the caster 327

The person who plays against the caster has—

1	chance of throwing	2	in the first throw, and	36	chances of throwing 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second 36
2	.....	3	.....	36	..... 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second 72
2	.....	11	.....	36	..... 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second 72
6	.....	7	.....	5	..... 6 in the second 30
5	.....	8	.....	5	..... 6 25
4	.....	5	.....	5	..... 6 20
4	.....	9	.....	5	..... 6 20
3	.....	4	.....	5	..... 6 15
3	.....	10	.....	5	..... 6 15

Chances in favour of the person who plays against the caster 305

There remain—

6	chances of throwing	7	in the first throw, and	25	chances of throwing 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second..... 150
5	.....	8	.....	26	..... 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second..... 130
4	.....	5	.....	27	..... 2, 3, 4, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second..... 108
4	.....	9	.....	27	..... 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 10, 11, and 12, in the second..... 108
3	.....	4	.....	28	..... 2, 3, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second..... 84
3	.....	10	.....	28	..... 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 11, and 12, in the second 84

664

Chances in favour of the caster 327
Chances in favour of the person who plays against the caster 305

Chances in the two throws 1296

The advantage in favour of the caster is about $3\frac{1}{8}$ per cent. or *8d.* in the pound.—When 8 is the main, the number of chances is the same.

ECCENTRICITIES OF THE INIMITABLE SPORTING PAINTER, GEORGE MORLAND.

MR. GEORGE MORLAND, on his return to town, from Deal, where he had been to make sketches along the coast, travelled on foot, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Mr. Williams, the engraver; they had proceeded a short distance from Canterbury, when Morland intimated the clamorous demand made by his craving appetite for refreshment; but how to procure the necessary fare became a subject of consideration, as both our travellers, in consequence of extravagance the preceding evening, were pennyless. Morland, however, who was seldom at a loss to obtain an introduction to an alehouse, quickly hit upon an expedient to serve their purpose.—Observing a low-built house by the road side, over which hung a figure designed for a bull, he entered, and under a pretence of inquiring his way, commenced a conversation with the landlord, expressing his surprise the latter did not renew his sign, which time had nearly defaced. The host stated his inability to get it repaired, and observed, that it was good enough to grace his humble habitation; but on the offer of Morland to paint him a new one for five shillings, he consented, and ordered the artist to try his skill. A fresh difficulty, however, occurred; Morland was without utensils, and the sign could not be painted unless the landlord despatched a servant to purchase colours, &c. at Canterbury, which he was, after much persuasion, prevailed upon to do; in the mean time, the painter bespoke a dinner, and the travellers drank several pitchers of good ale, with a proportionable quantity of spirits, the charge for which could only be defrayed by painting the sign; their reckoning, however, by the time the bull was done, doubled the stipulated five shillings, and Morland pacified the enraged landlord, who reluctantly suffered them to depart, by describing who he was, and promising to call again on a future day, and pay the balance. On his arrival in town, Morland related this adventure among his friends, at the Hole-in-the-Wall, Fleet-street, and the singularity of it induced a gentleman, who possessed the highest veneration for the painter's productions, to set off privately in search of the Canterbury Bull, which he purchased of the landlord for ten guineas, and finding it answer his most sanguine expectation, placed it in his cabinet, where it now remains, considered as a valuable acquisition.

Morland's liberality among his pot companions seldom failed to leave him without a shilling, and as constantly as he needed supply, his pencil went to work to procure more. During the time he was confined in the King's Bench, it was his custom to pledge his pictures with a pawnbroker in the Borough, who knew the artist's ability, and seldom failed to send the sums required, which generally bore but a small proportion to the value of the picture. His impatience for the ready rhino frequently made him send paintings wet from the hand, with directions to the bearer not to rub or deface them; and one of the latter description, a farm-yard with pigs, done in his peculiar style of excellence, was despatched to his Lombardy friend, with a polite request of three guineas, and an injunction to preserve it from harm, as it was designed for a high personage. The pawnbroker received the gem safe from the hands of the bearer, and was conveying it, with all possible care, to a place of security, when, unfortunately, he slipped going up stairs, and brought his clothes in contact with the head and fore parts of a hog, which he entirely defaced. The picture being thus spoiled, was sent back to Morland to retouch, with an excuse for the accident; the painter, however, complained of the pawnbroker's inattention, and refused to repair the injury for less than five guineas, alleging it would take him an hour to replace the hog in its original situation. This demand was considered a most unconscionable extortion by the pawnbroker, and he refused the terms; but in consequence of being threatened with an action for the value of the picture, laid at £30, at last reluctantly acceded to Morland's demand, who gave a liberal treat to his friends upon the occasion.

The above celebrated artist, as it is well known, was of very irregular habits, frequently indulging in inebriety, and spending a considerable portion of his valuable time in low company at public-houses. Among the houses he used to frequent was one in the city, where George with a number of boon companions used to meet every night. The room where they met was also much frequented in the early part of the evening by the cits of the neighbourhood, one of whom used often to reprimand Morland, in no courtly terms, for his want of economy, and the profligate waste of his time, and drew a strong contrast between his important self, who, from an errand-boy, had risen to be a liveryman and member of the common council, and the richly-gifted, though poor, artist. George

bore all this at first with admirable patience: but when he found that his conduct was a constant theme for the purse-proud cit, he determined on revenge, which he carried into execution as follows. This occurred at a time the corresponding societies were the rage of the day, and knowing the worthy cit had a *penchant* that way, he resolved to make the circumstance subservient to his purpose. Previously, therefore, to his going into the room, he purchased a halter, and then joined the company as usual. It was not long before the cit came in, and having called for his mug of ale, according to his custom, and sending from his bulky lips a volume of smoke, like that emitted from the mouth of a culverin, he commenced his attack on Morland. "Well, Mr. Morland; what, I see you're at your cups again, never at your business, eh! why, I was up every morning at six o'clock at your age, and earned"——"Well, sir," replied Morland, "and what business is it of mine what you earned or what you did then? It is sufficient for me to tell you now, sir, that I have submitted to a great deal of your arrogant schooling and impudent annotations on my conduct, and would advise you, sir, to be more circumspect of your own, in future, for I candidly avow to you, that I have that in my pocket at this moment that would *hang* you, sir." "*Hang* me," replied the astonished and indignant cit, starting up, and staring like an impaled Turk, and vehemently dashing his pipe into the fire, "hang *me!* hang me if I understand you—what d'ye mean, sir?" "I mean what I have before stated; and I mean to add, sir, that, if you provoke me, I'll produce it." "I defy ye, I defy ye; ah! ah! George, you've a mind to have a joke, I smoke ye." "Yes, sir, and you've smoked all the company, but for all that I am perfectly serious, and shall certainly put my threat into execution, if you urge me further." "You can't; my loyalty, sir, has never been suspected—I that am a member of the"——"Corresponding Society," replied Morland. "Well, sir, what if I am? that's nothing—I'll lay you five guineas, sir, that you can produce nothing that can hang *me*, sir." "I can, sir, and I take your wager." The money was immediately posted, and Morland drew forth the *halter!*

A BLIND JOCKEY.

At a village in Scotland there lived many years a horse-jockey quite bereft of sight since his second year, when he had the small-

pox. He knew the good properties or defects of a horse by feeling all over his frame, and gave a remarkable proof of acuteness in discovering a fine horse was blind of one eye, a failing never suspected by his purchaser. The gentleman had bought the horse at Edinburgh, and on his way home put up at the inn kept by William M'Gilvray's father. He desired the sightless jockey to go out and examine his recent bargain, extolling the handsome figure, the mettle, and docility of the animal. M'Gilvray returned in half an hour, saying, "the horse was all that could be wished if he could see with both eyes." "How do you know he does not see?" said the gentleman. "I have passed my hand over and over that side of his head (says he) and his eye-lids never flinch, but on the other side they close instantly." The horse was found to be really blind of one eye, and a blind man was the first to ascertain the imperfection.

RECOLLECTIONS OF GARRICK.

"The play-bill in which I first saw his name announced as an actor," observes a critic of the old school, "was for the tragedy of Zara, the part of Lusignan by Mr. Garrick. There was something of disappointment in this, for the old King does not appear till the third act, has little to do, and that little, as it seemed to me, of too trifling a nature to give scope to any display of great or peculiar powers. The three principal parts were well sustained, particularly that of Zara, by Miss Younge (afterwards Mrs. Pope), whose only want was that of beauty. Though probably there were not many who, like myself, had never seen Mr. Garrick, yet the general impatience for the third act seemed equal to my own:

there was a good deal of noise in the house, and few appeared to be very attentive. At length, a general buzz proclaimed his approach, and all was hushed when he entered—a pin might have been heard to fall. The power with which he rivetted the auditors, of whom, while the scene lasted, every eye was fixed on him alone, was, as you may be sure, peculiarly felt by me, a native of another country, and one who, until a few days before, had never flattered himself with a hope of seeing Mr. Garrick. In truth, many minutes had not elapsed after he began to speak, before I became aware, not only that I had seen nothing like him, but that I had formed an erroneous judgement of what acting ought to be; that, in short, the general usage of the theatre had framed a plan for itself, and that Nature, as exhibited by this her favourite disciple, had laid down another. Every word, look, gesture, and movement, in none of which was the smallest show of the artificial, were so exactly suited to the character, that the idea of a part acted was out of the question—it was not Garrick acting Lusignan, it was Lusignan himself; by a kind of magic like that of Belnoborbo, the old King was conjured from his grave, and exhibited to the spectators in *propria persona*, as just liberated from the long confinement of his dungeon—first unable to distinguish objects in the light, after such a length of gloomy incarceration, and afterwards gradually recovering the power of vision. Garrick was completely excluded from my mind, and my feelings were wholly engrossed by the affecting situation and pathetic language of the old and venerable object before me. Another striking peculiarity, applicable also to every part he played, and which belonged but very partially to any other actor I ever saw, was that exquisite art of elocution which compelled you to believe that what he spoke was not a conned lesson, but suggested by the exigency of the moment and the immediate dictate of his own mind. You could not prevail upon yourself to think that it was an actor repeating words he had got by heart, and endeavouring to suit the action to the speech, which is the usual idea of dramatic deception, and under which, while you applaud the performance, the idea and name of the actor are always present to your mind—no, in the inimitable Roscius you forgot the representation, and thought only of the thing represented. It was not Garrick, but Lusignan,

Richard, and Lear, that were before your eyes, nor was it until the exhibition was at an end that you had leisure to reflect upon the magic illusion by which he was enabled to represent them so faithfully to your view.

"In comedy he shone with at least equal lustre, and it is one of the most inconceivable things in the world how one man should have been able to exhibit such an amazing contrast and variety of powers as fell within the range of his performances, in most of which he had nothing like a rival, and in none of which was he surpassed. The same set of features which, in the animating or pathetic scenes of a tragic part, could thrill the very soul, exalt it into admiration, or sink it in irresistible distress, were with equal art employed in the most delightful display of comic gaiety or laughable humour. The strictest adherence to propriety was always observed, the droll never descending to buffoonery, nor the lively into extravagance. In no single instance, I believe, was he ever known to transgress the rules so admirably delivered by his Hamlet, or to outstep the modesty of nature; a temptation which, ever since his time, and under the force of his example, few have been able wholly to resist. Wonderful, indeed, is it to think that the action, features, and demeanour which convulsed the spectator with laughter in the Lying Valet, in Scrub, or in Abel Drugger, should be capable of so great a metamorphosis as was exhibited in the heart-rending distress of Lear, the tyrannic vivacity of Richard, or the terrifying remorse of Macbeth. Wonderful is it to think that something of the tragic cast of countenance should not occasionally appear in the low comedian, or something of the droll be exhibited in the hero. But alike true to nature in all the enchantment that rivetted the attention of the spectator, he never suffered it to wander into a thought of any thing beyond the object presented to his view."

A MATCH OF CHESS BETWEEN LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chess may justly be deemed a truly noble game, and deserving the attention of the great personages who are recorded to have excelled in its practice. The only objection that seems to lie against it as a mere pastime is this, that it requires too much thought and study to answer the purposes of relaxation, as the mind should,

on such occasions, be amused without any fatigue or exertion of its powers. For this reason, chess has been styled a philosophic game, fit only to be played by an Archimedes with a Newton.

An account of the whole of the moves of the grand match between the London and Edinburgh Chess Clubs, which was won by the latter:—

London, *White.*—Edinburgh, *Black.*

1. W. King's Pawn two squares.
   B. The same.
2. W. King's Knight to his Bishop's third square.
   B. Queen's Knight to her Bishop's third square.
3. W. Queen's pawn two squares.
   B. The Pawn takes the Pawn.
4. W. King's Bishop to Queen's Bishop's fourth square.
   B. The same.
5. W. Queen's Bishop's Pawn one square.
   B. Queen to King's second square.
6. W. King castles.
   B. Pawn at W. Queen's fourth square takes Pawn.
7. W. Queen's Knight takes Pawn.
   B. Queen's Pawn one square.
8. W. Queen's Knight to adverse Queen's fourth square.
   B. Queen to her second square.
9. W. Queen's Knight's Pawn two squares.
   B. Queen's Knight takes Pawn.
10. W. Queen's Knight takes Knight.
    B. King's Bishop takes Knight.
11. W. King's Knight to B. King's Knight's fourth square.
    B. King's Knight to Rook's third square.
12. W. Queen's Bishop to Queen's Knight's second square.
    B. King to his Bishop's square.
13. W. Queen to her Knight's third square.
    B. Queen to King's second square.
14. W. King's Knight takes King's Bishop's Pawn.
    B. King's Knight takes Knight.
15. W. Queen takes Bishop.
    B. King's Knight to King's fourth square.
16. W. King's Bishop's Pawn two squares.
    B. Knight takes Bishop.

17. W. Queen takes Knight.
B. Queen to King's Bishop's second square.
18. W. Queen to her Bishop's third square.
B. Queen's Bishop to King's third square.
19. W. King's Bishop's Pawn one square.
B. Queen's Bishop to W. Queen's Bishop's fourth square.
20. W. King's Rook to King's Bishop's fourth square.
B. Queen's Knight's Pawn two squares.
21. W. King's Pawn one square.
B. Queen's Pawn takes Pawn.
22. W. Queen takes Pawn.
B. King's Rook's Pawn one square.
23. W. Queen's Rook to King's square.
B. King's Rook to its second square.
24. W. King's Bishop's Pawn one square.
B. King's Knight's Pawn two squares.
25. W. King's Rook to B. King's Bishop's fourth square.
B. Queen's Rook's Pawn two squares.
26. W. Queen checks at B. Queen's Bishop's fourth square.
B. King to Knight's square.
27. W. King's Rook takes King's Knight's Pawn, checking.
B. Rook's Pawn takes Rook.
28. W. Queen takes Pawn, checking.
B. King to his Bishop's square.
29. W. Queen to the B. Queen's Bishop's fourth square, checking.
B. King to his Knight's square.
30. W. Queen to B. Queen's Knight's fourth square, checking.
B. King to his Bishop's square.
31. W. Queen's Bishop to Queen's fourth square.
B. King's Bishop to King's third square.
32. W. Queen's Bishop to B. Queen's Bishop's fourth square, checking.
B. King to his square.
33. W. Queen to adverse Queen's fourth square.
B. Queen's Rook to its third square.
34. W. Queen to B. Queen's Knight's second square.
B. Queen to King's Rook's fourth square.
35. W. King's Bishop's Pawn one square, checking.
B. King takes Pawn.

The unparelleled feat of MONSr. DUCROW, in the Character of the Wild Indian Hunter on two rapid Coursers, in the Circle at the Royal Amphitheatre

36. W. Queen's Rook to King's Bishop's square, checking.
B. King to Knight's third square.
37. W. Queen to King's fourth square, checking.
B. King's Bishop interposes at King's Bishop's fourth square.
38. W. Queen to adverse King's square, checking.
B. King's Rook interposes at King's Bishop's second square.
39. W. Queen checks at adverse King's Knight's square.
B. King to his Bishop's third square.
40 W. King's Knight's Pawn two squares.
B. Queen's Rook to his square.
41. W. Queen takes Queen's Rook.
B. Queen takes King's Knight's Pawn, checking.
42. W. King to his Rook's square.
B. Rook to Queen's second square.
43. W. Queen's Bishop to Queen's Rook's third square.
B. King to his Bishop's second square.
44. W. Queen to adverse Queen's Rook's square.
B. Rook to adverse Queen's square.
45. W. Queen takes Queen's Knight's Pawn.
B. Queen to adverse King's fourth square, checking.
46. W. King to his Knight's square.
B. King to his Knight's third square.
47. W. Queen to her Knight's second square.
B. Queen to W. King's Knight's fourth square, checking.
48. W. Queen interposes at King's Knight's second.
B. Queen takes Queen.
49. W. King takes Queen.
B. Bishop to W. King's Rook's third square, checking.
50. W. King takes Bishop.
B. Rook takes Rook.
51. W. Bishop to adverse King's second.
B. Rook to his King's Bishop's fourth square.
52. W. Queen's Rook's Pawn one square.
B. Queen's Bishop's Pawn two squares.
(White gave up the game.)

THEATRICAL SKETCH OF MR. A. DUCROW, THE UNPARALLELED EQUESTRIAN.

THIS great original in the equestrian line of performances is the

son of the well-known Flemish Hercules, and a native of Bruges, in Flanders, deservedly a great favourite for many years at Astley's Amphitheatre. The senior Mr. Ducrow was a man gifted with most extraordinary muscular power. At a very early age, the transcendant genius of young Ducrow was discovered, and every care was taken to instruct him in the liberal arts and scientific acquirements connected with the profession, in which a hope was fondly cherished by his father, that he should, as he ripened into maturity, become the most BRILLIANT STAR.

D'Egville, of the Opera, pronounced young Ducrow to be the most active in mind and body, and the most susceptible of all his pupils of becoming the *premier sujet* of the refined art of dancing. Nay, so much did the above distinguished teacher admire his abilities, that he expressed a strong wish to his friends to bind young Ducrow as an apprentice for seven years. His early talent as a dancer discovered itself when he was only eight years of age, in many of Mr. D'Egville's chorographic productions; in the foremost of which, whenever his master could, he placed his young favourite; but it was the object of Mr. Ducrow, senior, that his son should gain a general knowledge of every thing that was useful for an aspirant to theatrical fame to acquire; and, accordingly, our hero was instructed by able masters in drawing, painting, music, fencing, and the gymnastic exercises; in these attainments he rapidly became a proficient by his assiduity, natural inclination, and good taste.

At the age of sixteen, he acquired the palm at Astley's Amphitheatre, as the principal equestrian amongst upwards of a dozen aspiring young men, in whom consisted a fund of equestrian entertainments, highly interesting and instructive. From his first appearance, Master Ducrow was hailed with the well-merited appellation of the EQUESTRIAN PHENOMENON; or, FLYING HORSEMAN.

As a rope-dancer, likewise, he was always classed as the first that had ever appeared in this country, of which he gave ample proof in his exhibitions during Madame Saqui's engagement at Covent-Garden Theatre; his performances in this line having been produced in the way of competition and rivalry. Mr. Ducrow continued to embellish the equestrian amusements of the above house until the close of the season of 1815; at which period, advantageous offers being made to him by the manager of the Amster-

dam Theatre, he commenced an engagement with him, and successively visited the principal towns in Holland and Belgium. The applause he every where met with was carried almost to a degree of enthusiasm; and heaps of more substantial profit stimulated him to every exertion to invent novelty in a branch of entertainment which till then was in its infancy.

Mr. Ducrow's active genius now enabled him to produce whole pantomimes, tragic and comic tales, living *tableaux*, illustrating the portraits of celebrated painters, and the description of popular authors, all performed by himself, upon one, or sometimes two steeds, put forward at their swiftest pace. The versatility of these performances were already such as to furnish two hours and a half of recreation, and were attended by crowds in every place eager to get a sight of the ASTONISHING ENGLISHMAN, who, by his individual exertions could amuse an audience for so great a length of time.

Mr. Ducrow next repaired to the French capital, where he completed arrangements with Messrs Franconi, (who possess an amphitheatre in Paris, similar to the one at Westminster-bridge,) and, in the course of six months, realized more money for the theatre than had been possessed by the treasury for as many years put together. His admirable method of obtaining rounds of applause by the simple and chaste execution of his different scenes, added to the grace which so distinguishes every movement, amounting to a seeming disregard for personal safety, while his horses, with their ardour and impetuosity, rent the very ground they trampled over, calling forth from the French critics and journalists the strongest expressions of their admiration and delight which words can express.

In the winter of 1818, Mr. Ducrow completed his equestrian company, contemplating a continental tour; and his departure from Paris for Lyons presented him with subjects for recollection which time only can efface from his memory. Thirty-eight horses of different breeds, besides draught-horses, baggage-vans, a family carriage, a phaëton, a French *chaise de poste;* all this, and a company of thirty-two persons, consisting of the family, the male and female performers, the keeper of the wardrobe, the master carpenter, the lamp-lighter, the property-man, the scene-painter, the

grooms and subalterns composing this caravan of a new kind, completed a cortége of the most novel appearance, and attracted the attention of thousands of the Parisians, who did not heed the distance, but accompanied the travellers till without the barrier of St. Antoine. With this moving establishment, Mr. Ducrow travelled to the principal cities and towns on the continent; and in every place he met with the cordial greetings of the admirers of his unique and truly surprising talents. The courts and princes of almost every continental state have honoured him with their patronage, by some distinguished mark; and few public characters, however widely they may have journeyed, can have seen so much of men and manners, and experienced the ordeal of travelling life, fraught with danger and fatigue, as much as the subject of this sketch.

Since Mr. Ducrow's return to England, his company of equestrian artists and magnificent stud have exhibited their evolutions at the Theatres Royal Drury-lane and Covent-garden, and subsequently at the Royal Amphitheatre, Westminster-bridge, late Astley's, of which Mr. Ducrow and his partner, Mr. West, have become lessees for a term of years.

Mr. Ducrow has given a new era to horsemanship; the senior and junior Astleys, Hughes, Smith, M'Kean, &c. during their period were much admired, and displayed considerable ability; but it was a continued sort of succession—routine performances! and the climax has been reserved for our hero. When quite a youth, Mr. Ducrow struck out a new line of horsemanship for himself, which is considered not only original, but perfectly classical. His attitudes are pictures of taste and elegance. All the troops in England copy his performances. He is truly indefatigable; uniting, in one person, stage-manager and ballet-master, and also plans all the dresses for his company. Mr. Ducrow possesses a very strong mind; liberal in disposition, and anxious to be surrounded by performers of the first equestrian talent, his troop for ability ranks the highest in the kingdom. In the characters of the Wild Indian Hunter on two horses, the brave African supporting his flag, the Sailor, &c. his performances are of such superior merit that they must be seen to be duly appreciated. In private life, likewise, Mr. Ducrow is much esteemed and admired.

SHAVING THREE MEN WITH A SWORD.

THE following nouvelle bet was decided at Mr. Whitcher's sporting crib, the Fountain Inn, Southampton, on the 18th of May, 1825. Mr. Mason, prize hair-cutter, of Hanover-buildings, Southampton, having a short time since joined the Eling Troop of Yeomanry Cavalry, a prize sword was given to the man who performed his exercise in the most soldier-like manner in the troop, by Lieut. Hulton. Mr. Mason carried off the prize, and felt not only so elated with his success, but descanted so eloquently on the temper of the blade—

> "A better ne'er did itself sustain
> On a soldier's thigh,"—

that he offered to bet a sovereign he would shave three men with it without shedding a small taste of the *claret*. The above wager was immediately accepted of by a gentleman present, and the sword having been previously ground, Mr. Mason commenced his attack; he cut away, right and left, over the chins of the *gents* whose courage prompted them to undergo the operation, like mowing down the standing corn in an enemy's country, yet with all the skill and ease of a complete tactician. He also pocketed the *blunt*, and did not produce the slightest *tinge* of blood. Mr. Mason was applauded by the company; and a wag observed, that "the prize hair-cutter was nothing else but a good soldier, who had thus used his sword IN DEFENCE OF HIS SOVEREIGN!"

EXTRAORDINARY SWIMMING-MATCH.

THIS singular achievement had excited an unusual degree of interest in the neighbourhood of Glyn, Lewes, &c. in Sussex, for several weeks, and, on Monday, May 23, 1825, amidst a vast concourse of spectators, the youth proved successful. The bets were two to one against the performance. At a quarter before five o'clock in the afternoon, the time of high water, the umpire appeared, and measured the distance, and at five the young man showed himself on the banks of the river, receiving the plaudits of the company. He was dressed in a short jacket, waistcoat, trousers, shoes, stockings, neckcloth, and hat. The signal being given, he kicked

off his shoes, and threw his hat on the shore, amidst the laughter and shouts of the populace. The jacket was the next object to get rid of; to accomplish which, he placed himself in a perpendicular posture, and he had a hard struggle to divest himself of it—his waistcoat he got rid of with the utmost ease. "He will not get off his trousers," was the general cry and opinion, and bets were offered upon that event. After a little exertion, he took off the trowsers; and his shirt and neckloth gave him not the least trouble. It was the opinion of all the good swimmers, that getting off his stockings was the most difficult thing in the wager; but, in a very dexterous manner, the stockings were soon off his legs. He had now completely undressed himself in the water, in three minutes and three quarters. He then came ashore amidst great applause, and remained on the land for some time. His next attempt was to swim one hundred yards with his legs tied, the cord was placed round his ankles; he was then put into the water, and swam the one hundred yards in five minutes. He swam on his back with his feet foremost. His legs were then untied, and his arms were tied round and close to his body, when he again ventured into the watery element, and swam with his head foremost, and accomplished the one hundred yards in two minutes and a half. He won the three events in the short space of TWENTY-ONE minutes, including the time he rested himself. Upon the whole, it is not only a singular, but an extraordinary circumstance. So much interest did the above wager excite in the minds of the country folks, that, by three o'clock, hundreds were seen making for the river in all directions, and a great number of boats were also on the water.

A TIT BIT FOR THE FANCY.

THE PET *(like a Master of the Art) finishing his* WORK off hand; or, *Mister* SAVAGE *in the wrong Box!*

A TURN-UP—*yet a prime* MILL;

Not for BLUNT; *no, nor for* LOVE *neither; but for* HONOUR!

I will a round unvarnished tale deliver. Hem! SHAK.

WITHIN one hundred miles of the great *Chancery* shop of the kingdom, during one of the *darkies* in August, 1825, at a *swell crib* for listening to out-and-out *patter*; where a *drap* of the "right sort" can

be had; and where lots of TRUMPS are always to be met with, who assemble together to blow "dull care away," and to learn "as how" what may be going on in the *milling line;* the *racing line;* and, perhaps, to be "got in a line," as the sequel will show. Then, thus it is—Mr. Richard Curtis, but generally termed the Pet of the Boxers, crossed the water, and called in at the above place, with a "How do you do?" to spend the evening, like a merry one, and to take a *whiff* and a *whet* with a friend. But as many things happen between the cup and the lip, so it turned out with Curtis. While Dick was comfortably enjoying the *chaff* of the *Yarn Spinners*, in toddled one of the *Savages*, on the bustle. For the information of the young fanciers, be it known, there are three Savages, all good ones, and ancient Britons; but the *gent.* alluded to has often exhibited at the Fives' Court, and is brother to *Cab.* Savage, who fought once with Read. The friend of Curtis very politely said, "How are you, Savage?" "Who do you call *Savage?*" was the reply, with a sort of snarl. "Your name is Savage, a'n't it?" asked Dick. "I am sure my friend did not mean to offend you. There was no harm in it." "I will fight any body," answered Savage, quite out of temper. "I should like to fight you, Dick." "Should you?" said Curtis; and on his rising, Savage, *sans ceremonie*, planted a *facer* while Dick was off his guard, which almost sent the Pet's nob *spinning;* but Curtis, who is never idle, returned the *favour* so briskly, with his left hand, on one of Savage's *peepers* as to alarm all the spectators. The execution was so severe, that Savage's eye appeared as if it had been cut open with a razor, and the *claret* flowed in torrents. "Stop, for God's sake, Dick," was the general cry; "his eye is out." Dick, looking his opponent full in the face, exclaimed, "No, it a'n't." Savage, on recovering from his surprise, said "it was all right." "Then clear away the tables, and let every person remain quiet," observed Curtis; "we'll have a fight, and I'll soon teach this Savage to behave better; he shall not be balked." "I'll fight you, Dick," replied Savage; "I'm always ready for a *mill.*" The place was cleared in a *jiffy;* the thing was now regular, and fair play the order of the night. And now, ye lovers of fine milling, with hard hitting united, listen to the scene I shall unfold. Nero and the six buffers, and Der Freischütz, were all *Na-bocklesh* to it. Behold the Pet stripped, and Savage *peeled* ready for the fray; every peeper

almost starting from its socket; so much anxiety was displayed, and death-like silence was observed, by the spectators. Going to Warwick to be scorched to death, sending men out to *train*, and to pay posting one hundred miles into the bargain, was a complete farce compared to the above *mill*. Dick in attitude, and his mauleys ready! (delightful!) Savage rushing in to smash the little one, like a tiger, when he met with a stopper in the middle of his nob, which made him stagger worse than a sailor three sheets in the wind. "Halloa, Savage, where's your nob?" from the covies.

Another taste of the same quality—"Your head is in the way, my Briton,"—accompanied with laughter. Still Savage would not be denied; he rushed forward again most furiously, when he *napt* it heavily on his damaged *nob*. In closing, Dick got Savage's head under his arm, and a pretty head he made of it; but every one admitted that it was strictly *coloured* after nature by this famous *face* painter.

The little hero took the lead in the most gallant style for three or four rounds, punishing Savage tremendously by straight-forward hits, and *fibbing* him by way of a "bit of good truth," till Curtis brought him under his weight. The Pet, full of *irony*, observing, "You can fight, can you, Mr. Savage? I'll soon take it out of you."

Savage, angry at the superior skill of his little opponent, rushed in, and aimed a terrific blow at Dick's nob, which, unfortunately for one of the spectators, alighted just under his *listener*. The spectator was quite abroad, with his hand up feeling if his head was on his shoulders."—"Never mind, sir," said Dick, "I'll pay him for that with interest." Sure enough the Pet did, and Savage was terribly punished, till he went down. "What a prime little fellow! What a *sweet* hitter! What a pity Dick is not about twelve stone and a half; who would be champion then?" In fact, it was truly surprising to witness the superiority of Curtis over his opponent.

On Savage commencing the round, he was staggering, and the *rush* was all gone. Indeed, as the old saying goes, it was Lombard-street to a *China orange*. "I say, Master Savage," said Dick, laughing, "you are not quite so *fresh* as you was just now, are you? but you will soon be *worse*, you may depend upon it."

Dick parried off all the *mischief* intended for him by Savage with the utmost ease, and nobbed his opponent at every turn. The spectators begged Curtis to "leave off, or else *summut* would be the matter." "No, no," replied Dick, "I must *polish* him a little more yet." Savage is well known to be a game man, extremely active on his legs, and a very troublesome customer; but on this occasion he proved himself a *receiver-general*. Fourteen rounds were bravely contested; but, in the last round, Savage was so completely cut up and distressed that, in attempting to close with Dick, he fell down. The spectators now interfered, and would not let Dick *operate* any longer with his marking instruments. Savage retired with his head tied up, and was otherwise much beaten. On parting with his adversary, Dick Curtis said, "Savage, if ever you talk of fighting again in my company, depend upon it I will give you a good hiding; therefore, sit down quietly in future, behave better, and do not *hit* any person without a cause." Excepting the sudden hit which Curtis received on his eye before he fought, by which it was blackened, he received nothing to record during the battle. Dick received the congratulations of the company on the true courage he had displayed in milling a resolute man, who was, also, much above him in weight, height, and length. The *decision* Dick exhibited in his hitting; his fine judgement in *time-ing* his man; his admirable mode of *stepping in* to *give*, and *stepping out*, to avoid punishment, proclaims him one of the prettiest and most scientific boxers on the list of pugilists. Curtis does not exceed nine stone in weight, and his opponent, at least, upwards of eleven stone.

MODE OF CUDGELLING; OR, SINGLE-STICK IN JAVA.

"I TOOK a lively interest in viewing the state of manners amongst the native Malay and Javanese inhabitants. As soon, therefore, as I could make my escape from a dinner-party, at the house of one of the English residents, I slipped into the village. The sound of music attracted me to a grove of trees, lying between the village and the sea, where a great number of the inhabitants were assembled, to celebrate one of their periodical festivals, regularly held, as I learned afterwards, about the period of full moon. The Malays were stretched on the grass in an open space formed by a broad circular belt of the tall and graceful cocoa-nut tree, which,

however thickly it grows, never casts more than a feathery or chequered shade on the ground, softening rather than intercepting the light. The natives had placed themselves in a treble circle, the men and women occupying the outer part of the ring, while the children were squatted on the ground within. On one side of the circle was placed a Javanese band of music, consisting of four instruments, which played without ceasing while the game lasted. The tones of these instruments were exceedingly wild and sweet; and, as the taste with which they were struck was, at all times, well regulated, and not in any degree boisterous or savage, the accompaniment was not only very pleasing in itself but tended greatly to heighten the romantic effect of this curious scene.

"In the middle of the ring, which was about fifty paces wide, stood two men, who acted as masters of the revels, each holding under his arm a bundle of rattans, or canes, two feet in length. These worthies entertained the company, from time to time, with wild screams, mixed with strange gesticulations and grimaces. After a short period had elapsed, during which these men harangued the multitude, to what purpose I could not discover, two boys, about fourteen or fifteen years of age, stepped forward to the centre of the arena. Here each of them was furnished by the managers with a cane, and being then placed face to face, at a yard distance from one another, they were ordered to begin. The first proceeding, which was a sort of salute, consisted in touching the ground with the rods, and waving them to the company: they then approached, and each one placing his left hand on his antagonist's right shoulder, raised his elbow till it nearly met that of the other, overhead; this movement brought their bodies into close contact. Both were naked, with the exception of a slight blue cotton cloth round the waist. In this attitude they frequently continued for several minutes, eyeing one another with the keenest attention, holding their rattans extended in the right hand, and evidently watching for a favourable moment to strike, the surrounding natives, meanwhile, gazing on the combatants with the most eager and breathless anxiety, and watching for the event. The music at this period lowered its tones, so as just to be heard, and the two directors withdrew themselves to the distance of several paces, in order to leave the ground clear for the combatants. After they had grappled each other in this way for some time, during which

they performed a sort of waving or bending motion with their bodies, and described circles on the grass, one or the other, seeing his opportunity, gave his antagonist a violent blow either on the left side, or, more generally, on the calf of the leg, accompanying the stroke with a loud yell. The instant the blow was given, the boy who dealt it sprang quickly backwards, in order, if he could, to escape the retaliation of his antagonist, who was never slow to return the compliment, which he, in like manner, if successful, graced with a scream more savage than any sound I recollect ever to have heard before. In these cries they were accompanied by the surrounding Malays, especially whenever a blow happened to be given with particular effect. If a blow was avoided with remarkable dexterity, a shout, in like manner, testified the admiration of the spectators; but the distinction between these two cries was quite obvious. I was so totally unprepared for such wild sounds, that my blood ran cold when I first heard them, coming as they did from an armed multitude of people, proverbially reputed treacherous and blood-thirsty.

"I may be excused in mentioning, by the way, that this harsh reproach on the Malay character, so long fixed upon them by most historians, has been almost entirely removed by the candour and good sense of more recent observers and writers. The admirable works of Sir Stamford Raffles and Mr. Crawfurd, the highest possible authorities, are quite decisive on this point.

"I imagined, at first, that the blows were given in play, till, on going into the centre of the ring, which the Malays allowed me to do, I discovered that, in every instance, where they took effect properly, a gash of some inches in length was generally made in the flesh. The seconds, or persons in attendance, who carried the canes, made it their business, during the fight, to animate the combatants by speeches and gestures, and to excite them to mutual defiance; from which occupation they occasionally turned aside to divert the spectators with some ridiculous piece of buffoonery. Only one blow by each party was allowed to be struck at each round, or time of closing. After five or six such contests had taken place between boys of different ages, several couples of men stood up, one at a time; and the cuts which their more powerful arms gave were certainly the severest things, in the way of pure sport, I ever witnessed.

LARK-SHOOTING IN FRANCE.

In the vicinity of Abbeville, at about the middle of October, when partridge and quail shooting cease, the French gentry amuse themselves with lark-shooting. These birds are attracted to any given spot, in great numbers, by a singular contrivance, called a *miroir*. This is a small machine, made of a piece of mahogany, shaped like a *chapeau bras*, and highly polished; or else it is made of common wood, inlaid with small bits of looking-glass, so as to reflect the sun's rays upwards. It is fixed on the top of a thin iron rod, or upright spindle, dropped through an iron loop or ring attached to a piece of wood to drive into the ground. By pulling a string fastened to the spindle, the *miroir* twirls, and the reflected light unaccountably attracts the larks, who hover over it, and become a mark for the sportsman.—"In this way," says an old sportsman "I have had capital sport. A friend of mine actually shot six dozen before breakfast. While he sat on the ground, he pulled the twirler himself, and his dogs fetched the birds as they dropped. However, I go on in the common way, and employ a boy to work the twirler." Ladies often partake in the amusement on a cold, dry morning; not by shooting, but by watching the sport. So many as ten or a dozen parties are sometimes out together, firing, at a distance of five or six hundred yards apart, and in this way the larks are constantly kept on the wing. The most favourable mornings are when there is a gentle, light frost, with little or no wind, and a clear sky; for when there are clouds the larks will not approach. One would think the birds themselves enjoyed their destruction; for the fascination of the twirler is so strong as to rob them of the usual "fruits of experience." After being fired at several times, they return to the twirler, and form again into groups above it. Some of them even fly down and settle upon the ground, within a yard or two of the astonishing instrument, looking at it—"this way, and that way, and all ways together, as if nothing had happened."

SINGULAR EXPLOIT ON THE ICE.

On Wednesday, January 18, 1826, Mr. Henry Hunt, jun. betted one hundred guineas, with a noble lord, of sporting celebrity, that he would drive his father's blacking-van, and four blood horses,

across the Serpentine, accompanied by his two servants. At an early hour on Tuesday, an unusual crowd was assembled in the Park, and Mr. Hunt was seen in his stanhope, trying the strength of the ice in various places; but although it was rumoured that some extraordinary performance was to take place, the particulars were only known to the friends of the parties, and a few of the *scientific*. A few minutes before two o'clock the van entered the Park. Young Mr. Hunt was dressed suitably to the occasion, with a *white upper tog* and *cord kickseys*; he wore a regular four-in-hand *tile*, and had all the air of a *swell-dragsman* of the first water. A few minutes before the appointed time he drove two or three times up and down the grand drive, and, upon the signal being given, he boldly pushed for the river; his father, accompanied by some friends, had obtained an open space about the centre of the north bank, and Mr. Hunt preceded the van to point out the direction his son was to take. Young Mr. Hunt showed the greatest coolness; he kept the *prads well together*, and *tooled* them over the river in a style that would have done Sir John Lade no dishonour in his best of days, and left behind him many a partrician aspirant to four-in-hand celebrity. The two servants played "Rule, Britannia," and other popular tunes on the key-bugle, and when Mr. Hunt reached the opposite bank, and turned round to come back again, the concourse of people, skaters and others, drawn to the spot, was so great, that the most serious apprehensions were excited lest the ice should give way under the pressure of so many hundreds of persons. The fears of the spectators were, however, happily disappointed, and young *Jehu* returned to the starting-place, amid the acclamations of the multitude. The bank was crowded with elegant ladies, in carriages and on foot, always ready to reward the courageous with their smiles. Here, however, the deafening shouts of the multitude startled the leaders, and threw into some confusion the equipage of a reverend divine, who was gazing on the novel scene. Mr. Hunt, however, brought up his team with the skill of an experienced whip, and left the Park without the smallest accident having occurred.

MISERIES OF AUTHORSHIP.—MR. O'KEEFE.

Towards the latter end of 1825, in consequence of the complicated affairs of Covent-Garden-Theatre, being under the influence

of the Court of Chancery, the pension of £20 per annum allowed to O'Keefe, (for his numerous pieces performed at that house,) was suspended by the treasurer. The King, upon hearing of the circumstance, immediately granted the poor old man a pension of £100 a year; and the alacrity with which the theatrical world also came forward upon the above melancholy occasion, reflects the highest credit upon their feelings and humanity. Of this highly-talented but unfortunate man, Mrs. Inchbald, in her remarks on his comedy of Wild Oats, speaks in the following affecting terms:—"The present comedy is written by O'Keefe, who saw not the traces of his own pen as he marked the paper; whose days pass away uncheered by the sun, or any visible object; but whose mind supports, with resignation, his bitter calamity, and is enlightened by imagination, while his eyes are shut in utter darkness. On the first night of representing any of his whimsical dramas, amidst loud peals of laughter at the comic dialogue or incidents, there was generally a most affecting scene behind the curtain. O'Keefe, stone blind, (not an affliction of birth, but of late years,) led by his little son, as a guide, down to the stage-door—to the lock of which he would anxiously place his ear, to catch the quickest information how his work was received—and when, unhappily, hisses from the audience would sound louder than applause—in strong agitation, he would press his hands to each side of his head, as if he had yet one sense too much. Thus he would remain, without sight or hearing, till some unexpected sally of humour in his drama once more put the house in good temper, and they would begin to laugh and applaud; on which his son, rapid as lightning, would pull him by the elbow, and cry out, 'now, father, listen again!'"

BATTLE BETWEEN TWO SNAKES.

"Travelling through one of the southern States, September 10, 1825, my attention was attracted by a singular rustling in the thickets, which bordered the road. I stopped my horse to learn its cause, and soon discovered, at a few paces from the track, a rattle-snake of rather more than ordinary size, in a coil such as these reptiles always throw themselves into on the approach or attack of an enemy, exhibiting every symptom of extreme rage, and displaying all those beauties for which its species are so remarkable when under the influence of passion. No cause for its disorder

was at first visible, but in a short time a black snake darted from the surrounding bushes rapidly across the folds of his antagonist, and disappeared on the other side. The rattle-snake did not fail to strike at his darting assailant, but with what success the rapidity of their motion prevented me from determining. The rattle-snake remained in his coil, prepared for another assault, which was accordingly soon offered by his black foe repairing, and again gliding across him with almost inconceivable rapidity, while the same attempt was made to punish the aggression. These movements were several times repeated, with no apparent advantage to either party. The black snake seemed once or twice struck with the fangs of the enemy, and yet returned with undiminished celerity to his subtle assault. The density of the underwood would not permit me to follow with my eyes his retreat; and however great my curiosity to ascertain how he employed the time of his absence, I could not prevail upon myself to indulge it by entering on so fatal a battle-ground. At length the rattle-snake, in one of his attempts to revenge the insolence of his assailant, struck his fangs deep into his own body; he extricated them, stretched himself with every appearance of agony on the ground, and, turning on his back, in a short time expired. The crafty victor once more appeared, and seizing the lifeless body in his mouth, dragged it from the scene of action.

DEATH OF MR. CROSS'S ELEPHANT.

On Wednesday afternoon, March 17, 1826, about three o'clock, the neighbourhood of Exeter-'Change became impassable, in consequence of the great crowds assembled. It was reported, at first, that Mr. Cross's wild beasts had broken their cages, and, having destroyed several keepers, the military were called in to put the beasts to death. The continued firing within the Menagerie, for upwards of an hour, gave strength to the report; but we are happy to say that no human life was lost; and that the extent of the mischief was confined to the majestic Elephant, which was found necessary to destroy. The animal was brought from Bengal, in 1809, and had been twelve years under the care of Mr. Cross. The quantity of food it ate, and the water it drank, was almost beyond belief. It had grown to a monstrous bulk, and for several years, at this particular season, it had given great tronble to its keepers, and excited a good deal of alarm in the mind of its pro-

prietor, lest it should, in the heat of its fury, break down its den. To subdue his passions, it was found necessary to administer large quantities of opening medicine. On one occasion, a dose of 20lbs. of salts was given, but its effect was inconsiderable. On Sunday morning it was extremely ungovernable, and Mr. Cross made several attempts, but without success, to administer a powerful opening medicine; the stratagems used were discovered by the sagacity of the animal. If an apple was given to him he would open it, to ascertain whether any thing was concealed inside; and, on making the discovery, would, in great anger, dash it on the floor. On Sunday afternoon he became so furious, that great danger was apprehended; and Mr. Cross, by an artifice, was able to administer a quarter of a pound of calomel. In a very short time the animal discovered that he had taken something unpleasant, and became very restive. He refused all food that was offered him, and, on Wednesday, he became so ungovernable, that Mr. Cross found it necessary, lest human life should be sacrificed, to give orders for his being put to death. It was ultimately resolved to obtain some of the Foot Guards from Somerset-House, and to put him to death, by firing ball. On the arrival of the soldiers, they loaded their pieces, and took deliberate aim at the head; but the depth of the flesh was so great, that, for a long time, the balls appeared not to have the least effect. The first indication of pain which the animal gave was after one hundred balls had been lodged in his body, and that appeared to have been produced by a well-aimed ball which had lodged just under his left ear. His eyes instantly appeared like balls of fire; he shook his head with dreadful fury, and rushed against the front of his den, and broke part of it, and it was expected every moment that the massy pillars, strengthened with plates of iron, would have given way. The keepers armed themselves with pikes, and the soldiers continued their firing, and, nearly two hours having been spent before a vital part was touched, it was advised that a piece of cannon should be procured, to put an end to the lingering torments of the noble animal. When one hundred and fifty-two balls had been fired, his fury subsided, his legs began to totter, he groaned, and fell; and when the "mountain of flesh" came upon the floor on its right side, the concussion shook the whole building.

One of the keepers put an end to his existence, by piercing his vitals with a large harpoon. The blood issued in streams all over his den; and those who, a few minutes before, feared to approach him, now climbed over his monstrous back, and examined the bullet holes, with which his head was covered. When the circumstance became pretty well known, hundreds of persons were admitted to view the carcass; and though Mr. Cross valued the animal at little less than one thousand pounds, there is no doubt of his obtaining a considerable sum by its exhibition. When it is recollected that, a short time ago, one individual was killed by the elephant, while in a state of ungovernable fury, we think Mr. Cross acted prudently, in causing its destruction. Its height exceeded eleven feet, and its weight was six tons; and a vast number of persons, on Thursday, went to Exeter-'Change, to view the carcass of the elephant. The noble animal lay in an upright position, as if it had laid down of its own accord, and the numerous perforations of the balls were distinctly visible about the head and temples. The fatal ball was supposed to have entered his side, and thereby reached his vitals. In the ferocious attack which he made on the timber by which he was confined, he actually broke one of his tusks, which was snapped about the centre. The other tusk had been broken when young. It was unquestionably the largest elephant ever seen in this country. The unfortunate animal, after it had received several balls in the head, instinctively turned his back upon his assailants and endeavoured to force his way out, by pushing against the rails in that position. Finding his ponderous weight thus forcibly pressed against the timber, and likely to effect the purpose in view, the keepers, with a sharp sword, pricked him in the flank, and thus kept him at a short distance, until he fell. The only animal which manifested any excitement during the assault was the lion Nero, which lashed his sides, dashed against the iron bars of his cage, and evinced every anxiety to come forth, and take part in the affray.

For the last five years, the elephant had, during the rutting season, excited much alarm, but the judicious means adopted to reduce his system had the effect of rendering him quiet. About five years ago, the animal was so furious, that it was found necessary to administer to him large quantities of medicine. Six ounces of calomel, and seventy-five pounds of Epsom salts mixed

with molasses were given to him within fifty-two hours, without effect; but, subsequently, about five or six pounds of marrow being given, the action upon the medicine already taken was rapid, and the object desired was accomplished. On another occasion, as much as four small bottles of croton oil, one drop of which is frequently a dose for a man as an active purgative, were administered, without the slightest effect being produced. At ordinary times, sulphur mixed with the food was found sufficient to keep the system under, but since the death of the keeper, in November last, no person has had sufficient control over the animal, to prevent the probability of danger. The first symptom of actual rage was shown about a week ago, when a portion of the den was destroyed; and, such was the ferocity of the elephant, that the carpenters were unable to repair it. Until within the last few months, with the exception of certain periods, the animal was so docile, that the keeper could safely sleep in the den within the reach of the trunk, and the animal might be approached at all hours, without using a spear; but latterly the necessary attendance upon him has been a service of great danger.

Very erroneous statements have been made of the quantity of food consumed by this stupendous beast. The following is a correct account of its daily consumption:—About two trusses of hay, ten or twelve bunches of carrots, or an equal quantity of tares, a truss of straw (given as a bed, but generally eaten), and from thirty to thirty-five gallons of water. The rest taken by the elephant was about four hours in the twenty-four, during which he slept well, but upon the least strange noise he would rise with agility.

Several anecdotes are related of his sagacity. Before Mr. Kean, the tragedian, went to America, he frequently saw the elephant, and was much noticed by him. When he returned, he was instantly recognized by Chuny, (the name by which the animal was addressed,) who put forth his trunk and fondled over him. Mr. Kean sat down within his reach, and gave him two or three loaves of bread, which were rapidly devoured, and proper acknowledgement made for the donation.

Four and five years ago, the hide of the animal became tight and sore, the keeper rubbed the back daily with marrow. Chuny was so much pleased with this mode of relief, that, subsequently, whenever he had a sore place, he would take water in his trunk,

and throw it upon the sore, to direct the attention of the keeper, of whom he was very fond.

The elephant was as sensible of injury as kindness. About seven years ago, the keeper having entered the den in a strange dress, he was not recognized, and the animal rushed upon him, fixing him to the wall between his tusks, and nearly crushing him with his trunk; a by-stander, in a laudable anxiety to save the life of the keeper, thrust a pitchfork into the thigh of the Elephant. This had the effect of diverting his attention from the keeper, who was able to make his escape; but the assailant was recognised, and from that day has had frequent proofs of Chuny's recollection. On some occasions the beast has taken dirty water into his trunk and thrown it over the offender.

During the season of excitement, the want of access was always foreseen by the inflammation of the eye, and purulent discharge from an orifice near the ear. In India, when these symptoms are noticed, the keepers ride the animals till they are much exhausted, and then confine their legs with ropes. When thus subdued, they become calm, and recover in the course of a few days.

The difficulty of destroying this elephant was foreseen by the proprietor, and every means were adopted which humanity could suggest, to do the act speedily; but it is never an easy matter to destroy so powerful an animal. Some years ago, an elephant, at Venice was in the same state, and, after killing its keeper, escaped into the market-place, where he was fired at; when he had received upwards of fifty shots, he got into a barrack-yard, and after amusing himself by tossing about large pieces of ordnance, he was fired at repeatedly, but without any effect, by the soldiers. A nine-pounder was then brought, and the first discharge felled him the ground.

On Saturday, preparations were made for the dissection of the remains of this animal. In the afternoon, pillars of enormous size were erected on each side of the den, to support a strong cross beam from which a pulley, capable of raising ten tons, was suspended.

A number of butchers were employed in flaying the skin, and it was removed to the residence of a Mr. Davis, who purchased it of Mr. Cross, for £50. Its weight was one ton. Across the back it was three inches thick, and in other parts it was from half an inch to one inch.

Mr. Brookes, Dr. Waring, Dr. Clarke, Dr. Spurzheim, Mr. Herbert Mayo, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Yarrall, Mr. Cæsar Hawkins, Mr. Bell, and other surgeons, attended, to direct the dissection.

Mr. Ryals was the operator. In the first instance the body was turned by ropes fastened to the fore-legs, and the carcass being raised, the trunk was cut off, and the eyes extracted. An incision was then made down the abdomen, and the abdominal muscles on the upermost side were removed. The entire contents of the abdomen and pelvis were taken out. The contents of the chest were then removed. The heart was then found to have been pierced by a sharp instrument, and several bullets were extracted from the liver. The leg bones were then removed at the knee joint; and, being measured, they were found to be four feet in length from the knee-cap to the back. The thigh-bones were then removed, and, being measured, were found to be three feet ten inches in length. The greatest difficulty the anatomists said they experienced was in the removal of the hocks, having to cut through an immense thickness of a substance resembling India rubber. A very singular appearance presented itself in the acetabulum, or cavity of the thigh joints. Instead of the usual mucilaginous fluid, called synovia, the parts were lubricated with a white cream. The head was removed, and, on examination, the brain was found to be in a state of putridity. It had been injured by several balls having pierced the membrane, and a great quantity of blood was found on the ventricles.

The pulley was placed very conveniently for altering the position of the animal during dissection, and the room was kept well fumigated. It was remarked by several of the professional gentlemen present, that the appearance of the body denoted the most perfect health. The interarticular cartilage (between the joint of the upper and lower jaw) presented a singular appearance. It was two inches in thickness, and was covered with the same kind of substance as the knee-pans. Several balls were also found therein. The bones were not of that extraordinary magnitude which, from the size of the animal, it was supposed they were. From the spinous process of one ilium to the other was four feet. The width from one acetabulum to the other was twenty-nine inches. The length of spine ten feet. The operators proceeded to take off the rib bones, the longest of which was three feet six inches. The head

was severed from the body; from the forehead to the top of the trunk measured four feet and a half. The girth of the beast, before the skin was taken off, was nineteen feet four inches. The length of the head and proboscis, four feet; from the rump to the forehead, twelve feet two inches; from the abdomen to the top of the tail, five feet nine inches.

We almost forgot to mention that the heart was nearly two feet long, and eighteen inches broad; and was, when the body was opened, immersed in about five or six gallons of blood.

INQUEST EXTRAORDINARY.

On Thursday, when the elephant's den, in which he had been kept for fifteen years, had been completely finished, as far as putting it in the exact position as it stood at the moment the *cove* broke away its front, Mr. Cross informed the keepers that he had provided a supper for them and their friends, as a return for the services they had rendered him during the late arduous undertaking. Amongst the attempts to create laughter during the evening, one of the company rose, and taking from his pocket *Pierce Egan's Life in London*, appeared to read from it the following:—

Inquest on the Elephant.

Yesterday evening, an inquest was held, at the Menagerie, Exeter-'Change, on that once stupendous elephant, *Chunella*, who fell a sacrifice to his passion, on Wednesday last. We have often had to record the *non*-attendance of *jurors*—here, however, an immense number were present; but still a difficulty arose, namely, as to the most competent "*kid*" who could fill the duty of *Four*-man. After much discussion, this point was carried by the *Tribe* of Africa, who appointed *Ould* Bob, the East-Indian baboon, whose right was secured by his having twice accompanied our brave *explorers* round the globe, and having been at the battles of Trafalgar and then at Waterloo.

The *beadle* was the laughing hyena, who was chosen because the *iron-bound skimmer* never carried a crying face under it.

Bob evinced much discretion in calling over the list of *inquisitors*. The first was *Snap-at-all*, an out-an-outer, from whose form the once great actor on the globe took his crest. *Spreadwings*, an *imperial* vulture, something of the Russian about him for swallowing

fish oil. The horned lump of *nuisance*, yelped the prince of the whole of the horned owls in the Menagerie, fifteen in number, one of the Duke of Norfolk's owlets (an old *covy*). The *aidea-dubia*, *alias* the adjutant, a hell of a fellow for fish, but not like the whale. The rest of the *jurors* were formed of the various vipeds in the menagerie.

The following witnesses were then called, who deposed as follows:—

Nero, the great lion and *bone-polisher*. I complain that, for several days, I have had no rest; my keepers constantly keeping my *paddlers* going. Here have I been eleven years, just forty-four *moons*, as my old *pals* would say, and I have no wish to leave, for I am now, as I ought to be, master of the whole around me; I am now comfortable. It is true, I was very uncomfortable, but I was still grateful to Chunella for ringing his bell, and so was we all; but you must go and ax the rest of them, for I am too tired to go over five or six hundred names. His bell told us supper was ready, but d—n the *feller*, of late, (I beg pardon, Bob and brother *laggers*, for coining it,) but I say of late he made us, by his overbearing, all miserable, and, by the moon, I'm glad he's gone. Even I, a royal ranger, have often felt my whole frame shook by his *ill*-natured *manners;* and which, I say it with regret, I was *de*-barred from resenting. All I know is, that I was aroused from my usual nap before supper by a tremendous noise.

Bob.—Why, it was just after dinner.

Nero.—So it was, Bob. Well, I wanted to go to sleep, but the *roaring* continued; and *(two roars)* I tried again to go to sleep, though I thought something was still preparing, and I suspected all was not right. I did not, however, think "*Chunella's last ring had done the thing*." However, I'm glad we're rid of him, though I am "*cut to the core*" that he is gone by the hand of *Herring*, for that *joker* may serve some other poor Chunellas; for I hear our keepers say they are coming, and may get the same soup for their supper, if too bouncible. On my honour, as a royal beast, I owe poor Chunella no malice; but I'm glad he's gone, and that's the whole of it. Bob, who'll pay my expenses?

Bob.—Royal master, you shall have a double supper.

The *Royal Charlotte* was of the same opinion as her royal mate, by whom she had had fifteen cubs. She thought Chunella too

large—but it was a "*Cross*" *bill of indictment*—she meant no allusion.

The Princess had only been a few weeks in the menagerie, since which she had had no rest.

Little Bill, the sloth, said he had been so worried, and was so tired, though he had watched the moves of Mr. Chunella, that he could not say any thing against the keepers. He was glad he was gone, and all he now wanted was to go to sleep.

Bob (the Chairman)—"May it please ye, royal gentlemen and brother prisoners—there is an immense number of witnesses, but, as I am informed we cannot carry the case further, consider of your verdict."

This announcement was met by loud roars, growls, whistles from the African tribe of "little ones," with a numerous *et cetera* of discordant notes; and the jury, having turned round, unanimously resolved on a verdict of "JUSTIFIABLE HELIPHANTISIDE."

It is hardly necessary to say that the report was received with loud cheers, and a fervent wish expressed by the whole of the company that prosperity might attend *Pierce Egan's Life in London*, which had, as it always has done, evinced so much interest in pleasing its readers.

THE GHOST OF THE ELEPHANT.

At the still hour of midnight, (which, from time immemorial, has been the hour selected by ghosts, of all sorts and sizes, whether pleasant or unpleasant, to appear,) preceded by three (the usual number) most unearthly yells, which awoke old Nero from his sleep, causing each hair in his mane to stand erect with affright, and left him in doubt whether *his* time was actually come, or that of his royal consort, (who is supposed to be in the condition ladies wish to be who love their lords,) and surrounded by all the usual horrors attending a *first appearance* from the *shades below*, with a little *red sea of blood* pouring from his numerous wounds, and holding in his trunk the identical piece of his tusk (which would have defied all the power and ingenuity of Mr. Hartry to remove) which Mr. Cross thought had been stolen, but which Chunee, it seems, had taken with him "*down below*," and which he now brandished in a most terrific manner; with all and more of these

horrible accompaniments, appeared the Ghost of Chunella in the place of his earthly domicile.

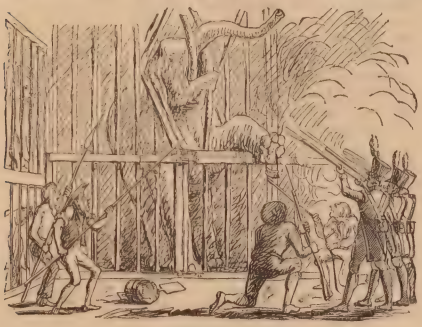
"Here's another pretty row," growled out old Nero. "Here's that d—d fellow come back again," cried Billy the sloth. "I wish the d—l *had him*," cries one; "I thought he had *got him*," retorts another; "What the d—l do you want now?" demanded the whole assembly, with one voice.

Thrice did Chunee pass his trunk across his brow, and thrice he flapped his India-rubber ears, and thus addressed old Nero:—

"I come ('well, I see you are come,' grumbled Nero)—*I come*—('I wish you'd *go*,' says the sloth)—I come to say"—('You'd better be civil,' says Nero, 'or I'll call HERRING to you.') At that word he started—tortures dreadful seemed to convulse his frame, and darting sulphur (or something like it) at both ends, thus he furiously spake:—"Cursed be the very name of Herring! flesh and fish, pickled and fresh—may all the race be *shotten* and become ex-*stinked*, as I am." ('I say, you touched him there,' says Bill to Nero.) Again spake Chunee. "I come to upbraid you, Nero, for the unkind evidence you gave at that inquest (I think they call it), the report of which completely *cut me up*." "Ah, then, you have been twice cut up," says Bill, "for *I* saw you *cut up* once." "You called me troublesome," Chunee continued, "wherein was I so? It's true, I sometimes indulged in a little harmless frolic." "*Harmless!*" retorted Nero, "why you almost *knocked the place down*, so, to put an end to your *harmless frolics*, they *knocked you down*." How long this colloquy might have lasted I know not, but at this instant, snuffing the morning air, with three more yells, which seemed to shake the building to its foundation, he vanished, with such rapidity, that he dropped the piece of broken tusk, which is now exhibiting, with the den, in the same shattered state it was at the time of his death.

"I'm glad he's gone," says Bill. "I hope he has not left such a smell behind him this time as he did the last," says Nero. "So do we," said the rest, simultaneously, in their own pretty styles; and the place again rang. At length, finding Chunee was not likely to again disturb them, Nero said, "Well, Charlotte, let's go to roost. Good morning, Bob, and the rest of you." "Oh! crimini, did not he *cotch* it?" says the beadle. "Old your war," said little

Bill, the sloth, and Nero, having roared out silence, the whole body retired to their straw *body bearers* and all was quiet. A very funny story, truly. What a lark it must have been. Mr. Living Skeleton, take care you have not a rival ere long.—W. W.



THE ELEPHANT IN LOVE.

Good people, have you heard about the elephant so strange,
The famed stupendous elephant at famed Exeter 'Change?
Which long has been exhibited, and caused so much surprise,
Because 'twas *twice* as *big* as any one of *half* its size.

To Cross's grand menagerie he really was a store,
He had such *hinder* quarters got as ne'er was seen *before*;
With wonderful sagacity he round his cell would walk,
And eat, and drink, and sleep—in fact—do any thing *but talk*.

His appetite was always *good*—on every coming day
For dinner he ate regularly *half a load of hay*;
Like *other* gormandizers, his great belly knew *no law*,
And *where* the hay came from, egad? he *never* cared a *straw*.

In temper and in disposition, gentle as a *dove*,
Till with a lovely *lioness* he lately *fell in love*;
The lioness *refused* his suit—*he then* refused his feed,
And Mister *Cross* he *cross'd* him, 'cause he would *not cross the breed*,

Love had got such hold of him, he soon was very *bad*;
From *bad* he got to *worse*, until he went quite *roaring mad*;
So thinking to restore him, and well *purge him* from his faults,
They had ADVICE, and gave him just a *hundred-weight of salts*.

But *every body knows* that *salts* in *love* have got *no* powers,
(The only *certain cure* for love is matrimony's *sours*;)
He got still *worse*, and *worser* still, began to roar and tear,
And, on the present first of March, was *mad* as a *March hare*.

To *poison* him they did resolve, and gave him *quantum suff*;
His nose he did put *down to sniff*, and seem'd quite *up to snuff*;
He roar'd and bellow'd out so loud, it shook the very walls,
They then said, as he *smelt* the *powder*, he should die by *balls*.

They shot at him with *guns*, but though they made their aims so pat,
The bullets did to mercy *lean*, for they stuck in his *fat*;
He turn'd his hinder parts to them, and wish'd to *save* his head,
And they kept firing at him two hours after he was dead.

The streams of *blood* so copiously did flow from every wound,
Five men were by it *wash'd away*, and have not *yet* been found.
So here we see, made plain by Cupid's power, a *pretty mess*,
And all by this she-lioness's hard hard-heartedness.

Mister Cross now *wishes* he'd provided him a *wife*,
(The *loss* to Mister *Cross* will make him *keep cross* all his life;)
So all you lovers true on this sad ditty do not frown:
The body of this MARTYR may be seen for half-a-crown.—T. H.

THE DISASTER AT EXETER 'CHANGE.

Tune—*Cary Owen.*

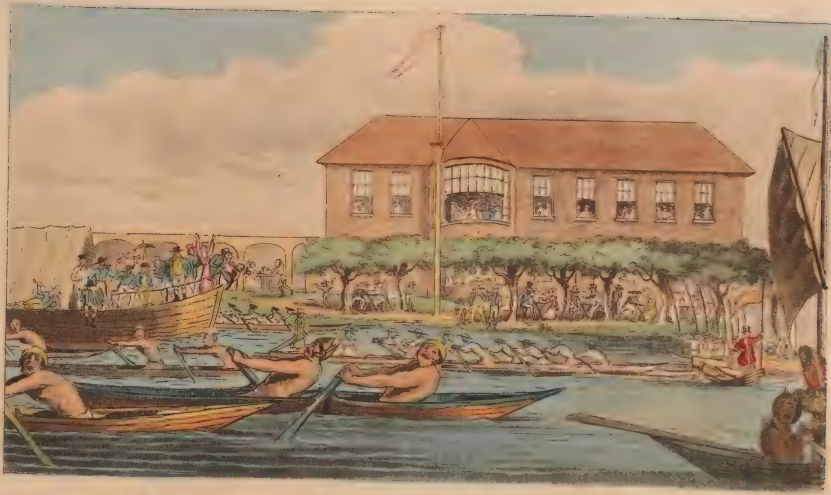
I'll sing you a song quite new, but yet strange,
Of what happen'd t'other day at Exeter 'Change,
Where wild beasts and monkeys are carefully rang'd,
And placed in order so prime, O.

I tell the sad tale with some little grief,
For there fell on that day a mighty chief
Among the birds as well as the beasts,
All placed in order so prime, O.

Mr. Cross is a man of well-known renown,
And observing the elephant giving a frown,
Conceiv'd it high time to warn all around
That were viewing the beasts so fine, O.

The omen proved something sad,
Alas! the elephant would go mad;
The effects of which would be dreadfully bad—
Indeed I am not romancing.

Post haste to Somerset-House he sent,
For some men that belonged to a regiment,
To quell the riot, which had got much vent,
And set the lions a dancing!!



Life on the Water_ The Grand ROWING MATCH for Mr KEAN'S Prize Wherry
RED HOUSE, Battersea.

The soldiers they came, like valiant men,
And their enemy saw shut up in his den,
At which the elephant gave a loud *hem!*
  And seemed to know their errand.

Then shots they gave him, one, two, three,
But which with the elephant did not agree—
At least this is what they tell me;
  Who heard it after it happened.

Near two hundred shots they did let fly—
'Twas many—to cause the poor creature to die,
Or else they tell a confounded big lie,
  But that we do not question.

The keepers stirred him up with a spear;
But the wound that proved mortal was under his ear,
And caused him to stagger and look rather queer,
  Among the beasts so fine, O!

Purgative medicine he had in galore,
To many he latterly proved a *great* bore,
And not only that, but a wretched eye-sore
  To his feeder and others about him.

He gave up the ghost, like many great men,
Yet many wo'n't mourn, nor yet say amen;
But, perhaps, on his like we shall ne'er look again,
  Among that collection so rare, O.

'Tis hoped that the *mania* will no further spread,
Yet 'tis said that his neighbours with him will be fed;
The event would be shocking and much lamented,
  For 'twould spoil the collection so rare, O!—A. M. or M. A.

LIFE ON THE WATER.—GRAND ROWING MATCH.

The third annual Prize Wherry given by Edmund Kean, Esq. called "THE UNITED STATES," was rowed for, by seven pair of oars, on Thursday, June 22d, 1826, in two heats. The first to start from Westminster-bridge, row round a boat moored near Lawn-cottage, Battersea, and down to the Red-house. The three first boats only of this heat to start for the second heat.

Second heat to start from buoys off the Red-house, row through Vauxhall-bridge, return up the Surrey-shore, round a boat moored near Lawn-cottage, and back to the Prize Wherry off the Red-house.

At an early hour the river was covered with boats of every description, to witness the contest for the wherry given by the above celebrated tragedian. The Red-house was overflowing with company; and the banks of the Thames exhibited numerous spectators

enjoying the aquatic scene. Mr. Mill, from New York, officiated for Mr. Kean, accompanied by Mr. Cooper, Mr. Fitzwilliam, and Mr. Hughes, of the Theatres Royal, Drury-lane and Covent-garden. The first heat and match was admirably contested by all the watermen; indeed, it was a tough and a long pull for the strongest men in the wager. The following were the winners as to the various prizes; but the first were declared, amidst loud shouts, entitled to Mr. Kean's boat:—

James Castle	Waterloo-bridge	2	1
Samuel Richards	Lambeth		
James Braithwaite	Hungerford	1	3
Thomas Vokins	Ditto		
William Meackiff	Bankside	3	2
Henry Vincent	Hungerford ...		

The start for the second heat was extremely fine: Meackiff and Vincent, on the pistol being fired, darted through the watery element with the rapidity of lightning, leaving their competitors at a good distance; but the strength and experience of Castle, (who has won several boats and wagers,) assisted by his partner Richards, enabled him ultimately to obtain the lead, arrive first at the Red-house, when he jumped into the wherry, seized hold of the flag, and claimed the prize. Mr. Mill, in the Emerald, an eight-oared cutter, accompanied the boats throughout the contest, to see fair play was done to all the men engaged in the contest. The prize-boat was built by Mr. Sullivan, and valued at £27. On Castle and Richards ascending the steps at the Red-house, the band of music struck up "See the conquering Hero comes." Upon the whole, the above match occasioned a prime bit of Life on the Water; and the *Corinthian swell* tugged at his oar with as much ease and indifference, jostling every now and then against the rough black diamond punt with all that pleasantry and good humour which characterizes this land of liberty, exhibiting the true character of Englishmen. The four-oared boats were extremely numerous—the cutter-lads with their blue-striped camesas and bits of straw. The club fours were also distinguished by stylish uniform dresses, steered by watermen, and denoting their superior situation in society. The Westminster boys, in their college-caps, all striving to make a *splash* and give each other the "go-by!" A barge, denominated the Ship Tavern, covered with flags, was a favourite place of attraction on the river amongst the cockneys and their lasses, and afforded lots of amuse-

ment. Singing, dancing, and smoking in every part of it; and the *cat-gut* was never *teazed* to more advantage: the double-shuffle, toe-and-heel, and reeling was the order of the day, and filled up the time between the heats. Several small sailing-boats also added to the richness of the scene; but the one most distinguished for nautical skill and tactics was the TIGER. This *vessel*, according to the account given of it by one of the crew, observed that they did not want for lots of *Grub*—also a prime *Cook*, who possessed a *taste* for every thing either on or off the water; as the *vind* was in the *West*, there was no danger to be apprehended, and any thing in the shape of a *Coroner's* Inquest was out of the question. In more than one instance, as the *blades* would have it, several *female* women had usurped the places of the men, and were *row*-ing and *skull*-ing along with all the playfulness of ladies holding their *fans* at the *Uproar!* In short, fun and good humour prevailed in every part of the river; and, although a little *larking* occurred in different places, such as cutting the boats adrift, yet we did not hear of any accident whatever. On returning home, Mr. Mill, the representative of Shakspeare's Hero upon this occasion, was cheered, as he passed, by all the boats, and continually hailed with, "Kean for ever! Good luck to him in America. We must have him back again. We can't do without him," &c. &c. In the latter phrase we most cordially join; and sincerely hope, ere long, to witness the unrivalled efforts, once more, of one of the greatest tragic actors upon the boards of our theatre. We have no hesitation in saying, undeservedly, a more persecuted man is not to be met with in the world; a sorry return to one who has given so much delight and pleasure to millions. Mr. Kean was one of the most generous creatures alive, upon all occasions, to assist his distressed brother actors. We hope the *mania* is now entirely at an end of making *fish* of one and *flesh* of another, according to their faults in the theatrical profession.—"Reform it altogether." Hem! Shakspeare.

GRAND SAILING MATCH.

On Thursday, May 17th, 1826, the lovers of aquatic sports were highly gratified by a Sailing Match (the first above-bridge this season) between the following vessels, for a superb Silver Cup and Cover, given by the members of the Thames Yacht Club. They were to start from Blackfriars' Bridge to sail round a boat moored

off the Powder-house, at Wandsworth-meadows, and return to Waterloo-bridge.

Nothing could exceed the interest excited among the aquatic amateurs as to the result. The following were entered, and all but the Spitfire came to the scratch:—

Mr. J. M. Davey's	Don Giovanni	11 tons
R. Williams's	Waterloo	12 tons
T. Stokes's	Royal Eagle	11 tons
W. H. Harrison's	Will o'the Wisp	16 tons
H. C. Wingfield's	Mermaid	8 tons
T. Groves's	Venus	13 tons
Bettsworth's	Spitfire	6 tons

At a quarter before two o'clock, the starting gun fired at Blackfriars' Bridge, when all the vessels went off in fine style excepting the Don, she being, by the clumsiness of the Waterloo's crew, fouled, and obliged to lower her sails: in fact, it is spoiling all sport for such boats as the latter to attempt to sail amongst a crack fleet, as they are only in the way. The Venus, which was the favourite, together with the Will o'the Wisp and Royal Eagle, took the lead. Poor Don! where's the Don? and look at your Don!—were the exclamations of friends and foes, when, as if to obey the summons, she cleared herself, passed all the others, excepting the Royal Eagle, immediately, and contested every inch of ground with her; when, after the finest match ever seen by the oldest amateur, those two vessels being alternately a-head no less than seven times, the Don rounded the flag-boat at Wandsworth first, and, after as hard a struggle back again, won by about two hundred yards. The Venus was third, and the rest distanced. The Will o'the Wisp carried away her stay-fall-block at Battersea-bridge, and was obliged to give up the contest. A great assemblage of gaiety accompanied the match, and the day was particularly favourable.

The CANINE FANCIERS trying the qualities of their Dogs at a DUCK HUNT.

DUCK-HUNTING.

This species of sport, formerly so much in vogue, amongst the lower classes of society, has been upon the decline for some time past; in fact, at the present period, (1827,) *duck-hunting* appears to be quite given up by the proprietors of dogs. On the contrary, some twenty years ago, scarcely a Sunday morning or a Monday evening passed over without a duck-hunt taking place in the neighbourhood of Islington, Ball's Pond, and the Rosemary-Branch. The breeders of dogs in the metropolis, now-a-days, turn their attention more to *fighting* than any thing else; and at the Westminster and other "Pits" in London, killing of rats, drawing the badger, and baiting the bear, seems to be the principal objects of the canine fanciers.

PIGEON-SHOOTING.

A grand Pigeon Match, for 600gs aside, took place, on Monday and Tuesday, June 5th, 1826, between Lord Kennedy and Mr. Arrowsmith, at the Enclosure near the Red-house, Battersea.—Betting 5 to 4 on Mr. Arrowsmith. In the first twenty-five birds Mr. Arrowsmith killed twenty, and Lord Kennedy eighteen. In the second twenty-five, Mr. Arrowsmith killed twenty, and Lord Kennedy nineteen. On the second day, in the first twenty-five birds, each killed nineteen, Mr. Arrowsmith keeping three a-head. In the second twenty-five, the interest upon the event was extremely great, Lord Kennedy having brought the match to a *tie*. At the twenty-fifth shot, Mr. Arrowsmith was one a-head. He missed the last bird, which produced the *tie*.—State of the shooting:—

LORD KENNEDY.		MR. ARROWSMITH.	
1st day	37	1st day	40
2d day	39	2d day	36
	76		76

Mr. Arrowsmith killed as many birds out of ninety-nine as his Lordship did out of a hundred; and, therefore, if there is "*any* BEST" about the thing, it certainly belongs to Mr. Arrowsmith. Had Mr. Arrowsmith killed his last bird within the bounds, he would have been proclaimed the winner; but the pigeon falling sixty-two yards from the trap, and only *two yards* out of distance, produced the tie.

A singular match at pigeons took place on Thursday, June 8th, at the Red-house, Battersea, between Messrs. Ross and Osbaldestone, at fifty birds, for 100 sovereigns. The gun was placed on a table, and the shooter was not allowed to touch it until he had pulled the string himself. Considering the difficulties arising from such restrictions, the shooting was excellent, particularly Mr. Osbaldestone's, during the last twenty-five shots, which has never been equalled. We understand that Mr. Osbaldestone has won every match this season against Lord Kennedy and Captain Ross. The numbers killed are as follow:—

MR. OSBALDESTONE.		CAPTAIN ROSS.	
Out of first 25	killed 16	Out of first 25	killed 16
Second ditto	22	Second ditto	18
	38		34

HOPPING MATCH.

ON Friday, the 6th of October, 1826, Jackson agreed to hop against a Devonshire young man, of the name of Richard Roberts, for thirty pounds a-side. William Jackson to hop fifty successive hops, and to give his opponent five yards. The above match was made at Ben Burns', the Rising Sun, Windmill-street. The Windmill, on Clapham-common, was appointed as the place of rendezvous, and, shortly after five, both men being ready, they proceeded to choose their ground. Jackson said he should prefer hopping on the turnpike-road, but to this the Devonshire man objected, as he intended hopping without shoes, and, after a short parley, Jackson agreed to concede that point, although he thought it rather to his

The HOPPING MATCH, *on Clapham Common.*

JACKSON, the Runner exhibiting his Agility.

prejudice. A fine piece of turf was then selected, and Jackson having won the toss for the start, said he should hop first, and stripped forthwith for his task, being entirely naked, with the exception of a pair of short cotton drawers. He was in excellent condition, and showed an uncommon fine figure; few men, in fact, excel him in symmetry of frame. The starting-post having been fixed, he took a short run, and bounded off with the elasticity of a doe, in the first ten hops covering nearly forty yards; his spring then became gradually less till he got home. He never once put his right foot to the ground, and in his fiftieth hop reached (as was ascertained by subsequent measurement) 160 yards. His antagonist, a slim young man, light but active, contented himself with merely taking off his shoes, coat, and waistcoat, and opening his shirt collar. He, like Jackson, in the first ten hops did wonders; but as he proceeded, his strength failed him, and in the fiftieth hop he was just fifteen yards behind his opponent, thereby losing the match by ten yards. He was clearly out of condition, and subsequently stated that he had kept his bed five days during the week. He confessed, however, that he had been fairly beaten, and, in the most gentlemanly way, congratulated Jackson on his success. There was no betting, although six to four was offered on Jackson.

WRESTLING.

DEVONPORT, OCT. 23.—It is impossible to describe the intense interest which the match between Cann and Polkinghorne, decided this day, has excited in this neighbourhood. These men being considered the two best men of their respective counties, Devon and Cornwall, their long-anticipated trial for the mastery has been eagerly awaited by the lovers of this athletic sport. The frequent challenges that have been, from time to time, sent to each other by the two champions, and which have hitherto ended in mere words, created a suspicion that they were afraid of one another; and there is no doubt that the wish on both sides to destroy this impression has been the chief cause of the present meeting. Ever since it has been known that these renowned heroes of the wrestling ring would try a fall for the honour of their counties, the large population of these towns (70,000), and of the country for more than fifty miles round, has been on tip-toe for the event.

There is an evident difference between the wrestling of the two counties; but the peculiarity of the former is kicking below the knee, and the seeming indifference with which practised Devonshire wrestlers receive the most violent contusions on the legs is truly astonishing. Although the rules of the game allow the legs to be padded, it is very rare that the candidates wear more than a single stocking. The Cornish wrestlers invariably enter the ring without shoes, and they bear the severest kicks from their Devonshire antagonists without making the slightest attempt to return the compliment. The most formidable kicker in the West is, perhaps, John Jordan, a North-of-Devon man, some six feet three or four inches high, and whose Herculean proportions have procured for him the cognomen of "the Devonshire Giant." This man's prowess has caused him to be excluded from most of the annual matches in the vicinity of Devonport, the bills announcing such games generally containing the parenthetical words, "John Jordan excepted;" for he almost always bears off the chief prize. Jordan has more than once thrown Cann, and Cann has, in his turn, thrown Jordan; and considerable doubt still exists which is the better man. The latter is confident in his own superiority, and has frequently been heard to declare, in his own slang phraseology, that he would "*kick Cann all to rags in vive minutes.*" For the information of those who are not acquainted with the difference between Devonshire and Cornish wrestling, it may be well to remark, that the former is generally characterised by kicking and tripping, while the latter consists more of the close struggle. Who has not heard of the Cornish hug?

The influx of strangers into Devonport was immense. The beds of all the inns were engaged, and numerous individuals were obliged to seek lodgings in private families. Visiters flocked from Exeter, Barnstable, Bideford, Tavistock, Dartmouth, and the most distant parts of the county, and there was a pretty considerable sprinkling of the Tres, Pols, and Pens,* from Falmouth, Truro, Penzance,

* The surnames of most true Cornishmen begin with Tre, Pol, or Pen. For instance, the name of the champion, Pol-kinghorne. An ancient local rhyme alludes to this:—

"By Tre, Pol, and Pen
You may know the Cornishmen."

Launceston, St. Michael's Mount, and even from that *ultima Thule* of England, the Land's End, mustering, "one and all," to witness the feats of their champion. There were, besides, present a great number of wrestlers, old and young, retired and practical, from the bleak wilds of Dartmoor and the sterile regions of the South Hams; and not deficient were the mighty "huggers" from the hard-named hamlets of the land of pilchards.

The spot chosen for the contest between Cann and Polkinghorne was a large enclosed yard at Morice-Town, a village about a quarter of a mile from Devonport, and the scene of many a celebrated struggle between the prime men of Devon and Cornwall, it being situated on the bank of the river Tamar, which separates the two counties. The yard alluded to, which formed, in time of war, part of a large government establishment, presented the finest possible arena for such a display. Exclusive of the ground occupied by the seats, which were fitted up for the comfortable accommodation of 10,000 spectators, there remained an expanse of level springy turf, 400 feet long, and 110 feet wide, for the wrestlers. At one end of the yard an extensive range of warehouses were fitted up as an inn, by Mr. Elliott, of the Devonport Hotel, for the purpose of affording accommodation and refreshment. The prices of admission to the ring were five shillings and half-a-crown.

At twelve o'clock at noon, there were above 10,000 persons in the ring, and the money taken at the doors amounted to more than £1300. The hills around were crowded with spectators, and it may be stated, without exaggeration, that the match took place in the sight of 20,000 individuals. At half-past twelve, the champions entered the ring, and were loudly cheered by the numerous company. A striking difference was perceived between the two men when they stripped; Polkinghorne being nearly twice as stout as Cann, and 3st. 4lb. heavier. Cann weighs 12st. 7lb. They were, however, nearly of a height; and, if there was any advantage in tallness, it was on the side of Cann. Polkinghorne played without shoes; but, as kicking forms part of the tactics of a Devonshire wrestler, Cann had a shoe on the right foot. The terms of the wrestle were, that the wager should be decided by the best of three back falls, to be determined by four tryers—two Devonshire and two Cornish; the men to catch what hold they could. Betting was considerably in favour of Cann before the set-to.

Cann is a very modest unassuming man, and gave in to the decision of the umpires without a dissenting word; but, when the dispute concerning the fall occurred, Polkinghorne did not show himself very ready to acquiesce in defeat. It was the feeling of the majority of the ring, that Cann was not fairly treated. Let this be as it may, Cann would undoubtedly have thrown twenty men of his own weight, one after the other. The pride of Devonshire has no need to be ashamed of the issue of the match. He is an honour to the West, and, should he again meet Polkinghorne, and there is very little doubt but he will, it is very likely that the palm will not be borne off to the western side of the Tamar.

THE END.

MARCHANT, PRINTER, INGRAM-COURT FENCHURCH-STREET.